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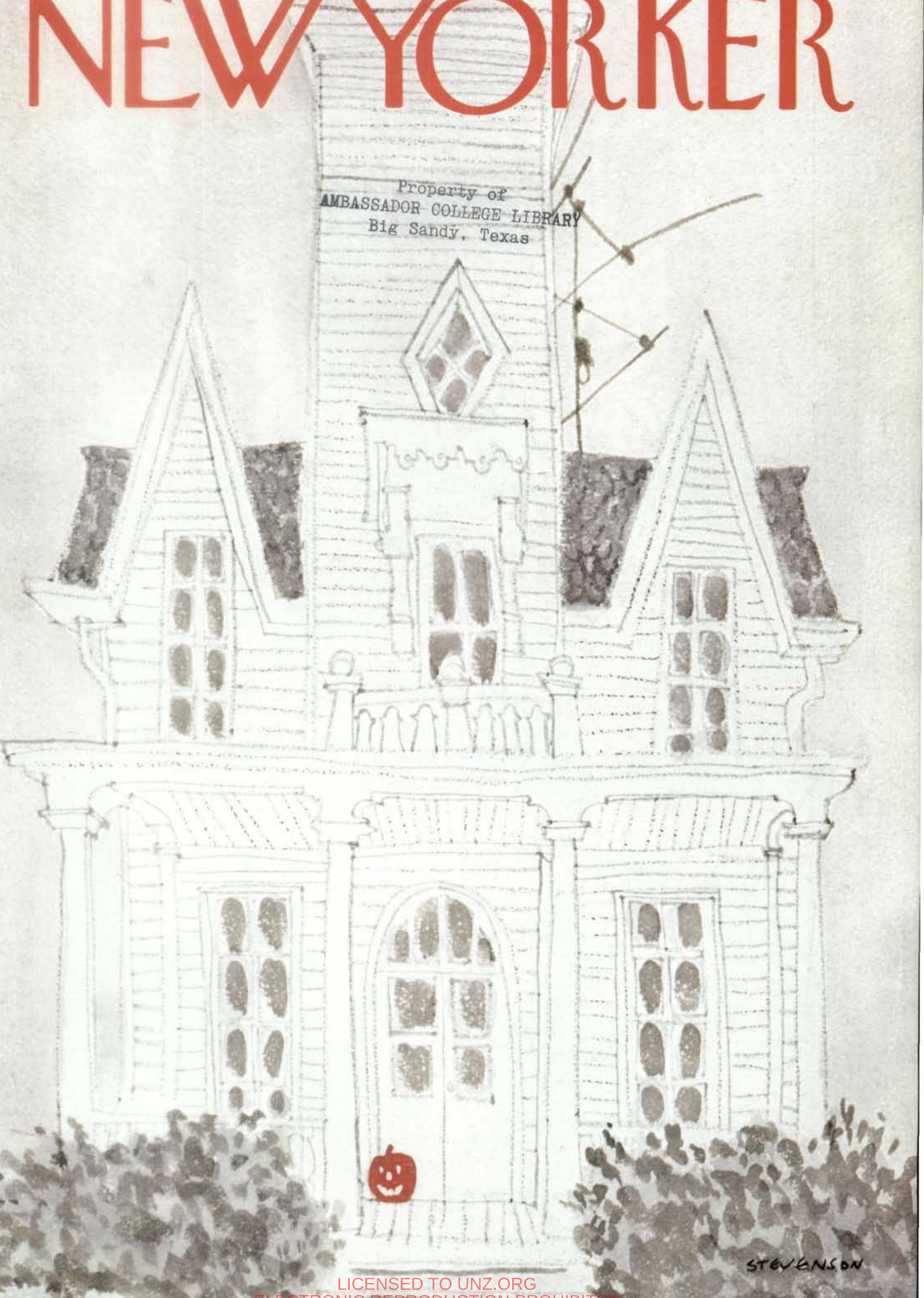

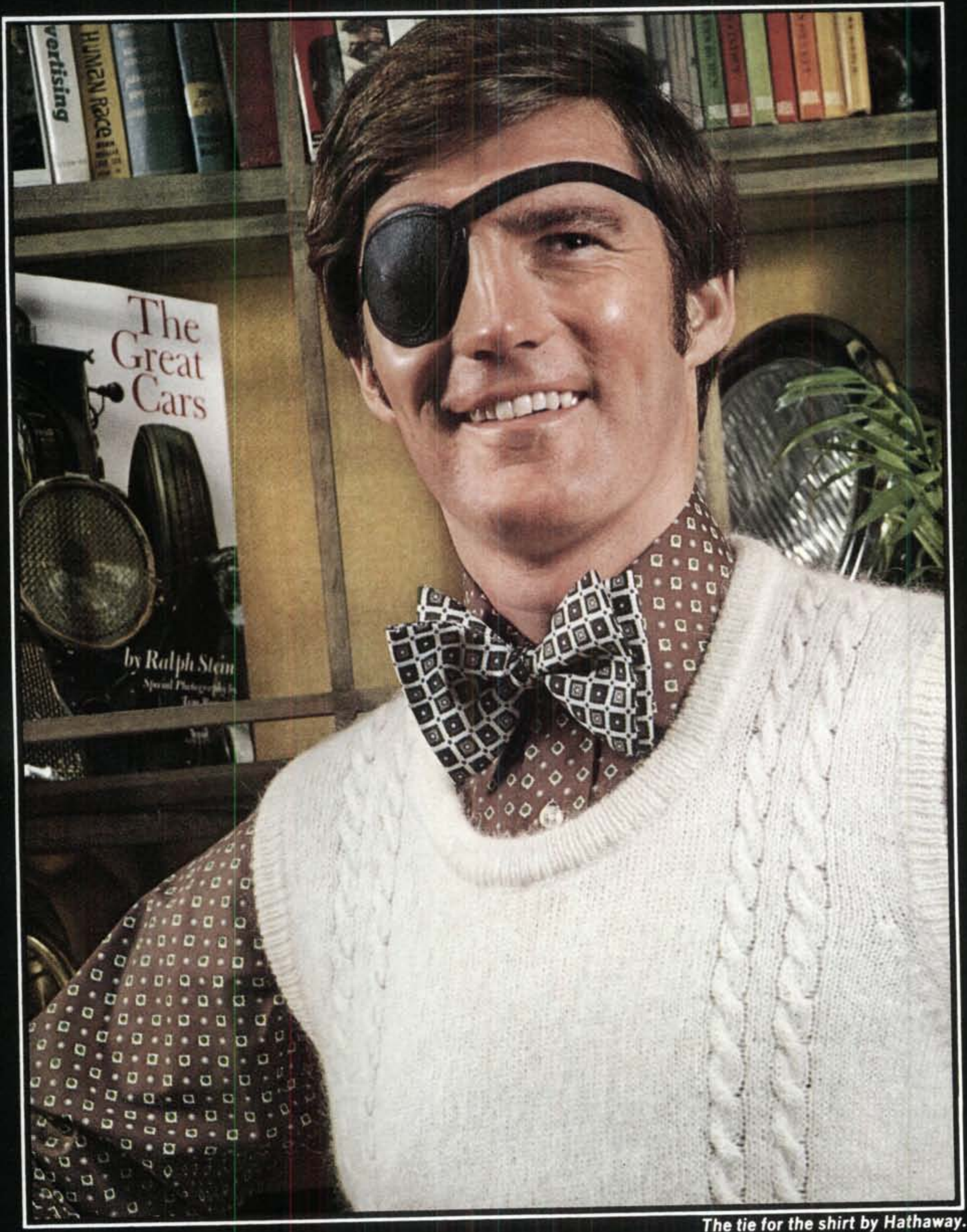

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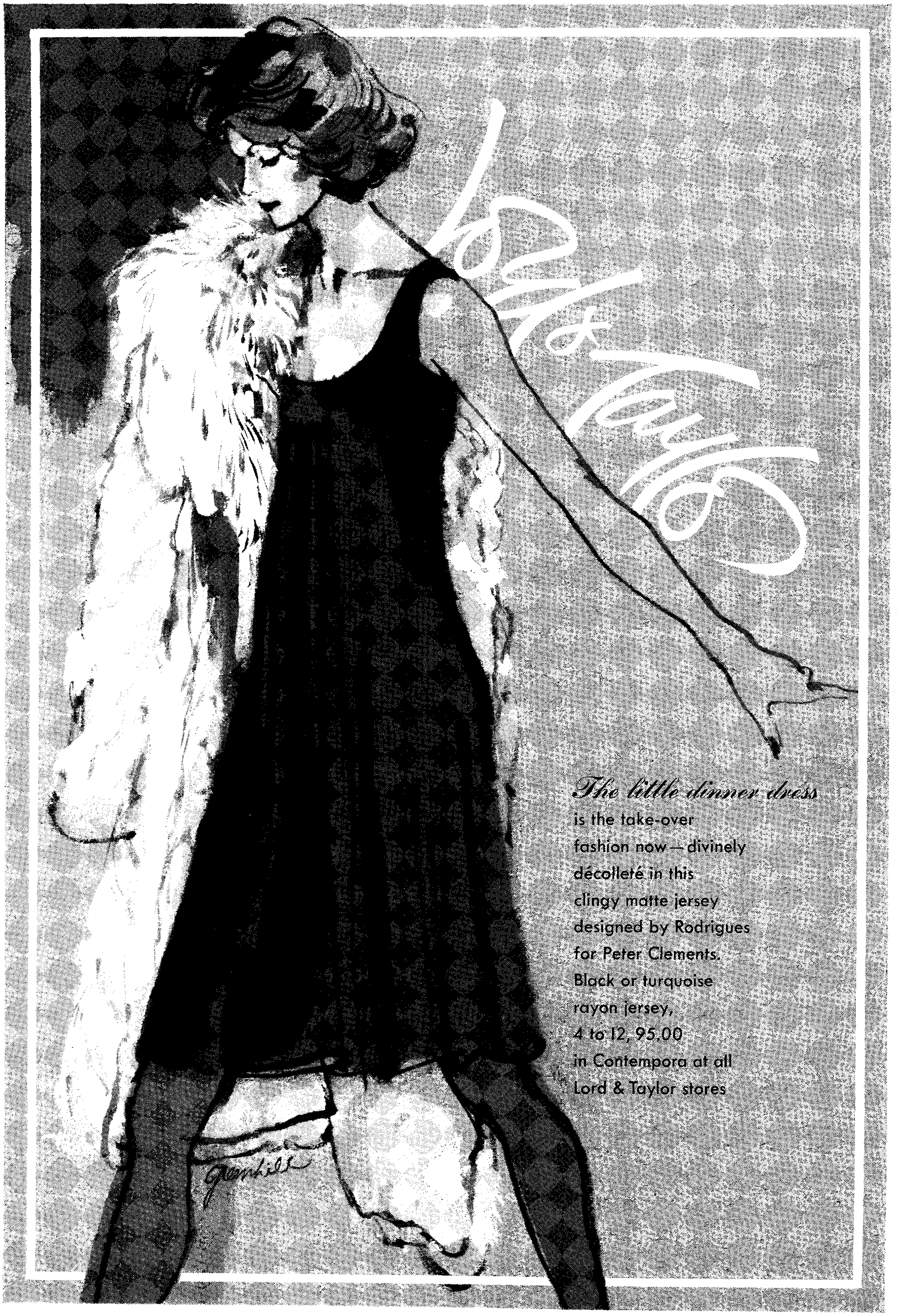

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A Breeze from the Gulf—Mart Crowley is the author of this pointless arrangement of episodes about a drunk, his drug-addicted wife, and the son they use and abuse. Scott McKay, Ruth Ford, and Robert Drivas are the good actors, poor souls. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of the Wind—A play by Jerry Devine, with James Callahan, Ann Thomas, Sarah Hardy, and Barry Goss. Directed by Shepard Traube. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 24. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Contractor—David Storey's hypnotic play about some Yorkshire workmen who erect a tent on their boss's lawn and then take it down. The acting, under Barry Davis's direction, is flawless. With Kevin O'Connor, Joseph Maher, Neil Fitzgerald, and John Wardwell, among other stalwarts. (Chelsea / Manhattan, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 4.)

Crown Matrimonial—How the Empire survived the crisis brought about by Edward VIII's determination to marry an American divorcée. Royce Ryton's play is well made and so are the costumes worn by Queen Mother Mary, that old tatar, well played by Eileen Herlie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A comedy-drama, **broadway**, by Philip Dunning and George Abbott, is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Faggot—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Father—Robert Lansing plays the title role in this revival of Strindberg's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them fairly inexperienced, shine, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Indian Experience—A production drawn by John Kauffman and Wayne Johnson from the songs, poetry, stories, and oratory of American Indians. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simple-minded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ladies in Waiting—A play by Peter DeAnda. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. OR 4-1414. Friday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28. Free.)

The Lady from the Sea—Ibsen's play is here performed by a company most of whom are comparative beginners, and most of whom do quite well. Paul Sparer, no beginner, is excellent as Dr. Wangel. (Gotham Art, 455 W. 43rd St. 489-1816. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

A Little Night Music—A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mein Mama der General—A Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Molly—Kay Ballard in a musical based on characters from "The Goldbergs," by Gertrude Berg. The book is by Louis Garfinkle and Leonard Adelson, the music by Jerry Livingston, and the lyrics by Mr. Adelson and Mack David. Paul Aaron directed. Pre-

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DRAWINGS: *Charles Addams, William Steig, Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, Henry Martin, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles Barsotti, Lee Lorenz, Donald Reilly, William O'Brian, George Booth, Everett Opie, Charles Saxon, Charles E. Martin, James Stevenson, Boris Drucker, Frank Modell*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

views through Wednesday, Oct. 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 1. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nourish the Beast—Steve Tesich's comedy, formerly known as "Baba Goya," about an *eccentric family in Queens*. At times, the humor seems strained, but when Mr. Tesich is funny, he is funny indeed. The acting, under Edwin Sherin's direction, is good. With Olympia Dukakis, R. A. Dow, and Randy Kim. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Raisin—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, *as their materials are not*. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Red Buddha Theatre—Stomu Yamash'ta's Japanese rock musical, "The Man from the East," *performed by his troupe of forty* actors. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Seesaw—Several handsome production numbers *almost make up for the shaky lonely-man-and-lonely-girl* story, which ought never to have been blown up into a musical. With Michele Lee and John Gavin. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

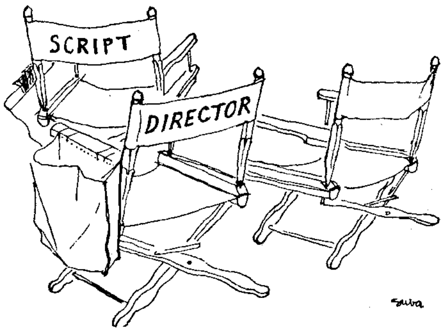
A Streetcar Named Desire—*Jules Irving* has directed a version of the Williams play that derives from, but is very different from, the Ellis Rabb production given earlier this year at Lincoln Center. Starring Lois Nettleton, Alan Feinstein, Biff McGuire, and Barbara Eda-Young. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays *through* Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Veronica's Room—Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy in a thriller by Ira Levin. Ellis Rabb directed. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 24. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 25. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, William Roerick, and many other able actors in a spirited but not very credible production of Anouilh's superb comedy about how awkward amorousness can be in middle age. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, *with a young and refreshing cast of five.* Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,617 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS:** The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)... **THE RIVER NIGER:** Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Gilford and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Moves on Tuesday, Oct. 30, to the Shubert Theatre, 44th St., W., 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Reflections," "As Time Goes By" (première), "The Moor's Pavane," and "Façade."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By" and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Jive," "Secret Places," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Remembrances," and "Façade."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2: "Reflections," "The Moor's Pavane," "Confetti," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 28, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Weewis," "As Time Goes By," and "Façade."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Moves," "Confetti," "Parade," and "Trinity."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Square Dance," "Nightwings," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By," and "Chabriesque."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Square Dance," "Parade," "Nightwings," and "Jive."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Chabriesque," "Parade," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "The Dream," "Nightwings," and "Trinity." (City Center, *131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.*)

Ivo Lola Ribar Yugoslavian National Folk Ensemble—A company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Oct. 30, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 11. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

"Don Quixote" on Film—The American première of Rudolf Nureyev's version of the Petipa ballet, filmed in color, with Mr. Nureyev, Robert Helpmann, Lucette Aldous, and dancers of the Australian Ballet. A benefit for the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 9.)

MISCELLANY

City Center Thirtieth-Anniversary Gala—A benefit retrospective performance for the Center. Taking part will be the New York City Opera, the New York City Ballet, the City Center Joffrey Ballet, the Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre, and the City Center Acting Company, plus Patricia Brooks, José Ferrer, Helen Hayes, Celeste Holm, Robert Morse, Hugh O'Brian, Maureen Stapleton, Shirley Verrett, and others. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, Oct. 29, at 7:30. For tickets, call 586-2828.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(*A few of the notable performers now in town.*)

Chet Baker—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a quintet, beginning Monday, Oct. 29. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty, and on Saturdays from nine.

Bobby Hackett—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a sextet that includes Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, Remo Palmier on guitar, George Mraz on bass, and Grady Tate on drums. From eight to one-thirty, except Sundays.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quartet. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, from ten to three.

Eddie Heywood—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Piano, at nine and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 27.

Harry James—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Trumpet, leading a band, at nine and eleven-thirty, beginning Friday, Nov. 2.

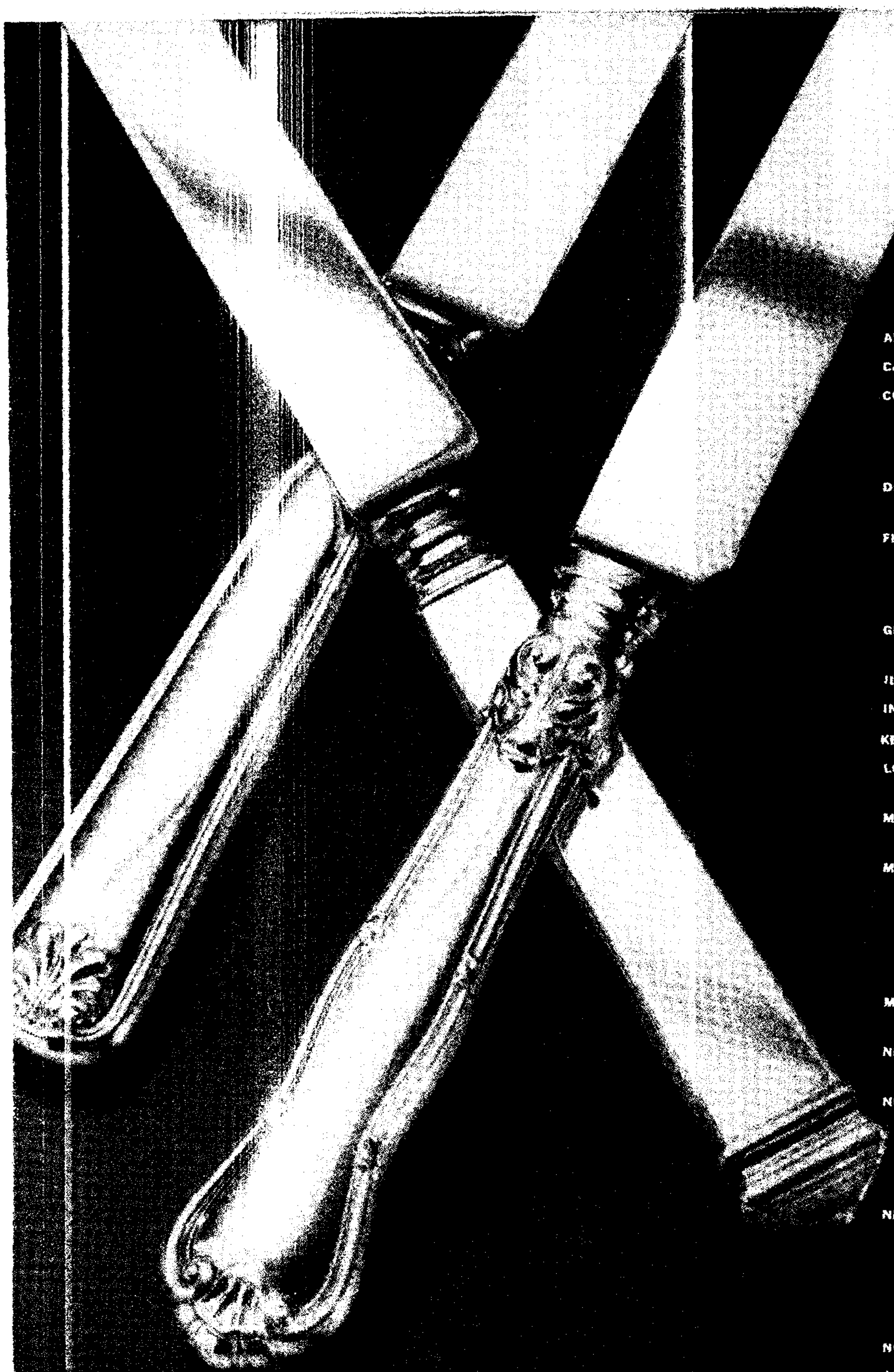
Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus an all-Harold Arlen program on Sunday, Oct. 28, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five.

Nellie Lutcher—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Junior Mance—Jazzboat, *101 Ave. A, at 6th St.* (677-9721). Piano, with a trio, from nine to three, through Sunday, Oct. 28.... ¶ Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Nightly from ten, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 30.

Modern Jazz Quartet—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, vibraharp, bass, and drums. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 24-26, from nine-thirty, and Saturday, Oct. 27, from nine.

Pharoah Sanders—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxo-



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phone, leading a quintet nightly at ten, beginning Tuesday, Oct. 30.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

Dave Van Ronk—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Folksongs and guitar, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27.

Dick Wellstood—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with clarinettist and soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern and drummer Panama Francis. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

Randy Weston—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Piano, leading a quartet, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, from ten.

Phil Woods—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Reeds, leading a quartet, beginning Monday, Oct. 29. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty, and on Saturdays from nine.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seagoing vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of John Siddley's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Two singers, Michael Franks and Ross Ryan, trade sets through Monday, Oct. 29. They are followed by Judi Pulver, who also sings, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 31. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser-known performers. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—An assortment of able and talented musicians whips up a variety of jazz. Charles McPherson, a fine young altoist, shows off his abilities with his quartet through Sunday, Oct. 28. A quartet under the guidance of pianist Kenny Gill and alto saxophonist Curtis Field plays Tuesday, Oct. 30. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and music constructed by two fine musical architects—pianist Steve Kuhn and bassist Steve Swallow. Through Saturday, Oct. 27, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays from nine until one, the forceful bop pianist Al Haig, who used to play with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, performs with a bassist.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short, the prized fixture here, has returned with his envied repertoire—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—that summons up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The music begins at nine-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot with musicians tucked away so that they're hard to see, and sometimes hard to hear. Pianist Roger Ram works with his trio through Saturday, Oct. 27, from eleven to four. The young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr, who ably re-creates sounds from the thirties with trombonist Mathew Gee, returns on Tuesday, Oct. 30. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Unflappable Nellie Lutcher, the blueswoman Victor Borge of Lake Charles, La., has returned, singing and playing the piano with the assistance of guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. She's occupying the center of the room from eight to

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one nightly except Sundays, when Dick Hyman plays. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances. (Some of the acts here are topflight, some not.) The mikes are switched on at about nine. Sundays are a very mixed bag. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 28, the duo will play an all-Harold Arlen concert from five-forty-five until seven-forty-five, before their usual sets begin. Mondays through Fridays, Tad Bruce sings at the piano from six to nine. Singer Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bass accompaniment on Mondays. Snacks.

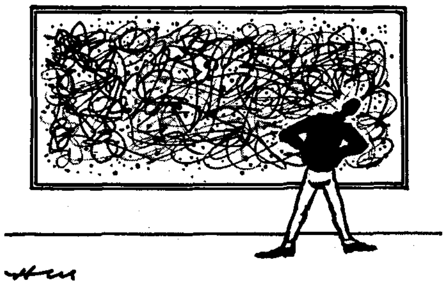
Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new quarters of this recently reopened club are quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listeners alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Performing them through Saturday, Oct. 27, is the guitar duo of Sal Salvador and Allen Hanlon. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is offering two groups each night. The Modern Jazz Quartet, which plays rather formal jazz, alternates with singer and pianist Mel Dancy through Saturday, Oct. 27. Two names prominent and influential in the mid-fifties share the bill that begins Monday, Oct. 29: trumpeter Chet Baker, as placid and cool as ever, with his quintet, and Phil Woods with his quartet. Among the most conspicuous and ablest of the post-Parker alto players, Woods has been involved in music education, has worked as a sideman, and has recently drawn recognition for his fusion of contemporary free music with that experimental jazz of twenty-odd years ago. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, various performers work from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—As farsighted as it is far-out, this club seriously cultivates the very best younger musicians working in the city, and some older, more established ones, too. Junior Mance takes his trio through some serious and funky blues until Sunday, Oct. 28. On Tuesday, Oct. 30, Doug Carn, a young, intent West Coast keyboard musician and composer arrives with his band and vocalist Jean Carn. Music from nine until three. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Herman Autrey, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Closed Sundays.



Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Lawrence Evans Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **52nd Street Room,** downstairs, Supersax, a West Coast band consisting of several saxes—alto, tenor, and baritone—a trumpet, and a rhythm section, plays transcribed and arranged Charlie Parker solos as ensemble parts, with interesting—but, unfortunately, sterile—results. Pianist Eddie Heywood will also be on hand at nine and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, Oct. 27. Beginning Friday, Nov. 2, Harry James and his orchestra pay a visit to this jazz-oriented stronghold. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar gives off explicit uptown vibes, but the backroom—characterized by jammed-together tables, neck-craning youths, and a general lackadaisical folksiness—is positively from downtown. The amps are commandeered by Yoko Ono and her Plastic Ono Super Band through Sunday, Oct. 28. Music Tuesdays through Sundays, starting at nine-thirty. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Bobby Blue Bland, a Southern rhythm-and-blues singer, alternates with a Boston group known as Room Full of Blues through Monday, Oct. 29. On Wednesday, Oct. 31, Sylvester and the Hot Band, yet another glitter band, drags up the stairs. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

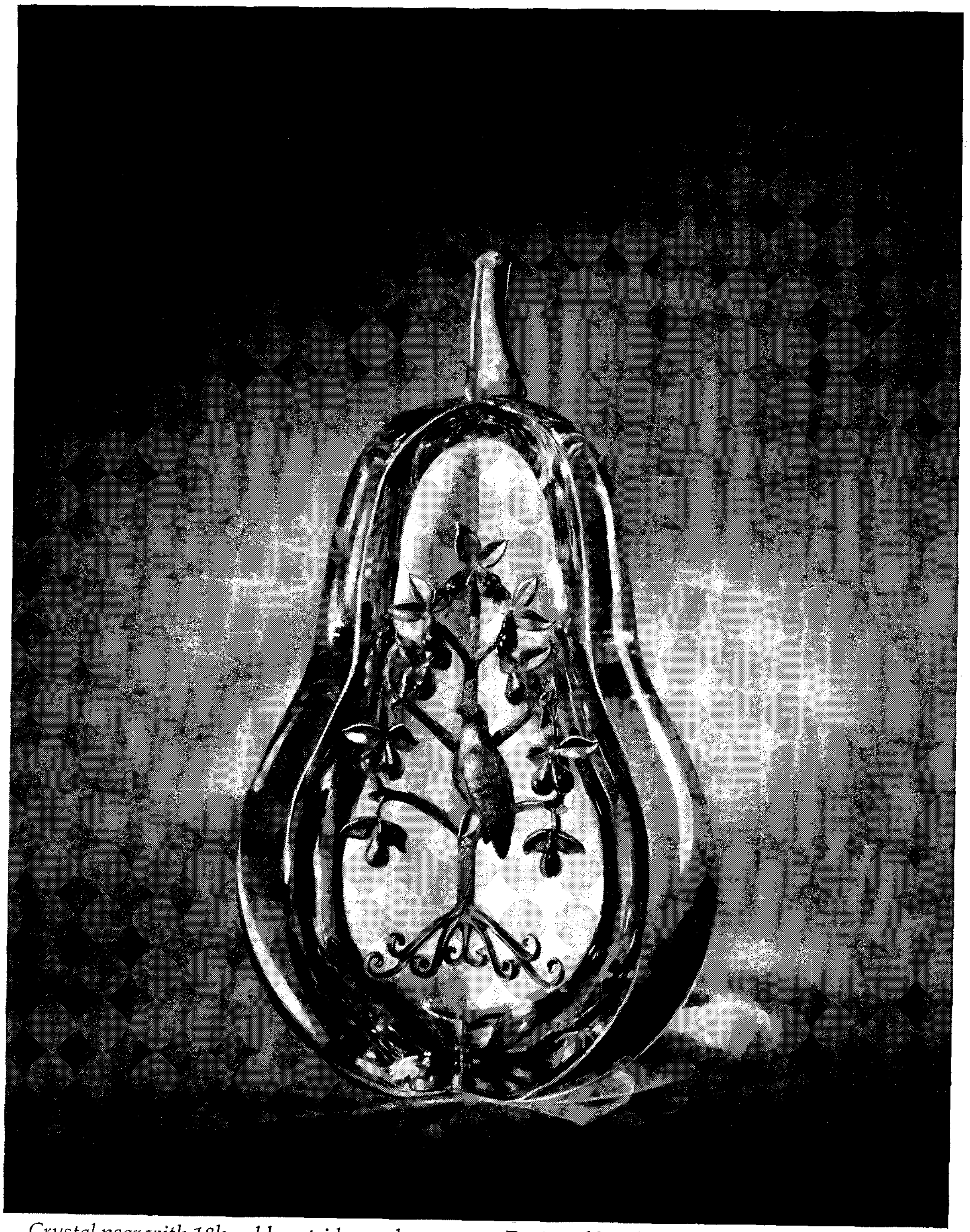
Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffee-house atmosphere. Folklorist-guitarist Dave Van Ronk sings his well-known material with gravelly-voiced sensitivity Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27. Singer and songwriter Eric Kaz shares the stage with folksinger Joel Zoss Sunday through Tuesday, Oct. 28-30. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Dick Wellstood, a fine pianist who took ragtime seriously long before its current popular revival, heads up a trio that comprises clarinettist and soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern and drummer Panama Francis, from nine to one Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sometime clarinettist and Renaissance man Woody Allen participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. When he's not soloing in his low-keyed, engaging manner, Chico Hamilton seems pleased as punch (as do the customers here) by the inventiveness of the young musical artisans in his group. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, from ten to three. Pianist Ray Bryant and his trio move in the following week—Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 1-3. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. The Louis St. Louis quintet appears opposite singer Joy Hatton through Saturday, Oct. 27, and opposite comic and pianist Edward Morris starting Tuesday, Oct. 30. Shows begin at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Pianist Lewis Friedman fills any gaps between eight-thirty and two. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small



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enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two rooms evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, draws on a repertory that includes works by Villa-Lobos and Ellington and Strayhorn, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, from nine-thirty to one.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Music is furnished by the Bobbi Humphrey quartet Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, and by pianist Jimmy Sidey's trio Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3. The music is featured from ten to three-thirty. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This venerable fortress continues its tradition of presenting top-flight jazz. Singer and organist Bu Pleasant romps with her trio through Sunday, Oct. 28. Internationalist Randy Weston (he has resided in Brooklyn and Tangiers) concentrates on his intimacy with African, Arabian, and Jamaican percussions. This pianist and his quartet can be heard Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 30, Junior Mance and his threesome relocate here. On Wednesdays, harpist Daphne Hellman and her trio join in. Music at ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable thirty-nine-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance leading from a cobblestoned street. Saxophonist Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck head up a newly founded and adventuresome quartet through Sunday, Oct. 28. On Tuesday, Oct. 30, Pharoah Sanders and his quintet drop in. Sanders, an exceptional reedman, notably on tenor sax, bases his music largely on Afro-Latin polyrhythms. A performance usually amounts to one long, extended medley (a frequent contrivance among many of Sanders' contemporaries, who have yet to rival him) that builds in much the same way a successful improvisation by a single musician does. This continual, intense playing leaves little chance for the drummer, conga player, pianist, and bassist to let up at all during a set. Sanders himself solos, sings, and plays various percussive instruments, from bells to Bundt cake pans, and it all sounds good. The music begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays or Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** Bobby Hackett is heading a dance band that involves Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, Remo Palmier on guitar, George Mraz on bass, and Grady Tate on drums. The Peppi Morreale trio alternates with them from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Wright Brothers, a singing and dancing duo, appear in the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

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Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Composer-pianist Cy Coleman is the dinner-and-supper tenant in this well-run mountain resort. He is assisted by a foursome and two vocalists. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of Johnny DeMaio and Fred Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire, Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—These nights, at dinner and supper, the **MAISONETTE** affords the songs of Freda Payne. On Monday, Oct. 29, John MacNally will start singing in her stead. The Anthony Terini orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** a quiet glade, is dispensing violin-and-piano music, with vocal accompaniment by Russian singer Aelita, from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Pianist-singer Hugh Shannon has just been installed in the **ST. REGIS ROOM.** His hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Jones is the resident tenor in the **EMPIRE ROOM** at dinner and supper. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Domingo Alvarez—Neon-and-glass environments. Through Friday, Nov. 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Theodore Argeropolos—Paintings and prints by a formalist; first one-man show here. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Callahan—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Bernard Cathelin—Still-lifes and landscapes with figures by a School of Paris painter. Through Nov. 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Cézanne (1839-1906)—Sixteen watercolors. Through Nov. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

William Clutz—Semi-abstract drawings of New York scenes. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Crowl—Portraits of New Yorkers and landscapes of New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William F. Draper—Realistic paintings. Through Nov. 17. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jud Fine—Sculptures in stone, bamboo, string, and other materials. Through Nov. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Joseph Floch—Interiors and landscapes. Through Nov. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frederick Franck—Drawings from his two new books. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Abby Goell—Paintings and lithographs combining natural and geometric shapes. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 30. (*Automation House*, 49 E. 68th St.)

Jeroen Henneman—Landscape paintings and drawings of objects from daily life, lighted; first one-man show here. Through Nov. 7. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hockney—A retrospective of prints of landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Nov. 28. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Tom Holland—Abstract paintings on fibre glass. Through Nov. 8. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Nov. 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Ilson—Watercolors of cityscapes, landscapes, and seascapes. Through Thursday, Nov. 1. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Bronzes, plaster models, and drawings. Through Nov. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacob Lawrence—Gouache paintings done during the past four years. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonid—Paintings by the Russian-born Neo-Romanticist. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Paintings from 1923 to the present, with related drawings. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Patricia Meyerowitz—Abstract mahogany sculptures; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Hartley, 50 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Miró—Two hundred graphics in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibits at the Museum of Modern Art and the Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. Through Nov. 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Zero Mostel—Oils and collages. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Niizuma—Abstract marble sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emil Nolde (1897-1956)—Paintings and graphics by the German Expressionist. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yutaka Ohashi—Paintings on celestial themes. Starts Saturday, Oct. 27. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerry Okimoto—Multi-sectioned canvases. Through Nov. 10. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes. Through Nov. 10. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helene Simon—Abstract stone sculptures of Hebrew and Arabic calligraphies. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Alma W. Thomas—Color paintings by a Washington, D.C., artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cristóbal Toral—Paintings of still-lifes, nudes, and train stations. Through Nov. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kim Whanki—Paintings with the motif of a small square enclosing a roundish spot. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery and guest artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Peruvian artists from 800 B.C. to 1700 A.D. Through Nov. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **DANENBERG,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Picasso, Vlaminck, O'Keeffe, and other French and American artists. Through Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Matisse, Picasso, Tanguy, Rothko, and other twentieth-century artists. Through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Watercolors and drawings by Léger,

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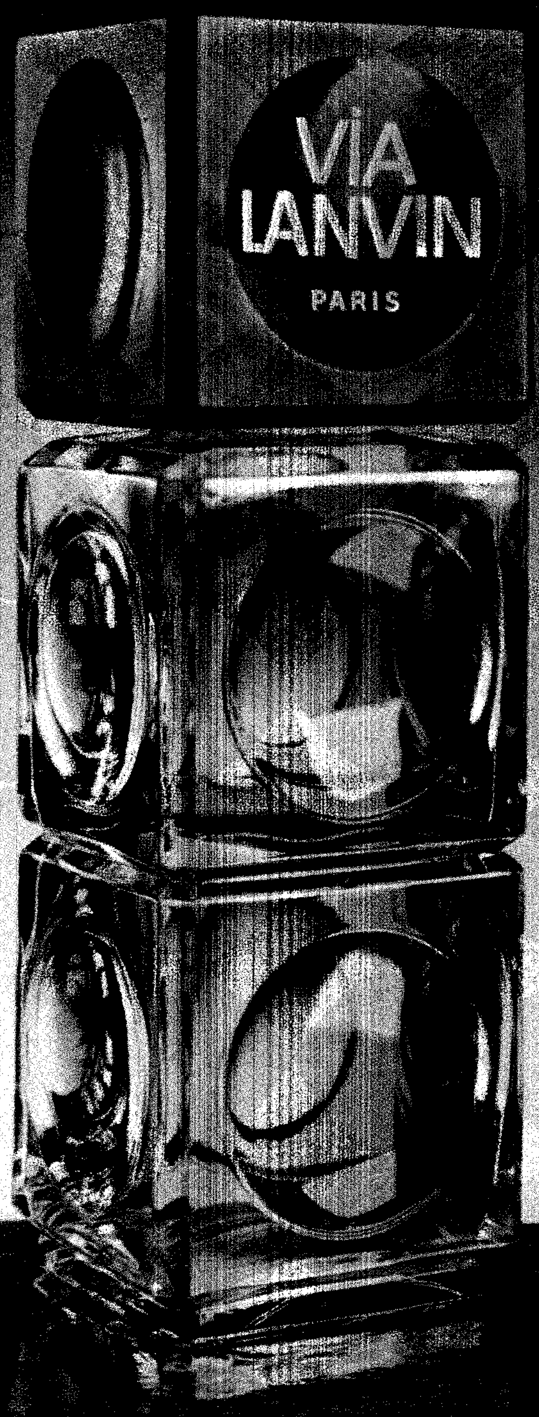
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feininger, Klee, Miró, Giacometti, Matisse, and others. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Indian miniature paintings. Through Nov. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **SOLOMON**, 950 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and European graphics, with examples by, among others, de Kooning, Gottlieb, and Picasso. Through Nov. 30.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan exhibition of seventy-six paintings from ten midwestern university collections. The great names in the show include Murillo, Hals, Tiepolo, Turner, Fantin-Latour, Ingres, Sargeant, Miró, O'Keeffe, Dove, Hartley, Dali, Picasso, Matisse, and Pollock, and the great works are about five in number. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31.... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Americans, including Avery, Burchfield, Calder, Lipchitz, and Maurer. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JANE B. ARMSTRONG—Stone sculptures of animals. Starts Monday, Oct. 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Watercolors done in 1938 on the Gaspé Peninsula. Through Nov. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WOLFGANG BEHL—Wood sculptures. Through Nov. 8. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCELO BONEVARDI—Abstract painted constructions that hang on the wall. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

POWER BOOTHE—Abstract paintings and drawings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—Twenty-five watercolors. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

CHARLES COINER—Paintings of England, Scotland, and Wales. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FLEUR COWLES—Paintings of flowers, birds, and beasts. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

JANE EAKIN—Interiors, still-lifes, and landscapes in Romantic-realist vein. Through Nov. 8. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAM FRANCIS—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Starts Saturday, Oct. 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUELINE GOUREVITCH—Oils of cloud formations. Starts Saturday, Oct. 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

A. RAYMOND KATZ—Thickly textured abstract paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN MIRÓ—*Sobreteixims* (textile creations) in a show that is running concurrently with his shows at the Museum of Modern Art and the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Through Nov. 0. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

WILLIAM MOÏSE—Expressionist paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ANNE SCHLANGER—Figure paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

YEHIEL SHEMI—Black and red abstract sculptures of bolted steel. Through Nov. 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK SONENBERG—Large sculptures, plus models and drawings. Through Nov. 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHAÏM SOUTINE (1894-1943)—A benefit loan exhibition of seventy-eight paintings, most of them executed in the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Demuth, Dove, Marin, O'Keeffe, and other American abstractionists. Through Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Feininger, Matisse, and others. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Closed Saturday mornings.) ... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: The gallery celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with a loan exhibition of paintings (Picasso, Dubuffet) and sculptures (Brancusi, Giacometti). Through Saturday, Nov. 3.

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their thirty-sixth annual, composed of about sixty-four pieces (by Roy Gussow, Minoru Niizuma, Helen Beling, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums. Starts Sunday, Oct. 28. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ARMAN—This artist engages in such activities as collecting garbage from the studios of his contemporaries and packaging it for display, blowing up motorcycles with dynamite and reassembling the fragments, and stomping on selected debris until it arranges itself to his taste, and this exhibition of the results is accompanied by photographs showing him in the throes of creativity. Through Nov. 21. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

DANIEL BUREN—One large striped canvas in sections, which extends out the gallery window and across the street. Through Nov. 7. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

STEVEN GILBERT—Paintings of astronauts. Starts Friday, Oct. 26. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JIM HUNTINGTON / SALVATORE ROMANO—Abstract sculptures. / One moving sculpture. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

VINCENT INCONIGLIOS / ARLENE SKLAR-WEINSTEIN—Abstract paintings. / Abstract figure paintings with a humanist treatment. Starts Saturday, Oct. 27. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MARILYN PERLMAN—Abstract sculptures, most of them in marble. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Five large oils and twenty watercolors. Through Nov. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM SCHENCK—Paintings based on old movie stills. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway.)

JEHAN SHAHLY—Landscape and figure paintings, plus drawings. Through Nov. 8. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH / MAUREEN CONNOR—Three large figure paintings. / A work in fabrics resembling a garden. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NORA SPEYER—Figure and landscape paintings. Through Nov. 8. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL VON RINGELHEIM / SIG RENNELS—Abstract stainless-steel sculptures. / One inflated room-size airplane made of rubber. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

IDELLE WEBER—Paintings of fruit and vegetable stands. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JACKIE WINSOR—Abstract sculptures in wood and rope. Through Nov. 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

TINO ZAGO—Paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 1. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

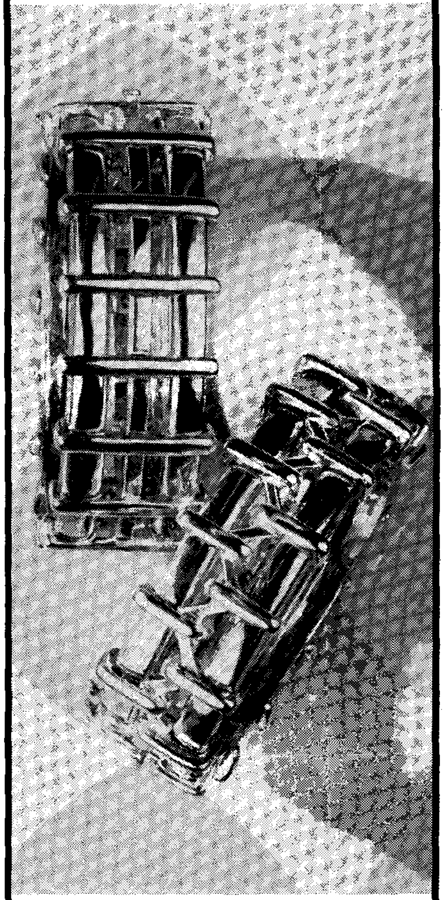
GROUP SHOWS—At the **CUNNINGHAM WARD**, 94 Prince St.: Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych. Through Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **FISCHBACH**, 489 Broome St.: Works on paper by Gene Davis, Robert Ryman, Red Grooms, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Three constructions made of crushed automobile parts. Through March 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Fifty years of original pen-and-ink caricatures, drawings, lithographs, and etchings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—Seven sculptures, by Robert Smithson, Sol LeWitt, Dan Flavin, Donald Judd, Richard Serra, Robert Morris, and Carl Andre. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays



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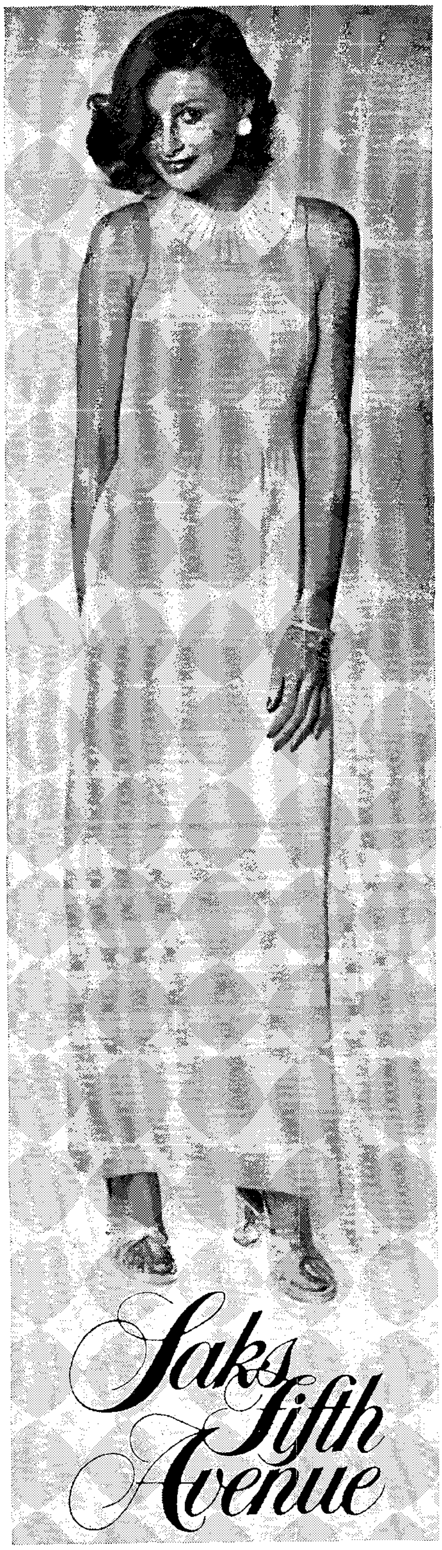

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Elsa Dorfman—Photographs of Allen Ginsberg. Through Monday, Oct. 29. (Focus II, 163 W. 74th St. Daily, 6 P.M. to 11 P.M.)

Laura Gilpin / Leland Rice—Mainly photographs of Navajo Indians. / Portraits and interiors. Through Dec. 2. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Robert Heinecken—Works in collage, multiple and serial image, and offset press. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Reproductions of approximately thirty of the Bauhaus Master's experimental photographs of the twenties. Through Nov. 10. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77) **and David Octavius Hill** (1802-70)—Calotypes made in the eighteen-forties by two pioneers of photography. Through Nov. 10. (Scott Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs taken in Egypt and the Holy Land between 1848 and 1870 by Maxim Du Camp, Francis Frith, Auguste Salzmann, Felix Teynard, and Frank Good, among others. Through Nov. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)... **EASTMAN KODAK**, 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: Photographs, films, and memorabilia of national events and preoccupations from the early days of the century to the present. Through Nov. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.) ... **SOHOPHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Minor White, George Alpert, Michael Lloyd Carlebach, and Seiji Kakizaki. Through Tuesday, Oct. 30. (Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)... **UNDERGROUND**, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St: Photographs by students and faculty of Montclair State College, some reverting to processes used in the nineteenth century. Through Nov. 21. (Closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The high point of the small exhibition of oils, pastels, and prints by Mary Cassatt (1845-1926), drawn from the museum's lumber rooms, is a series of color prints inspired by a visit to an exhibition of Japanese art in Paris in 1890, which the American expatriate artist made in the company of her master and friend, Degas. "I do not admit that a woman can draw like that," Degas is reported to have said about the print called "Woman Bathing," which shows a woman from behind, naked to the waist and washing from a bowl on a dresser. But even more than its prodigies of draftsmanship, the series is remarkable for its relationship to its source—the transmutation of the emotional detachment of the Japanese print and its decorative flatness into the new decorative-expressionist art of late-nineteenth-century Europe, whose other practitioners include van Gogh, Gauguin, Whistler, Munch, and Toulouse-Lautrec. In contrast to these exquisite and incisive works, the neighboring pastels and oils seem diffuse and sentimental, though this may not be a fair comparison, since few are first-rate examples of the artist's work (an exception is the wonderful "The Cup of Tea") and some (such as "Mother and Boy," which prompted Degas to say, "It is the infant Jesus and His English nurse") represent reversions to conventional portraiture. The above quotations from Degas were dug up by Natalie Spassky, who mounted the show and wrote the exemplary descriptive signs that appear beside each work, and provide a kind of catalogue for the show. Through Dec. 2.... ¶ Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, spanning four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Through Jan. 1.... ¶ Four paintings borrowed from the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts, worth seeing if you can find them dispersed among four galleries in the European Painting section.... ¶ About a hundred specimens of early Renaissance sculpture from northern Italy, on display—and looking as if they belonged there—in the Blumenthal Patio from the Castle of Vélez Blanco. Through Nov. 25.... ¶ Prints and drawings of landscapes, Biblical and mythological subjects, and studies of farm workers by Abraham Bloemaert (1564-1651). Through Nov. 4.... ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother Theo and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Starts Tuesday, Oct. 30.... ¶ A show of photographs of Egypt and the Holy Land; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An Ellsworth Kelly retrospective: early reliefs and constructions, collages of squares or strips of paper arranged by chance, and delicate, spare line drawings of plants. Through Nov. 4.... ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Dec. 10. A complementary show of graphics is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. A complementary show of *Sobreteixims* is at the Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. ... ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 13. ... ¶ Floor sculptures and wall pieces by Barry Flanagan, a British sculptor who works with cloth, rope, sand, and other materials. Starts Monday, Oct. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. At press time, employees were still picketing the museum, but the exhibit rooms were open.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A big retrospective of the British avant-garde artist Richard Hamilton. Through Nov. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of Jules Olitski, the color-field abstractionist, ranging from the late fifties to the present. Through Nov. 4.... ¶ Sixty-nine American Impressionist paintings. Through Nov. 12.... ¶ Architectural constructions by Tony Berlant. Through Nov. 8.... ¶ Paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs by artists (most of whom have not exhibited in New York) who are concerned with a restructuring of the existing world. Through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred and seventy Egyptian reliefs, statuary, and other objects dating from 1378-1362 B.C., the period of Akhenaten and Nefertiti. Through Nov. 25.... ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of curassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Shah 'Abbas and the Arts of Isfahan," an exhibition of paintings, manuscripts, imperial artifacts, and calligraphy from seventeenth-century Persia. Through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for trade to the West. Starts Thursday, Oct. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Nearly two hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints from the Martha Jackson collection. Through Nov. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit (for both addicts of detective novels and the uninitiated) honoring Edgar Allan Poe as father of the genre. It opens with the original manuscript of his first detective story and includes books and manuscripts by Arthur Conan Doyle, Ross Macdonald, Agatha Christie, and other master storytellers. Through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Ukiyo-e master prints (fashion-figure drawings), from the sixteen-eighties to the eighteen-forties, from

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Ledoux collection. Through Nov. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Printed books, from 1455 to 1955, reflecting achievements and changes in the art of typography. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ European and Persian manuscript leaves from the twelfth century through the seventeenth. Through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixtieth annual exhibit of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America. Starts Thursday, Oct. 25. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The high point of an exhibition called "Blacks: U.S.A.: 1973" is twelve paintings by the late Palmer Hayden (1890-1973), illustrating verses from the folk epic "The Ballad of John Henry." Through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty-six works surveying contemporary Japanese printmaking. Through Sunday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Bread sculptures, by John Fischer. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Forty prints, from 1961 to the present, by Marisol. Through Nov. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, William Lewis, and John Reardon; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marina Krilovici, Nedda Casei, William Lewis, Robert Goodloe, and Andrea Velis; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 1: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 9: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Nell Rankin, Robert Nagy, Norman Mittelmann, Raymond Gibbs, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marina Krilovici, Nedda Casei, William Lewis, Robert Goodloe, and Andrea Velis; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, *Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy*, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Louis Quilico, Ezio Flagello, and Edmond Karlsrud; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Doris Jung, Sylvia Anderson Patricia Wise, John Alexander, and Michael Devlin; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, José Carreras, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8 "Carmen," with Sylvia Anderson, Patricia Craig, Harry Theyard, John Darrenkamp and David Rae Smith; Christopher Keene . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Jose Carreras, Richard Fredricks, and Edward Pierson; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Susanne Marsee, Reginald Byers, Michael Devlin, and William Ledbetter; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct 28, at 1: "La Bohème," with Patricia Wells Carol Bayard, Luciano Rampaso, John Darrenkamp, Richard T. Gill, and William Ledbetter; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct 28, at 7, and Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Veronica Tyler, Syble Young, John Stewart, Dominic Cossa, and Will Roy; Christopher Keene. . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Franco Marini David Clatworthy, Ronald Forsmo, and Irwin Densen; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, John Darrenkamp, Richard T. Gill and Thomas Jamerson; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marisa Galvany Jeanne Piland, Muriel Greenspon, Francisco Ortiz, and John Darrenkamp; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Michele Molese Vasile Martinoiu, and Dominic Cossa Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "The Barber of Seville," with Ruth Welting, Beverly Evans, Vittorio Terranova Richard Stilwell, and Michael Li-Paz; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8 "Rigoletto," with Cecilia Albanese, Dian Curry, Margaret Yauger, Reginald Byers and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov 11.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(At press time, picket lines were still around Avery Fisher Hall because of the labor negotiations involving the New York Philharmonic and some concerts have been moved to othe halls, so you would be wise to check the situation before making plans.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 24-25, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 26, at 2; Saturday, Oct 27, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 7:3 (all with Rafael Druian, violin); Thursday Nov. 1, and Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30 (both with Zino Francescatti, violin); and Friday Nov. 2, at 2, and Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 7:30 (both with Pierre Fournier, cello).

New York Philharmonic Musicians—Leon Barzin directing the entire membership of th Philharmonic in a concert for the benefit o the Emergency Strike Fund, with Juliu Baker, flute; John Cerminaro, French horn and Lorne Munroe, cello. (Carnegie Hall Monday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic—Michael Tilson Thoma conducting, with Paul Zukofsky, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the first three in a series of four concerts—Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: A Shostakovich-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: An all-Prokofief program, with Viktor Tretyakov, violin Irina Arkhipova, mezzo-soprano; and the Rutgers University Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov 2, at 8: An all-Tchaikovsky program, with Oleg Kagan, violin.

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorat conducting, with Ilse Von Alpenheim, piano (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday Oct. 28, at 3.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos directing, with Cristina Ortiz piano; Ruth Welting, soprano; Michael Best tenor; Peter Binder, baritone; the University

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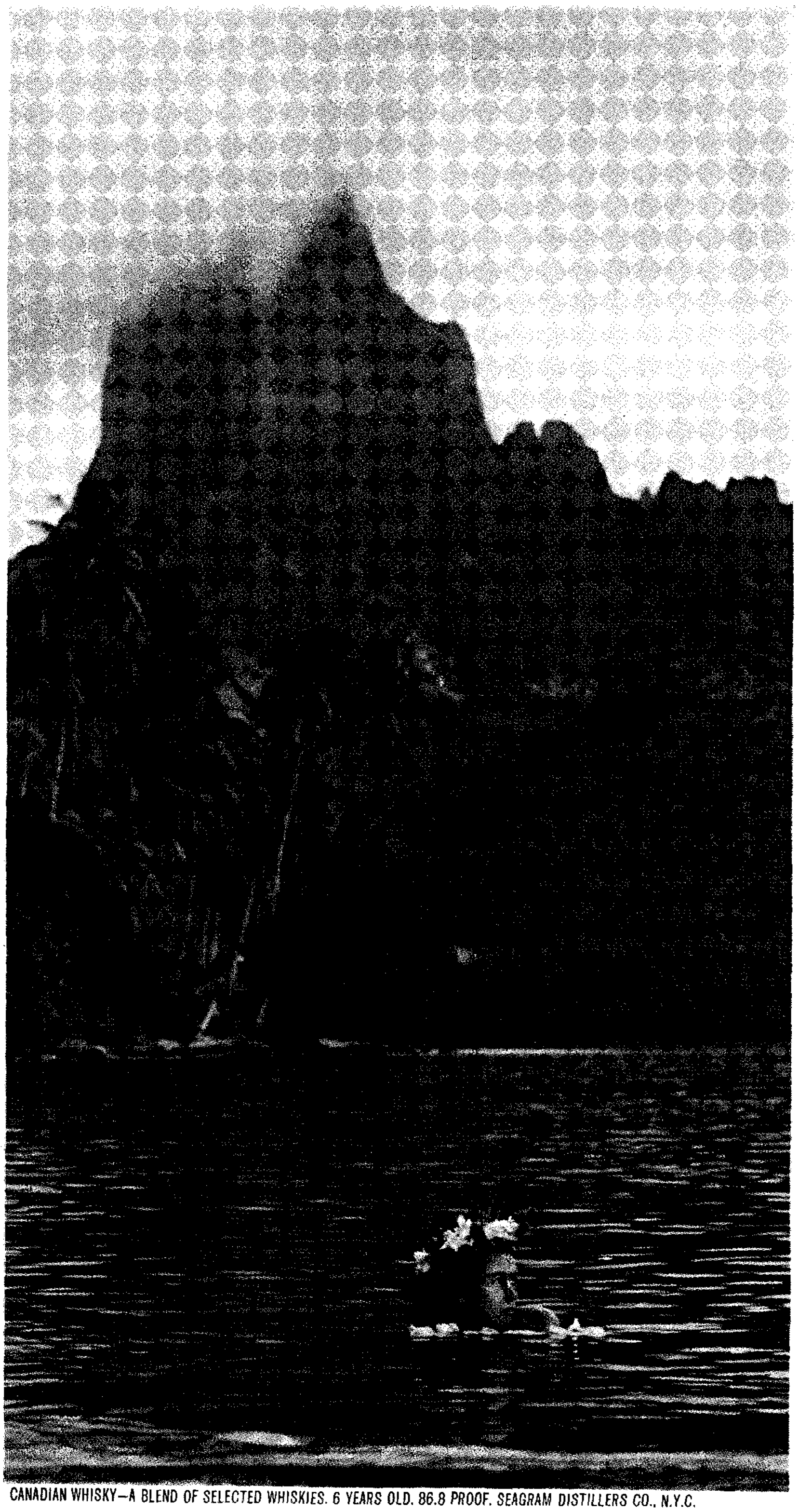

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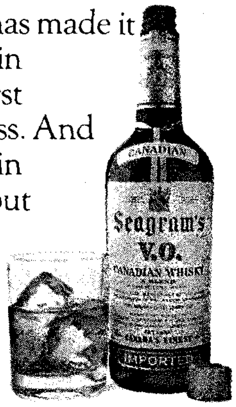

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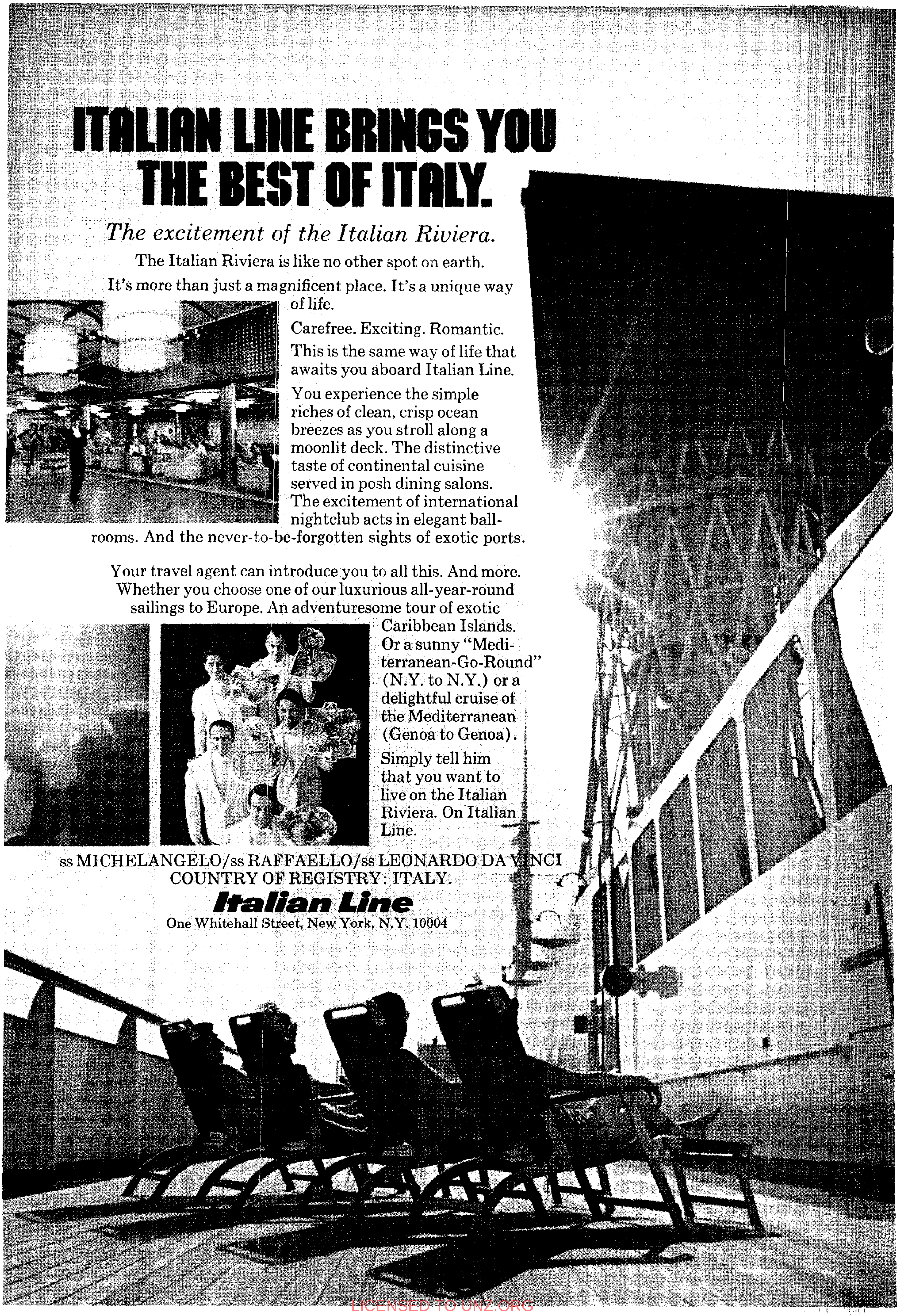

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Pittsburgh Symphony—William Steinberg conducting, with Helga Dernesch, soprano, and Robert Hale, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis directing an all-Beethoven program, with Berl Senofsky, violin; Malcolm Frager, piano; Catherine Malfitano, soprano; and the Masterwork Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting an orchestra, with Charles Treger, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8, with Jaime Laredo, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola; and Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.)

Warsaw Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra—Karol Teutsch conducting, with Krystyna Szostek-Radkowa, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Alvaro Cassuto conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

English Sinfonia—Neville Dilkes conducting, with Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with Janet Hayes, soprano; Robin Kay, mezzo-soprano; Richard Anderson, baritone; Meredith Baker, organ; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Carrol Anne Curry—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Clive Lythgoe—Piano, in an all-MacDowell program. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Yvonne Loriod and Olivier Messiaen, pianos, in the last in a series of programs of Messiaen music. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs—A program of twentieth-century music for one and two pianos. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 6.)

Music from Marlboro—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8 . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ A Brahms-Dvořák program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2:30.)

Gilda Muhlbauer—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

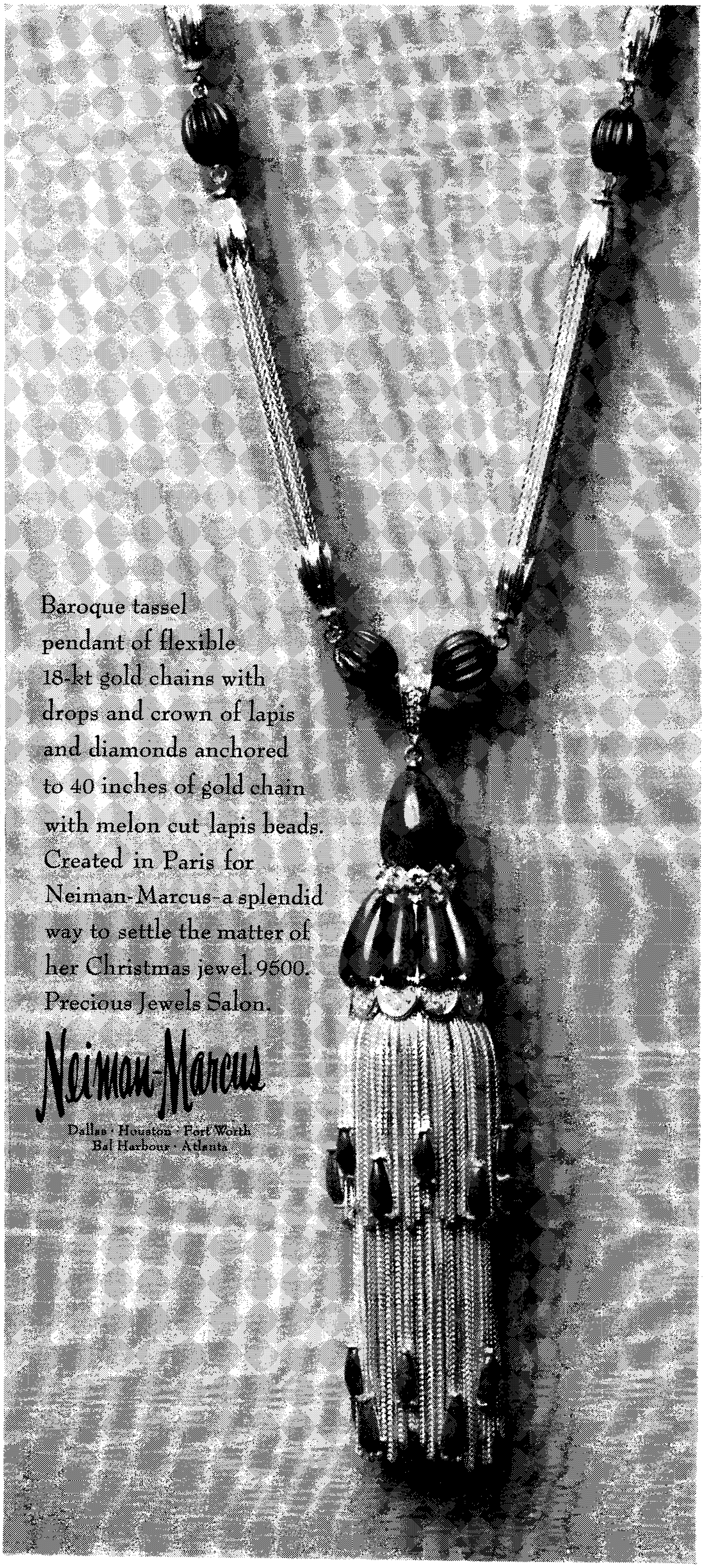
Prague Madrigal Antiqua—Miroslav Venhoda directing a group of eighteen singers and instrumentalists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Noël Lee—The last in a series of recitals presenting the Schubert cycle of piano sonatas. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Rita Bouboulidi—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano. (Hunter College



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the second in a series of four programs of contemporary chamber music, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. All the performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 2. There will be no performance if the Philharmonic's labor problems have not been resolved. For information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 5:45: ALLEN GINSBERG, poetry readings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 5:45: EUBIE BLAKE.

Jazz: The American Invention—The last two in a series of concert/lectures. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "The Big Band," with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra and Dee Dee Bridgewater. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: To be announced. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. For information about tickets, call 598-2028.)

Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8 and 11.

Moody Blues—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.

Electric Light Orchestra—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 27 (plus Estus), at 8. For tickets, call 360-5504. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8.

John Mayall, Z Z Top, and Flash Cadillac & the Continental Kids—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Buddy Tate All-Stars—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Climax Blues Band, John Hammond, and Bo Diddley—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8.

Georges Moustaki—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8.

Blues Project Reunion—Roy Blumenfeld, Danny Kalb, Steve Katz, Al Kooper, and Andy Kulberg, plus Lynyrd Skynyrd at the early show. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8 and 11.)

Doobie Brothers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8 and 11:30.

Susan Reed—Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.

Labelle—Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30 and at midnight.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Oct. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Nov. 2, at 7:35.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 27: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 3 (all games at 1:30): Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Yale, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 28: Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Golden Blades vs. Minnesota Fighting Saints, Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. New England Whalers, Thursday, Oct. 25, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Golden Blades vs. Los Angeles Sharks, Sunday, Oct. 28, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Oct. 28, at 7:05. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Thursday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Nov. 3.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 30, through Tuesday, Nov. 6. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Dec. 29. Through Saturday, Oct. 27, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 27; the Great American, Wednesday, Oct. 31; and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 24. Through Saturday, Oct. 27, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"Ruddigore," Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 27-28, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Nov. 3, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . PRINCE STREET PLAYERS: "Aladdin." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Invisible Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—W. D. Snodgrass reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926)—Photographs of the architect's designs, including furniture, streetlamps, fireplaces, partitions, porticos, and even an elevator, plus his interior environments. Through Nov. 30. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

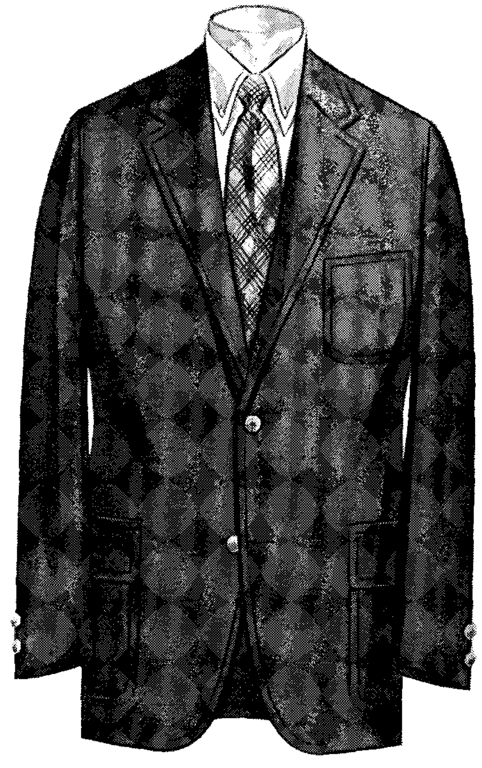
National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, combining handicrafts with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the items displayed are Japanese dolls and costumes, prints of New York City, and a collection of old bicycles. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 24-26, from 1 to 10; Saturday, Oct. 27, from 1 to 11; and Sunday, Oct. 28, from 1 to 7.)

Bus Tours—Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, the Culture Bus Loop is in operation from ten in the morning until six in the evening. Buses make twenty-two stops, serving virtually every museum and cultural institution of note in Manhattan, and ticket holders may get on or off at any point along the route. For information about tickets, and bus-stop locations, call 852-5000, Ext. 4960. . . . ¶ Sundays, at 12, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (where riders may also board at 12:50, 2:20, and 3:50), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, including Tiffany glass and pottery; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 2: Jewelry from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday Oct. 25, at 8: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings, including Eastman Johnson's "Washington Crossing the Delaware;" from the collection of Ambassador and Mrs. J. William Middendorf II and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 2: Nineteenth-century furniture and works of art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 10:15: Books, manuscripts, and maps; from a number of collectors. Also included in the two-o'clock sale on Tuesday will be two crystal lockets containing dust from the remains of Christopher Columbus, a lock of George Washington's hair, and F. Scott Fitzgerald's briefcase. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 30-31, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, from various owners.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—What can we say? Union-management negotiations were still in progress at our press time. All we *do* know is that if they have film showings, they will be from the Warner Brothers retrospective. . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Six programs in a series of films directed by Tay Garnett: Oct. 24: "Slightly Honorable" (1940), with Pat O'Brien and Edward Arnold. . . . Oct. 25: "Trade Winds" (1939), with Joan Bennett and Fredric March. . . . Oct. 27: "One Way Passage" (1932), with William Powell and Kay Francis. . . . Oct. 28: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), with Lana Turner and John Garfield. . . . Oct. 31: "Night Fighters" (1960), with Robert Mitchum. . . . Nov. 1: "Her Man" (1930), with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez. . . . ¶ Oct. 26: "On Dangerous Ground" (1951), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Ida Lupino and Robert Ryan. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Riefenstahl, Snow, Vigo, Vertov, von Stroheim, Warhol, and others. Oct. 24 at 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 25 at 6 and 8; Oct. 27 at 6, 8, and 10; Oct. 28 and 30 at 6 and 8; and Oct. 31 at 6. On Friday, Oct. 26, at 6 and 8, special screenings of films by Beavers, Jonas, and Rifkin. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 31: "Howzer," directed by Ken Laurence. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 1: "Sunseed," directed by Frederick Cohn. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings); on Nov. 1 at 2 and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.



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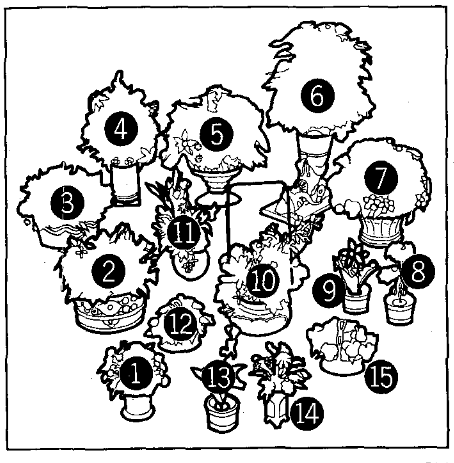

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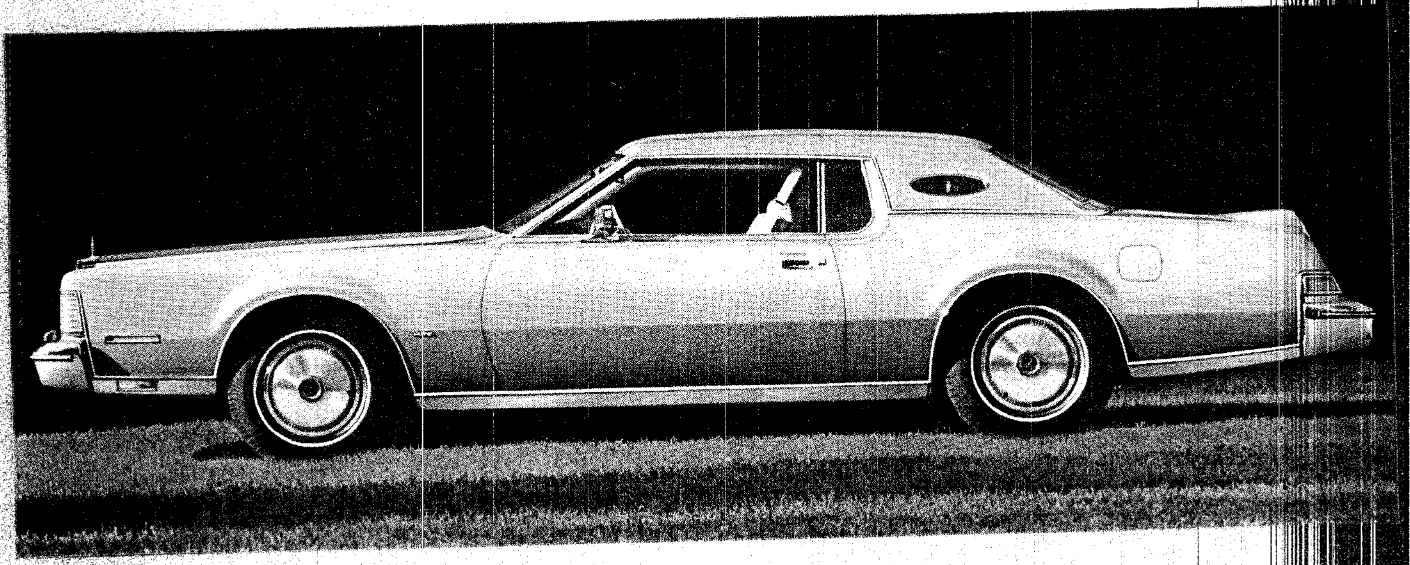

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CONTINENTAL MARK

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

- **Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
  - Through Oct. 28: "Heavy Traffic."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: "Heavy Traffic."
- **Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
  - Through Oct. 27: "The Shop Around the Corner" and "To Be or Not to Be."
  - Oct. 28-30: "Maytime" and "Cuban Love Song."
  - From Oct. 31: "The Ghost Goes West" and "The Canterville Ghost."
- **St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Dillinger," "Boxcar Bertha," and "Doctor Phibes Rises Again."
  - From Oct. 31: "Last Tango in Paris" and another feature, to be announced.
- **Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
  - To be announced.
- **Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
  - Through Oct. 28: "Heavy Traffic."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: "Heavy Traffic."
- **Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
  - "Massacre in Rome."
- **34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
  - "A Touch of Class."
- **Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
  - "The Inheritor."
- **Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
  - "Jonathan Livingston Seagull."
- **Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
  - Through Oct. 27: "The Second Gun."
  - From Oct. 28: "The Long Goodbye."
- **Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
  - "Day for Night."
- **Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
  - "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
- **Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - "The All-American Boy."
- **Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - Through Oct. 25: "What?"
  - From Oct. 26: "The Grande Bouffe."
- **East 59th Street I**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Sisters."
  - From Oct. 31: "The Italian Connection."
- **East 59th Street II**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - "Heavy Traffic."
- **Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
  - Through Oct. 28: "Le Sex Shop."
  - Oct. 29-31: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Nov. 1: "Le Sex Shop."
- **Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
  - "Mean Streets."
- **Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
  - "Bang the Drum Slowly."
- **First Avenue Screening Room**, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
  - Through Oct. 31: "I. F. Stone's Weekly."
  - From Nov. 1: To be announced.
- **Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
  - "The Paper Chase."
- **Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
  - "The Hireling."
- **Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
  - "American Graffiti."
- **68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
  - "The Inheritor."
- **Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
  - "The Way We Were."
- **72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Blume in Love."
  - From Oct. 31: "Class of '44."
- **Juliet I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - Through Oct. 30: "I Could Never. . . ."
  - From Oct. 31: "Triple Echo."
- **Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - Through Oct. 30: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door."
  - From Oct. 31: "Tales That Witness Madness."
- **Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
  - Through Oct. 28: "Heavy Traffic."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: "Heavy Traffic."
- **U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
  - Through Oct. 28: "M*A*S*H."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: "Nurse's Report" and "The Roommates."
- **Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
  - "Charley Varrick."
- **Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
  - Through Oct. 25: "Summertime Killer."
  - Oct. 26-28: "A Touch of Class."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: "A Touch of Class."
- **86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
  - "Massacre in Rome."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8000)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Sisters."
  - From Oct. 31: "The Italian Connection."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
  - Oct. 24: "The Slams."
  - From Oct. 25: "Five on the Black Hand Side."

WEST SIDE

- **Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
  - Through Oct. 25: "Le Sex Shop."
  - Oct. 26-28: "The Grande Bouffe."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: "The Grande Bouffe."
- **8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Z" and "The Conformist."
  - From Oct. 31: "Late Autumn" and "The End of Summer."
- **5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8330)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Visions of Eight."
  - From Oct. 31: "Last Tango in Paris."
- **Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
  - Through Oct. 25: "M*A*S*H."
  - Oct. 26-28: "A Touch of Class."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: "A Touch of Class."
- **Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
  - Through Oct. 30 at one or another of the theatres: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Get to Know Your Rabbit" / "It Happened in Hollywood" and "Is There Sex After Death?" / "The Great Dictator" and "Little Caesar" / "The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Heat."
  - From Oct. 31: To be announced.
- **Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
  - Oct. 24: "Sanjuro."
  - Oct. 25-27: "Junior Bonner" and "The Wild Bunch."
  - Oct. 28-29: "The Getaway" and "Straw Dogs."
  - Oct. 30: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "La Prisonnière."
  - Oct. 31: "Kuroneko."
  - From Nov. 1: "The Public Enemy" and "Angels with Dirty Faces."
- **23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave., at 23rd. (255-7050)
  - Through Oct. 28: "40 Carats" and "Butterflies Are Free."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: To be announced.
- **Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
  - Through Oct. 28: "Camelot."
  - Oct. 29-31: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Nov. 1: "That Darn Cat."
- **Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
  - "The Optimists."
- **Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
  - "From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler."
- **Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
  - "Ben-Gurion Remembers."
- **Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
  - Through Oct. 28: "Le Sex Shop."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: "Triple Echo."
- **Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
  - Through Oct. 25: "The Grande Bouffe."
  - From Oct. 26: "The New Land."
- **Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
  - Through Oct. 25: "Portrait of Lenin" and "Ten Days That Shook the World."
  - Oct. 26-28: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "Elvira Madigan."
  - Oct. 29-30: "The Battle of Algiers" and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below."
  - Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "La Strada" and "Open City."
- **Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
  - "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
- **Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
  - Through the afternoon of Oct. 25: "State of Siege" and "The Conformist."
  - From Oct. 25 at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier." (Opening night by invitation only.)
- **Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
  - "Cops and Robbers."
- **Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
  - Through Oct. 30: "I Could Never. . . ." and "César and Rosalie."
  - From Oct. 31: To be announced.
- **Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
  - Through Oct. 30: "A Doll's House" and "Play It Again, Sam."
  - From Oct. 31: "Visions of Eight" and "Traffic."
- **Beacon**, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Billy Jack."
  - From Oct. 31: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
- **Loews 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
  - Through Oct. 25: "Summertime Killer."
  - Oct. 26-28: "A Touch of Class."
  - Oct. 29-30: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Oct. 31: "A Touch of Class."
- **New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
  - Through Oct. 28: "Late Autumn."
  - Oct. 29-31: The American Film Theatre.
  - From Nov. 1 (tentative): "Gold Diggers of 1935" and "Go Into Your Dance."
- **Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Billy Jack."
  - From Oct. 31: "Tales That Witness Madness" and "The Possession of Joel Delaney."
- **Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Playtime" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
  - From Oct. 31: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."
- **Riverside**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
  - "Jesus Christ Superstar."
- **Riviera**, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Billy Jack."
  - From Oct. 31: To be announced.
- **Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
  - Through Oct. 30: "Casablanca," "To Have and Have Not," and "Key Largo."
  - From Oct. 31: To be announced.

Note: A few specialist film houses—**THE THOUSAND EYES**, 425 W. 43rd. (541-5282): Postwar Westerns. Daily except Wednesdays starting at six, sometimes five. . . . **BIJOU THEATRE**, 209 W. 45th. (757-8455): Japanese films, with English subtitles. Daily. . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Fridays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The All-American Boy—The only movie on record in which you can watch boxers working out in a gym while listening to a Gregorian chant. This movie was on the shelf for a few years and has been taken down by mistake. It stars Jon Voight, looking very puffy, and it was written and directed by Charles Eastman. (Baronet.)

The American Film Theatre—The first presentation in this series will be Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," with Lee Marvin, Fredric March, Robert Ryan, Jeff Bridges, and Bradford Dillman, directed by John Frankenheimer. The film will be shown on Oct. 29 and 30 only, at 1 and 7, at the Art, Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., U. A. East, Loews Ciné, Waverly, Greenwich, 23rd St. Cinema, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; and Oct. 29-31, at 1 and 7, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. Series subscription only; for information, call 489-8820.

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Beekman.)

Angels with Dirty Faces (1938)—With James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, directed by Michael Curtiz. (Elgin; starting Nov. 1.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Cinema II.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29-30.)

Ben-Gurion Remembers—A documentary tracing the political career of David Ben-Gurion, directed by Simon Hesera. (Festival.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Beacon, Symphony, and Riviera; through Oct. 30.)

Blume in Love—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doge's Palace. Some dénouement. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky (of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve). (72nd Street East; through Oct. 30.)

Boxcar Bertha (1972)—With Barbara Hershey and David Carradine, directed by Martin Scorsese. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

Butterflies Are Free (1972)—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 28.)

Camelot (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner-and-Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, Laurence Naismith as Merlyn, and Estelle Winwood and Lionel Jeffries. (Guild; through Oct. 28.)

The Canterville Ghost (1944)—With Charles Laughton and Margaret O'Brien, directed by Jules Dassin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 31.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Olympia; through Oct. 30.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Regency; through Oct. 30.)

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Charley Varrick—With Walter Matthau and Joe Don Baker, directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Orpheum.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (72nd Street East; starting Oct. 31.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Paramount; through the afternoon of Oct. 25. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 30.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life as survived by middlingly well-off suburbanites with a lot of kids, a life of boozed barbecues and floating in pools the size of chicken-runs, and loud statements full of false bonhomie and unsteady syntax. (Cinema Studio.)

Cuban Love Song (1931)—There was a brief period in the thirties when some of the most presentable opera singers were turned into movie stars, with generally disastrous results, as in this Lawrence Tibbett film. The great dramatic singer was not very dramatic when he sang songs by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh and, in obvious discomfort, stared down Lupe Velez's bodice. With Jimmy Durante. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 28-30.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Dillinger—John Milius wrote and directed this story of the robber of Depression days. Warren Oates is the gunman, playing him with a crooked charm and a smile that seems fixed by Novocain; Ben Johnson (of "The Last Picture Show") is Melvin Purvis, an F.B.I. man played with style and power. Purvis shares many of Dillinger's characteristics and self-made rules, including his chosen autonomy, his admiration of braggadocio, and his grim, gleeful way of handling luxe. The long-time enemies were both a form of dandy; the film catches this well, though comparisons with "Bonnie and Clyde" make it pall. Dillinger's gun moll, Billie, is played with tomboy spunk by Michelle Phillips. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

Doctor Phibes Rises Again—With Vincent Price, directed by Robert Fuest. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 30.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 26-28.)

The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 31.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Beacon, and Thalia; starting Oct. 31.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Oct. 25.)

40 Carats—Based on the Broadway play, with Liv Ullmann, Edward Albert, Gene Kelly, and Binnie Barnes. Directed by Milton Katselas. (23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 28.)

From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler—Ingrid Bergman, as a recluse art patron, and two coy runaway children who've hidden for a week in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Directed by Fielder Cook. (Ziegfeld.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 26-28.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, em-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (Elgin; Oct. 28-29.)

Get to Know Your Rabbit—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys a castle in Scotland and brings it home to Florida, complete with ghost (Robert Donat). This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by René Clair; intermittently, it's redeemed by Donat's elegance and his melancholy face and voice. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 31.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Jolson sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The movie isn't topnotch, but it does have Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 1, tentative.)

Gold Diggers of 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't very skillful. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 1, tentative.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Little Carnegie; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Coronet; starting Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Oct. 26. No performances on Oct. 29-30.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

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Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The sound track of the drawn sections of the semi-realistic film is an innovation, with dialogue spoken, muttered, and yelled by unseen people who are audibly in motion and acting whatever their cartoon selves are doing. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ Art, Gramercy, and Trans-Lux 85th St. No performances on Oct. 29-30.)

The Hireling—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (Columbia II.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 30.)

I Could Never. . . .—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two dozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (Juliet 1, and Regency; through Oct. 30.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly—A documentary on the journalist, directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr. (First Avenue Screening Room; through Oct. 31.)

The Inheritor—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Denner, directed by Philippe Labro. In French. (Eastside Cinema, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Is There Sex After Death? (1971)—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

The Italian Connection—With Henry Silva and Woody Strode, directed by Fernando Di Leo. (East 59th Street I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Oct. 31.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—So-called, though Christ looks more like a blushing starlet. Mod and muscular version of Jesus' last seven days, directed by Norman Jewison, with doggerel words that would lower the tone of a subway. Ted Neeley is the blond superstar. Everyone between sixteen and sixteen and a quarter will no doubt respond to the general look of bemused and incommunicable messianism. (Riverside.)

Jonathan Livingston Seagull—Based on the Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Sutton.)

Junior Bonner (1972)—Sam Peckinpah's affectionate piece about the dead-and-gone past of rodeos, with very fine performances by Robert Preston as an aging roisterer of a father, Ida Lupino as a practical mother with a voice like a nutmeg grater and too much wisdom for her own comfort, and Steve McQueen as a roaming rodeo performer too young to be already so tarnished with disappointment but too old to be as easy a rider as he used to be. (Elgin; Oct. 25-27.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Olympia; through Oct. 30.)

Kuroneko (1968)—Directed by Kaneto Shindo. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 31.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema, 5th Ave. Cinema, Beacon, and Thalia; starting Oct. 31.)

Late Autumn (1960)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 31.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 30.)

The Long Goodbye—With Elliott Gould, directed by Robert Altman. (Trans-Lux East; starting Oct. 28.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Greenwich; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Oct. 28.)

Massacre in Rome—With Richard Burton and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by George Pan Cosmatos. (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. John Barrymore brings some style to the picture, which is lively despite a rotten score. The latter includes a number that is actually called "Jump Jim Crow." Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 28-30.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a

The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

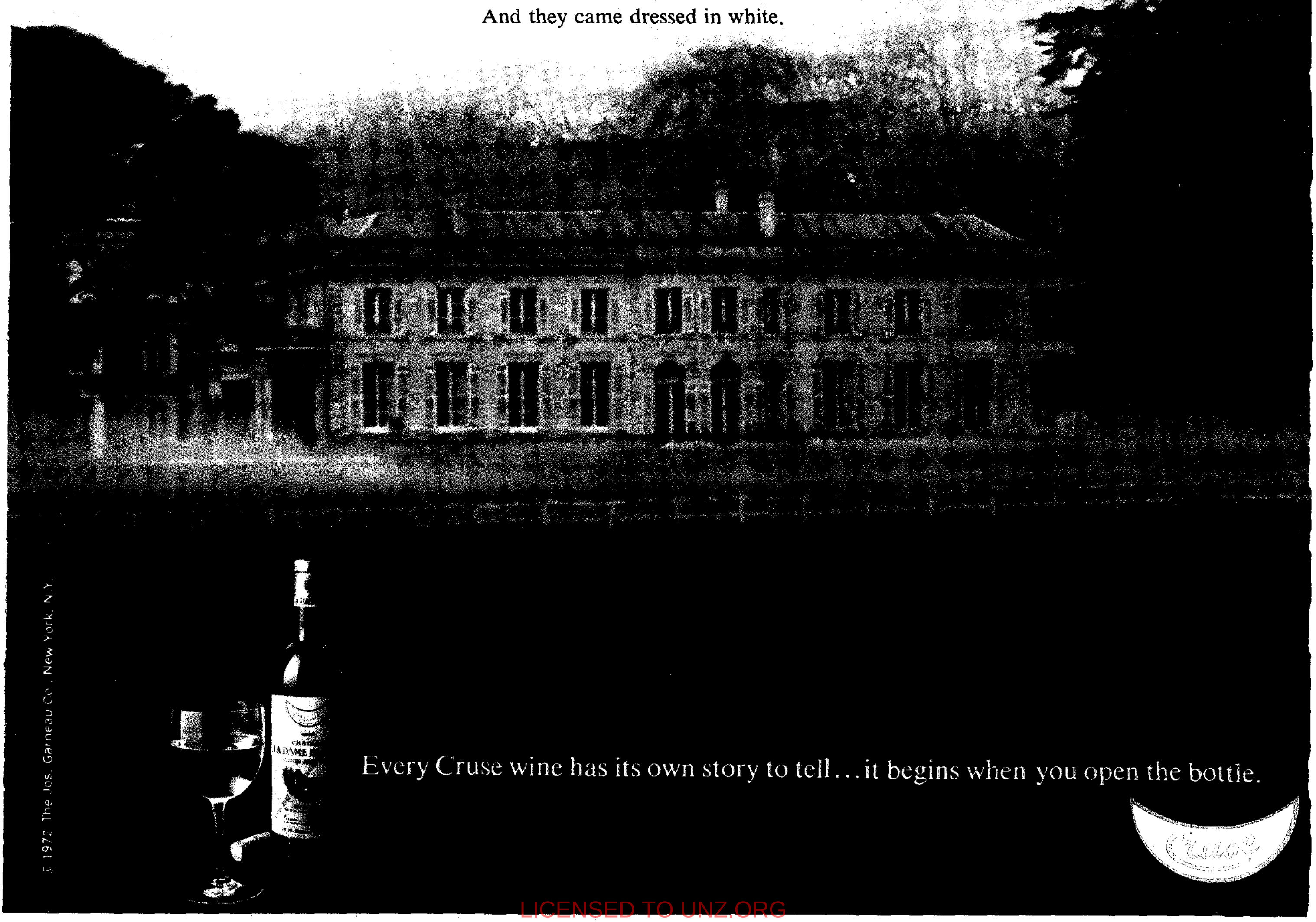
And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned". So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France. As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in the world.


Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell... it begins when you open the bottle.

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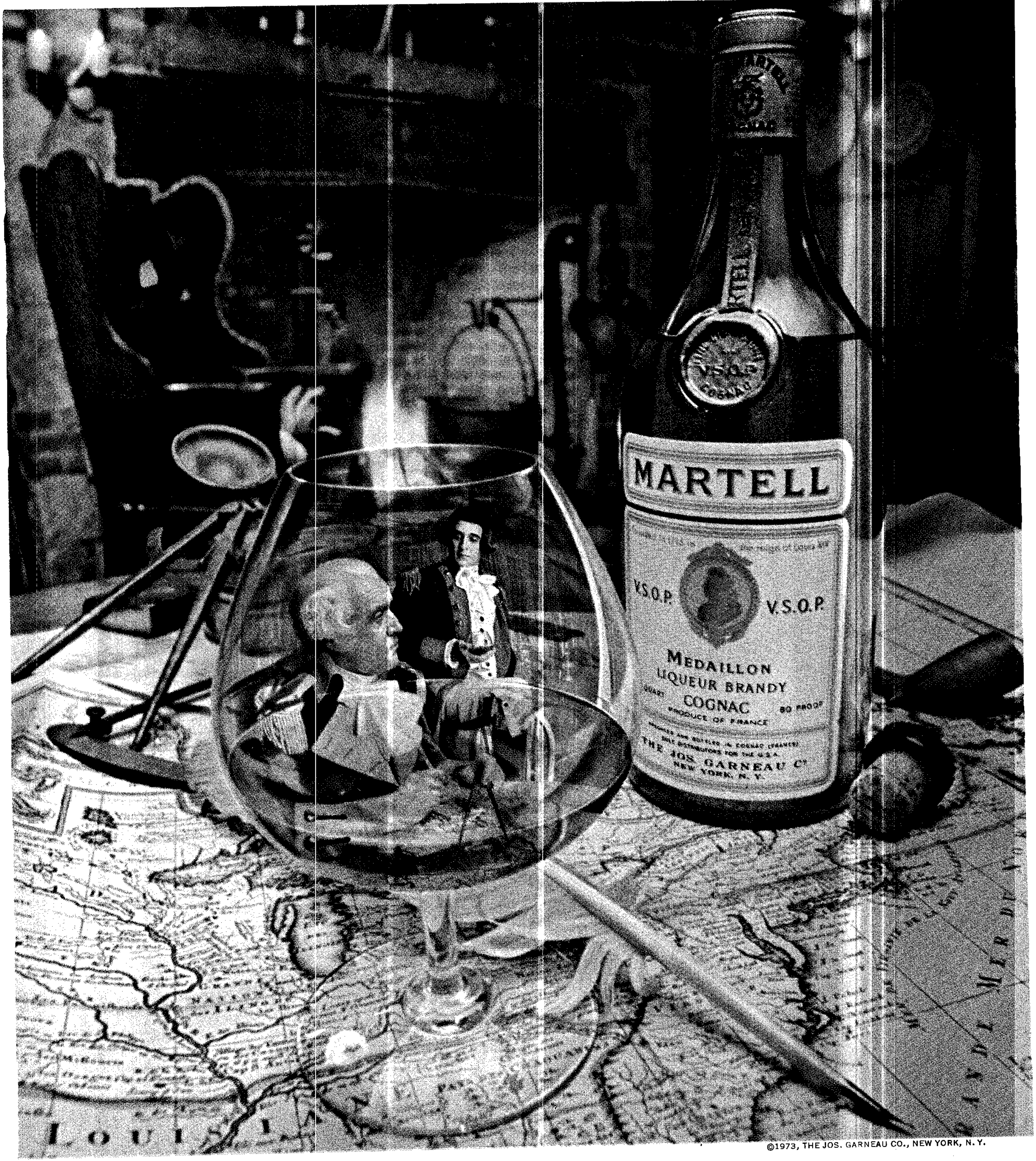
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In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General. In turn, the young Frenchman may have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

For since 1715, men of distinction have known that making fine cognac, to the Martell family, was more an art than a business. It still is.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I.)

The New Land—A sequel to "The Emigrants," with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann. Directed by Jon Troell. In Swedish. (Little Carnegie; starting Oct. 26.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

The Optimists—With Peter Sellers, directed by Anthony Simmons. (Music Hall.)

The Paper Chase—With Timothy Bottoms and Lindsay Wagner, directed by James Bridges. (Columbia I.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 30.)

Playtime—Jacques Tati's film of 1968, made in 70 mm. and only just released in the United States for the first time publicly, in a 35-mm. version. "Playtime" is this brilliantly funny and painstaking director's most innovative film. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (Thalia; through Oct. 30.)

Portrait of Lenin (1965)—In this psycho-political study of Lenin, well directed by Sergei Youtkevitch, the revolutionary is seen as a likable, middle-aged little man in solitary confinement, musing over his role in history and the events that led to his imprisonment. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 25.)

The Possession of Joel Delaney (1972)—A ridiculous picture about a smart young Manhattan matron (Shirley MacLaine) and the possession of her spoiled brother's spirit by a murderous Puerto Rican. Directed by Waris Hussein. (Symphony; starting Oct. 31.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 30.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her "kisser." A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Elgin; starting Nov. 1.)

Der Rosenkavalier (1963)—A Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Paramount; starting Oct. 25 at 8. Opening night by invitation only.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; Oct. 24.)

The Second Gun—Theodore Charach's probe of the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy. Filmed by Gerard Alcan. (Trans-Lux East; through Oct. 27.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Ciné Malibu. No performances on Oct. 29-31. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Oct. 28.)

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The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—In its own way, this romantic comedy is close to perfection. Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are lovers who hate each other in the most understandable ways. Samson Raphaelson adapted the play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Bucharest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, and Inez Courtney. (A later, lesser version starred Judy Garland.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 27.)

Sisters—With Margot Kidder, directed by Brian De Palma. (East 59th Street I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Oct. 30.)

The Sky Above—The Mud Below (1959)—A little about the Stone Age men of New Guinea and a lot about the ordeals of the intrepid men who made the movie. The documentary techniques are crude and include some obviously staged sequences. Written and directed by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 29-30.)

The Slams—With Jim Brown, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; Oct. 24.)

The Spook Who Sat by the Door—With Lawrence Cook and Paula Kelly, directed by Ivan Dixon. (Juliet 2; through Oct. 30.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Paramount; through the afternoon of Oct. 25.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

Straw Dogs (1972)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep level. Probably one of the key films of the decade. (Elgin; Oct. 28-29.)

Summertime Killer—With Karl Malden and Christopher Mitchum, directed by Antonio Isasi. (Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd St.; through Oct. 25.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—With Joanne Woodward, Martin Balsam, and Sylvia Sidney, directed by Gilbert Cates. (Plaza.)

Tales That Witness Madness—With Rita Hayworth and Georgia Brown, directed by Freddie Francis. (Juliet 2, and Symphony; starting Oct. 31.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Paris.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 25.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Thalia; through Oct. 30.)

That Darn Cat (1965)—From the Disney studios, with Hayley Mills and Dean Jones, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Guild; starting Nov. 1.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—A strangely tasteless anti-Nazi comedy melodrama, crudely effective at times. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who is far off his usual delicate style. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, and Felix Bressart. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Theater 80 St. Marks; through Oct. 27.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Olympia; through Oct. 30.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. The girl here is prototypical Woman as seen by the Male Chauvinist Pig—brainy, too alert, de-manning—and the man in the film is women's lib prototypical Man: expecting working women to do their jobs without talking about them and to get on with the cooking. Mild, muddled fun; interesting thesis material. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Oct. 26. No performances on Oct. 29-30.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 31.)

Triple Echo—With Glenda Jackson and Oliver Reed, directed by Michael Apted. (Juliet 1, and Playboy; starting Oct. 31.)

Visions of Eight—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 31.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand as a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right and Robert Redford as a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but it's enjoyable the rest of the time. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Loews Tower East.)

What?—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Roman Polanski. (Coronet; through Oct. 25.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Elgin; Oct. 25-27.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 30.)

BILL BLASS JOHN ANTHONY ADRI
DONALD BROOKS SCOTT BARRIE
OSCAR DE LA RENTA HALSTON II
KASPER TRAINA ADELE SIMPSON
PAT SANDLER CHESTER WEINBERG
CACHEREL JAEGER CALVIN KLEIN
PIERRE CARDIN ELIE WACS ANNE
KLEIN DIANE VON FURSTENBERG
RODRIGUEZ CHRISTIAN AUJARD
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Happy day...because that's when Altman's new fashion floor will be ready for you. Beautiful, of course. But the real news is this. We've carefully planned our shops for the way you shop. Each with its own fashion point of view. Some of our shop names are familiar..Meadowbrook, Studio 3, Young Expression. Others are new..The Designers, Designer's Boutique, Americana. And all more meaningful new, because each shop is now as special as you are. Great fashion names, naturally. Imports, naturally. In profusion. A fashion directress, naturally. Waiting for you on Altman's third floor November 15. To make shopping a joy again. For you.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR nearly a decade, a question has been haunting our national life. It is whether the Republic will live or die. The question has been asked in countless forms. May newspapers print whatever they wish to print, and the people read whatever they wish to read? May the people assemble without fear of injury or loss of life? Must senators and others always support the President in his difficult decisions? Are the people to be treated like children or like adults? To what extent does the government have the power to check up on what the people are doing? To what extent do the people have the right to check up on what the government is doing? How do we spend our money? When do we go to war? Who decides? The question arose on the battlefields of Vietnam, and it hung in the air over the battlefields of America. Lieutenant Calley posed it for us in one way, Daniel Ellsberg posed it in another. Several times, we came near to paying with our Republic for our war. The question loomed in city streets, in precinct houses, in congressional hearing rooms, in courtrooms, at the summit in Moscow and Peking. Now, in the coming days and weeks, the nation must give its answer. The President has dismissed the man charged by Congress and the Attorney General with discovering any wrongdoing in the White House. The potential defendant fired the prosecutor and defied the judge. For the moment, those guilty of crimes in the Watergate cases are beyond prosecution. And since the President, by the same stroke that removed him from the law's reach, took personal control of the law—forcing two Attorneys General from office before he found one willing to obey his commands—every innocent person in the country is endangered. For the machinery of law enforcement has been transformed wholly into the political—even the personal—instrument of one man. On this occasion, as on many others in recent years, the President has flouted the law. He has not merely broken the law; he has overthrown the law. But this time, since his lawbreaking seems to remove a threat to the very survival of his Administration in office, it is not just this one act but the continuation of the Administration itself that has become lawless. The question of whether the Republic will live or die has now been decisively posed in this form: Will we remove a lawless Administration from office or will we submit to illegitimate rule? The question has probably been put in its *final* form, and may not be asked again. When the President launched the country into the worst Constitutional crisis in its history, he explained that he had done it to avoid a Constitutional crisis. But it was not a Constitutional crisis that the President wished to avoid—it was the Constitution. The problem we all face now is not how to avoid a Constitutional crisis but how to resolve one. And the only resolution the President has left to us, unless he resigns, is for Congress to begin consideration of impeachment proceedings.

The country surveys a scene of devastation. The wreckage of American institutions lies all around us. Any future under the present leadership is unthinkable. The point of no return has been passed, and the country has no choice but to take the first, dread steps toward putting its house in order.

Rafael Kubelik

DURING the past few weeks, we've been participating in a three-part chat with Rafael Kubelik, the first Music Director in the history of the Metropolitan Opera. Mr. Kubelik is a fifty-nine-year-old Czech of sunny disposition and formidable talents. He has composed five operas and three symphonies, he has made innumerable recordings, and he has conducted opera and concert performances all over the world. His new job—which involves raising musical standards at the Metropolitan—has kept him so busy that any attempt at an interview had to be fitted into fragments of his free time. An assistant explained that he was simultaneously (1) helping to plan the 1975-76 season, which meant helping to select operas, casts, directors, and conductors; (2) roaming the house as a musical ombudsman to check on the quality of rehearsals and performances; and (3) rehearsing Berlioz's "Les Troyens," a five-hour operatic extravaganza that will mark his Metropolitan conducting début. Our first encounter with Mr. Kubelik took place during one of the early rehearsals of "Troyens." He is a massive man with strong features, blue eyes, a ruddy complexion, and an aureole of fluffy gray hair. When we arrived in the auditorium, he was standing in the orchestra pit, which was empty, conducting soloists, the chorus, and a single pianist in the embarkation scene. On the stage, Trojan soldiers dressed in slacks and sports shirts were preparing to board five large silver ships as their leader, Aeneas, informed the Carthaginian queen that he was leaving for Italy. Mr. Kubelik conducted the soloists and the chorus in a rousing farewell and walked back through the auditorium to observe the changing of the set. "An opera production is like Janus—it has two faces," he told us. "The musical side and the dramatic side must mesh absolutely. But the first touches must always be musical. That is why I always insist on rehearsing the singers and the orchestra before we go onstage."

"Why is 'Troyens' relatively unknown?" we asked.

"The score is superb, but the logistical problems are staggering," Mr. Kubelik said. "It's really a Latin 'Ring,' based on the combined myths of the 'Iliad' and the 'Aeneid.' We begin with the fall of Troy. Aeneas escapes with his son to Carthage, where he has a famous adventure with Queen Dido. Then, prompted by the gods, he leaves her for Italy, where he must found Rome. Berlioz tells this story in ten big scenes, using twenty-three principal singers, an augmented chorus, and a combined orchestra and stage band of a hundred and eleven musicians. A hundred years ago, it was impossible to build scenery that could be changed fast enough to produce the opera, and with modern techniques we can just manage it. One of the incredible things about 'Troyens' is that the complete score was not published until 1969."

"What other musical commitments have you made for the season?" we asked.

"I get tired when I think about my schedule," Mr. Kubelik replied, folding his frame—six feet four—into a red plush orchestra seat. "I will be here at the Metropolitan for five months—where I also conduct 'Götterdämmerung' and 'Don Giovanni.' This is my year for *very* long operas. In between these productions, I fly in and out of Munich to conduct the Bayerischer Rundfunk Orchestra, a group that I have worked with for more than ten years. In April, I go to Cologne for the première of a new symphony I have written, and then on to Berlin to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic, and late in May I hope to go to Israel for three weeks with the Israel Philharmonic. After that, I really must have a rest."

"How about Czechoslovakia?" we asked.

"I haven't been back since I left in '48, although I have been invited many times," Mr. Kubelik said. "They guarantee me freedom to travel, but I say, 'What, me? Why should I be a privileged person?' As long as the whole nation is not free to travel—and to express political opinions—I'm not going back. Anyone who is lucky enough to live in the free world should not become an opportunistic collaborator with a totalitarian state."

Our second meeting with Mr. Kubelik took place in his office—a low-ceilinged, windowless basement room. "I chose this room because it is close to the stage and far away from the rest of the management," Mr. Kubelik said, with a smile. "And also because I can play the piano without disturbing anybody." We glanced around the room, which contained a small brown piano, beige wall-to-wall carpeting, an abstract painting, a framed poster, and some sleek modern furniture, and asked Mr. Kubelik to give us a brief biography.

"I was almost born in an opera house," he said, producing drinks from a wall cabinet that turned out to be a bar. "My father, Jan Kubelik, was both a famous violinist and an opera enthusiast. The entire family was musical. Three of my sisters sang, and the other two played the violin. *Everybody* played the piano. There were seven pianos in our Prague house, and three more in the summer villa at Abbazzia. My first operas—which I saw when I was seven—were 'Falstaff' and 'Trovatore,' and after hearing them I began to ask my father for musical scores instead of toys. I studied violin, piano, composition, and conducting at the Prague Conservatory, and after I graduated I made a trip to America with my father, acting as his piano accompanist. When we returned, in 1937, I was offered the job of assistant conductor of the Czech Philharmonic. The conductor left a year later, and I took over his job. It was a wonderful opportunity for a young man. I had a chance to learn the repertoire, and to make something of a reputation for myself. In 1939, I was asked to be Music Director of the opera house at Brno, a university town that became a center of Czech nationalism. We did some very unorthodox performances—including the first modern 'Troyens'—until the theatre was closed by the Nazis, in 1941. Since the end of the Second World War, I have lived in Switzerland and conducted all over the world."

We completed our interview during a "Troyens" *Sitzprobe*—a seated rehearsal—which took place in a large sub-basement room. Mr. Kubelik, who had been piloting both orchestra and chorus through the unfamiliar score for several weeks, was genial but demanding; he paused every few minutes to soften the brass ("Trombones, please make that mezzo forte and crescendo at the last moment, so as not to cover the tenor"), caution the strings ("Violins, the opening should be diminuendo, because the bassi make the big solo"), or encourage a solo instrument ("Bravo! If you play that clarinet so beautifully on opening night you will get an ovation"). At the end of the first act, he leaned forward and remarked that he felt everybody was missing the dynamics in the music. "In the first big choral ensemble, I don't see much difference between forte and fortissimo, or piano and pianissimo," he said. "Remember that this is *French* music. It requires beautiful intonation and a crystal-clear sound—warm, melodious, and not too thick. Berlioz is luminous, like a flame. His music must float through the air. Please be aesthetically aware of your instruments, so that you can always produce a sound that is *dolce*—never strong and hard."

During the break that followed, we approached Mr. Kubelik and asked for some comments on conducting.

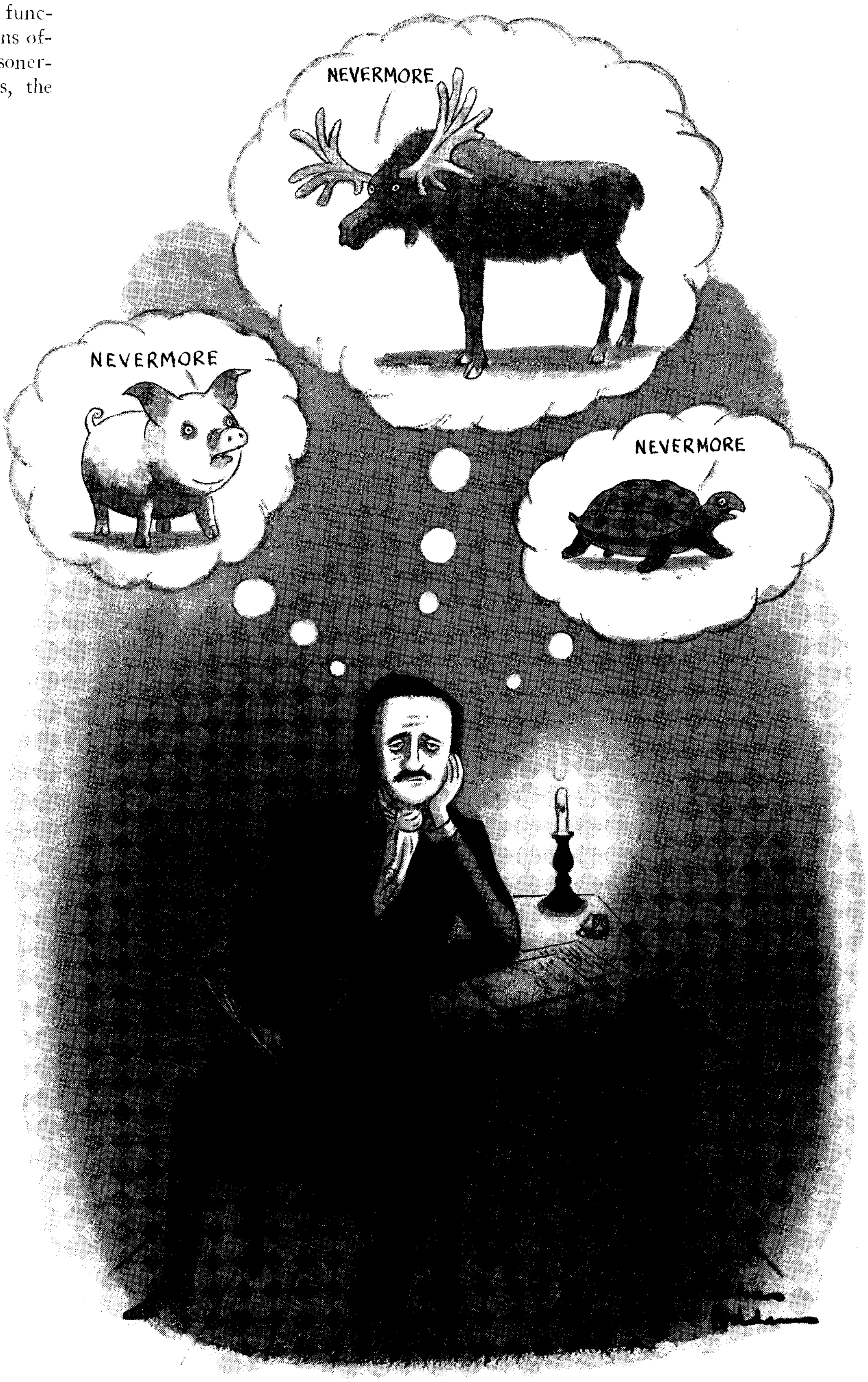
"A conductor should have a very good memory and a split personality," he said. "When I see a score here in front of me, I also see it all around me, and I hear it in my mind. It's a hard thing to explain, but one has to visualize the whole score instantly outside of time. And then you unroll it in time almost as if it were a film. Otherwise, you are merely proceeding from note to note and there is no over-all concept. But the *process* of conducting is still—after forty years—a mysterious undertaking for me. The stick, the hand, the eye—all communicate a certain musical experience. But why is it that a conductor can suddenly produce the same thought in a hundred people? It's not just phrasing or dynamics. It's a sudden wave of complete communication that can last for a few bars or an entire evening. When this happens, music becomes a metaphysical experience. The communication between conductor and orchestra flows directly to the public; the audience becomes dematerialized, taken out of itself. On these occasions, music can provide a deep, beautiful breath for us all."

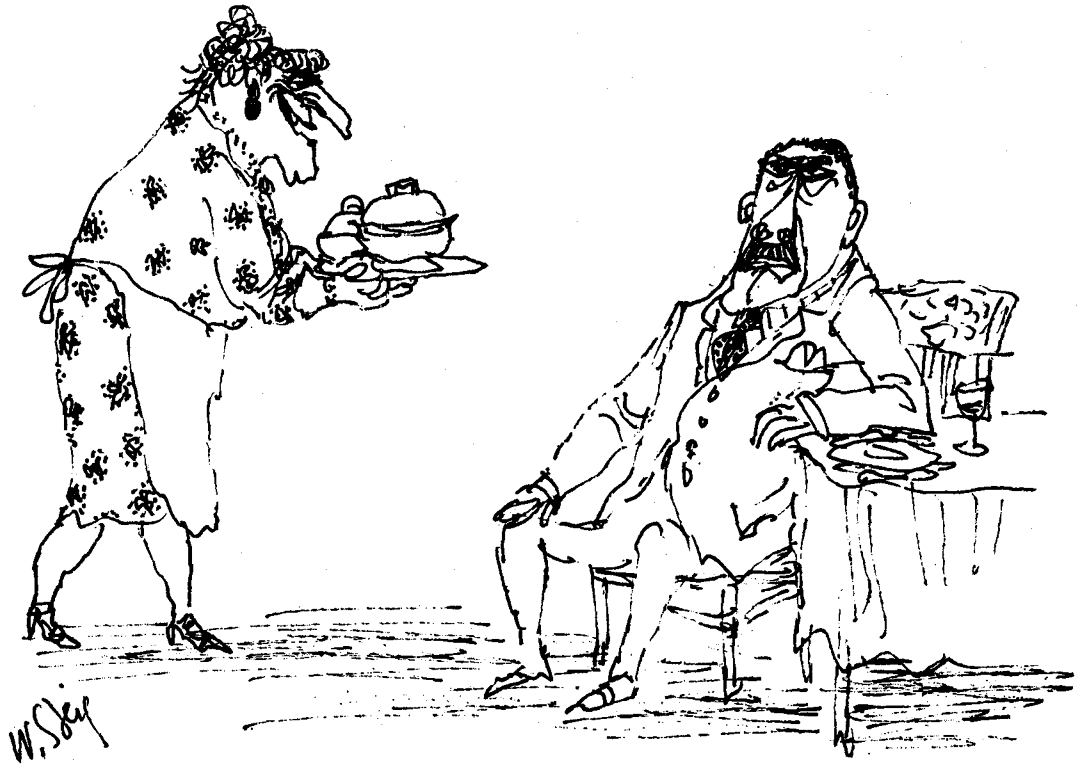
Headquarters

ONE hundred and sixteen years ago, New York's Police Department outgrew its original command post, in the basement of City Hall; last week, with a flourish of constabulary tradition, the Department returned to its old neighborhood to dedicate a fifty-eight-million-dollar Headquarters across a plaza—lined with honey-locust trees and fountains—east of the Municipal Building. The site of what will now be known as 1 Police Plaza is a historic one, on which stood a sugar warehouse that was used as a jail during the Revolution and held Nathan Hale, among other distinguished rebels. The new Headquarters building is fifteen stories high, more or less; according to the description provided by its architects, Gruzen & Partners, it consists of "a 10-story cubic office tower atop a cruciform 'base,' which is an assemblage of several one-to-five-story structures housing specialized function spaces." Among the specialized function spaces are community-relations offices, the police license bureau, prisoner-holding and interrogation rooms, the Departmental-trial chambers, a pistol range, and the police motor pool. Many of these facilities had been transferred to the new building by the time Elliot L. Richardson (in his last public appearance before he resigned as Attorney General), flanked by Mayor and Mrs. John Lindsay and Police Commissioner Donald F. Cawley, cut an orange-white-and-blue ribbon to open the new Headquarters officially—a ceremony that also served as the occasion for a revival of the city's annual Police Day and parade, which were abandoned, for some reason not now remembered, in 1931.

What the *News* was to describe as a "splendiferous" parade of seventeen bands, two thousand city policemen, and hundreds of housing, transit, and Port Authority police and representatives of auxiliary-police units took place on a sunny, breezy autumn afternoon before thousands of lunch-hour spectators. Proceeding up Broadway from Bowling Green to Chambers Street, then east through the Municipal Building arch and past a reviewing stand in the new plaza, the marchers were accompanied by such disparate police items as an 1899 horse-drawn Black Maria and a 1973 trailer-borne patrol helicopter. Helping to review them, along with the Mayor, the Attorney General, and other dignitaries, were police representatives from fifteen American and twelve foreign cities—all in full uniform and on their best ambassadorial behavior. Between parade contingents, we talked with several of them. Senior Police Superintendent Fumito Arai, of Tokyo, said that the assignment gave him "a wonderful chance to pick up some ideas on administrative police management;" Patrolman James Lynn, of the Yonkers Police Department's Special Operations Division, declared himself impressed by "the great new building;" and Constable Philip Stickings, of London, said that he was having a "fantastic" time in New York, and added, "Too bad I have to be back patrolling Bishopsgate next week."

Between the parade and the ribbon-cutting, there were several speeches. Mayor Lindsay declared that during nearly eight years in office he had opened many hundreds of public facilities, "but none has been as important in fact and symbol to the daily lives of our citizens as this great building." Attorney General Richardson said that





"I made it the way your mother makes it."

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the day's events were "convincing proof that our citizens—you and I—view our police as an all-too-rare species of public servant, as our genuine allies and friends in maintaining the precious sense of security which must belong to a free, orderly society." Police Commissioner Cawley pointed out that the new Headquarters was proposed by Grover Whalen in 1928, when he was Police Commissioner, and continued, "I don't think we've broken any records for municipal construction, but nevertheless we are here today and we're going to bring together police services that have been scattered in twelve different locations."

After the ribbon-cutters cut the ribbon, the building was opened for inspection. In its auditorium we encountered Vincent L. Broderick, who was Police Commissioner in 1965 and 1966. "The building is really amazing," he said. "But it was on the drawing board so long I didn't think we'd ever see it." A few steps away, a Sister of St. Joseph nun, Sister Edward Marguerite, was comparing present-day police equipment with that used by her father, Lieutenant Edward Quinn, half a century ago, when he was a bicycle sergeant. "They thought wooden bicycles were a great advance then," she told us.

Upon leaving the auditorium, we joined a group on its way to the eighth floor to view batteries of switchboards, computers, cathode-ray tubes, teletypewriters, and transmitters constituting the hardware of the Department's 911 section, or SPRINT (for Special Police Radio Inquiry Network), which receives an average of eighteen thousand emergency calls each day and dispatches radio-patrol cars and equipment. Looking with professional interest over the shoulder of one of the 911 operators was a white-haired man wearing a green jacket with a patch that identified him as the chief of the Paterson, New Jersey, Police Department—James T. Hannan. We asked Chief Hannan how the communications center compared to his. "Well, we're on our way toward all this," he said. "We already have a couple of cathode tubes and our own computer—they're the coming thing in police administration everywhere. But this is a great setup."

Our tour ended on the top floor of Headquarters, where a mahogany desk installed by Theodore Roosevelt in the eighteen-nineties, when he was President of the Board of Police Commissioners, and used by twenty-five subsequent Police Commissioners, now stands in Commissioner Cawley's office. Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay were just leaving. "I think this building," the Mayor was saying to the Commissioner, "ought to hold you for another forty-five years or so."

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FOUR days before the official opening of the new Police Headquarters, we were invited to a special preview of a work of art that the city, in conjunction with the architects, had commissioned to adorn the building. The work of art in question was ten brilliant-colored banners to hang in the auditorium, and the invitation came from Sheila White Samton, the young woman who designed them.

Sheila Samton and her husband, Claude Samton, are partners in a new environmental-design firm called the Total Design Group. Last year, she designed an awning for 127 John Street, the stylish new office building over near the Fulton Fish Market, for the Total Design Group, and the banners for the auditorium were her second big commission. We met the Samtons in the new auditorium. They had finished hanging the banners two hours before, and now they were showing them off to us and to four young boys—their two sons, Math and Josh, and a couple of friends of Math and Josh named Ingar and Blaise. The auditorium is a huge room, ninety feet by ninety feet, with a light maple floor, brick walls, a stage, and a balcony. It's twenty-five feet from the floor to a network of exposed trusses holding ceiling lights, and ten feet more from the trusses to the ceiling. At that time, the auditorium was unfurnished, and the kids began tearing around the room, emitting whoops.

"Hey, you guys," said Mr. Samton. "There's a jail in this building."

"Could we get lockit up?" asked one of the boys, wide-eyed.

"Yes."

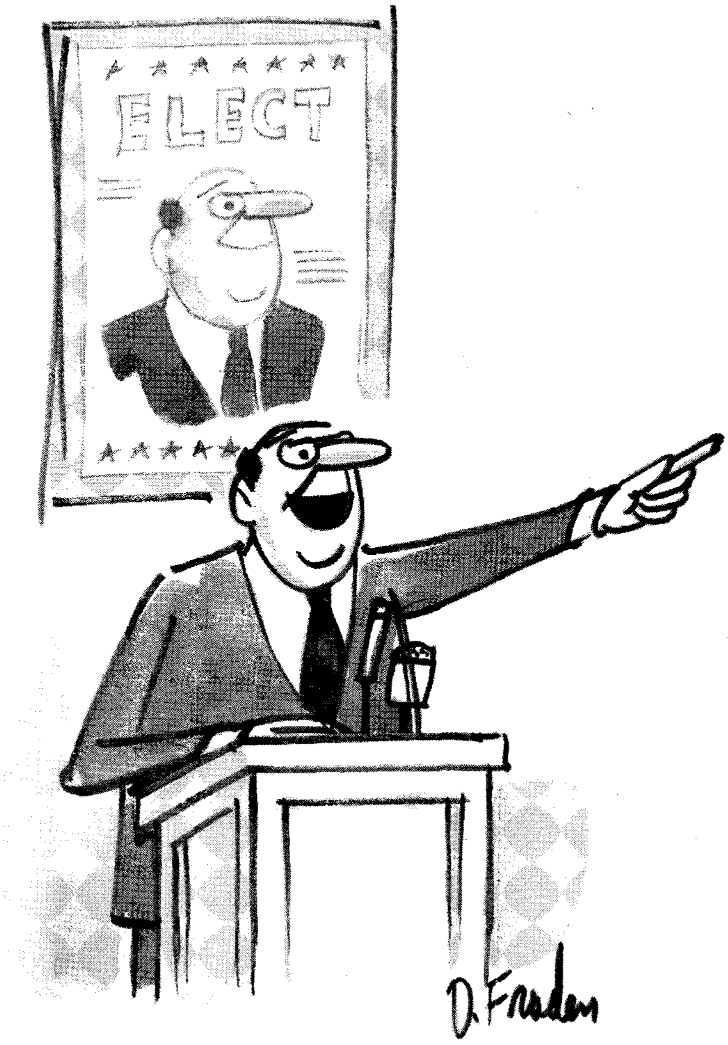
Brief silence. Then "Good," said the boy.

The banners are made of felt, and each measures five by eighteen feet. There are five banners on each side of the auditorium, suspended from iron rods that stand out at an angle from the walls. They have large bands of stars and great stripes and bars and circles of twenty or thirty colors, a lot of yellows, oranges, and purples. They are extremely handsome and give the auditorium the glow of life.

"I feel much better than I have for a month," Mrs. Samton said, looking at her banners. "When I started on the project, I went to the Police Museum at the Police Academy to look at all the police emblems. I wanted to find out what kind of symbols the police use. But I discovered they have very little personal symbolism, and most of their symbols are the same as the symbols of the federal government. So I put in stars and stripes, and also chevrons, because police sergeants wear chevrons; the circular forms are targets. And I tried to put in the feelings people have about police work when they think about the police: movement and excitement. The banners are supposed to be very active."

Mr. Samton said that hanging the banners from the iron rods had been fun, and that the only problem had been a workman who said that according to the rules only ironworkers were allowed to touch iron.

"I worked from left to right, as I guess all right-handed people do," said Mrs. Samton. "I designed the banners on the left first, and I really agonized over them, and then the ones on the right just seemed to flow out. What I was really looking for was the look of a medieval guildhall. The banners were made by the Arista Flag Corporation, 876 Broadway, Sam Suma, president—I do want to say all that, because they did such a terrific job and I'm very impressed with them." Mrs. Samton looked around the auditorium. "Hmm," she said. "This would be a nice place to practice Tai Chi."



"And I want you to know I support the entire ticket, from top to bottom, including me!"

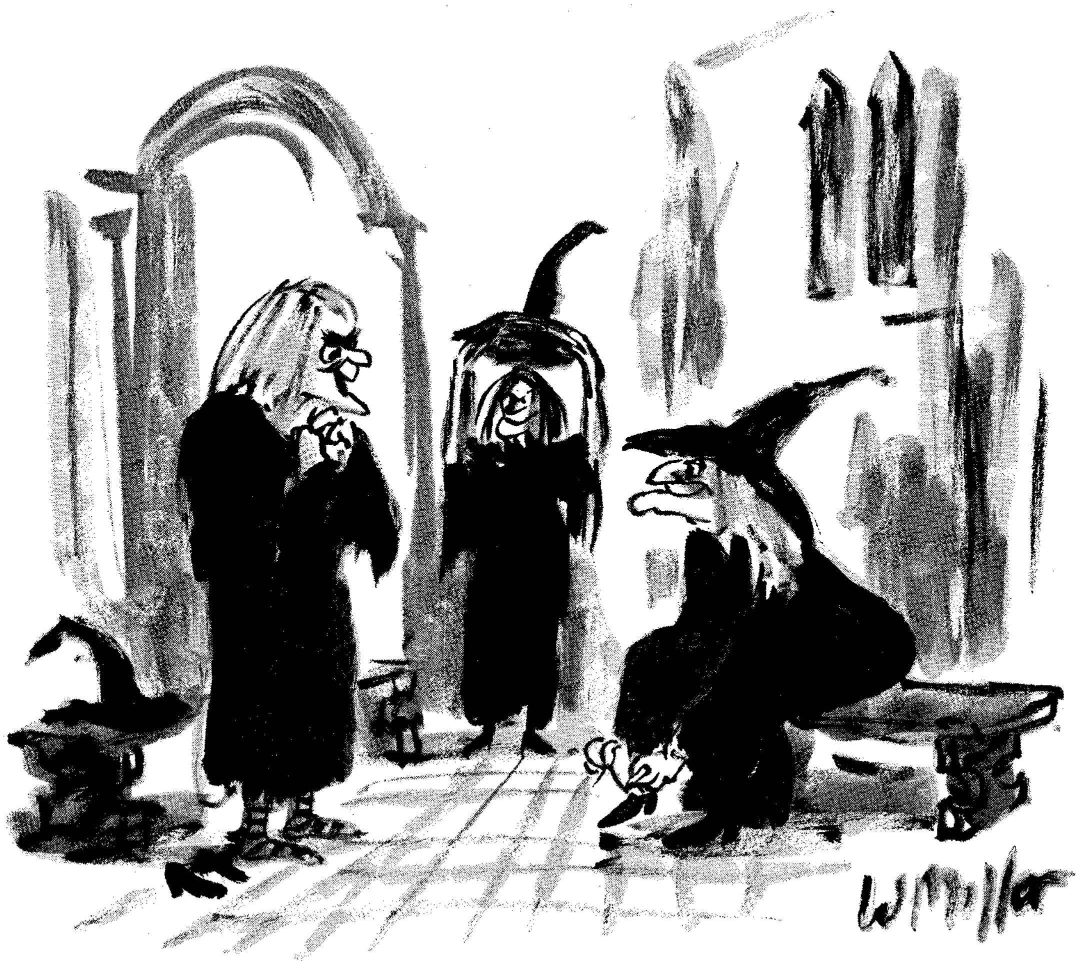
"Hold It!"

ON October 10th, we went to the most marvellous party. Couldn't have liked it more. We were invited by Henry Korman, our architect friend. A hundred students of Professor Cheng Man-ching, the most celebrated instructor of Tai Chi Chuan in the country, threw him a farewell party in the basement of the Hwa Yuan Szechuan Inn, on East Broadway. Professor Cheng is going to take a trip to Taiwan; Korman is studying Tai Chi. October 10th, known as Double Ten, is a big day for the Chinese—celebrates the overthrow of the Manchus and the founding of the Republic.

Tai Chi Chuan is an ancient Chinese exercise; it dates back to the late Sung Dynasty (twelfth or thirteenth century) but has its real roots in the fundamental principles of the Chinese sages. A series of movements performed in a slow, relaxed, fluid manner, Tai Chi is practical, so it can't be called a philosophy, but it is concerned with many fields of science that in the West are studied separately, like physics and physiology. "In a single sentence, Tai Chi is Chinese culture in a single movement," according to Tam Gibbs, a student of Professor Cheng. It is also a martial art, but it is the opposite of all other martial arts. Tai Chi emphasizes softness and relaxation. "If you use strength, you'll become stiff and lose the *fineness* of your sensitivity," Tam Gibbs says. Professor Cheng calls it "swimming on land."

Professor Cheng is seventy-two. He has long and curling whiskers in the traditional Chinese manner, and a crew cut. He teaches calligraphy as well as Tai Chi. He is a painter who has exhibited in New York and Paris, and one of his paintings has been used as a UNICEF Christmas card. In 1937, when he was chairman of the Honan Provincial Bureau of Martial Arts, he devised a simplified form of Tai Chi Chuan, consisting of thirty-seven movements instead of a hundred and twenty-eight, the traditional number. He eliminated repetitious movements. The traditional form takes from twenty to thirty minutes to execute, and his takes from seven to ten minutes. He devised his system to preserve this treasure of Chinese culture by making it more practical. Honan is a province noted for the warriors it produces, and the people there treat the martial arts as daily calisthenics. "Chuan" means "boxing."

Professor Cheng was making a speech in Chinese when we got to the party. We were a little late, and he was in the middle of the speech. "Man-ching" means "evergreen," but when Professor Cheng turned fifty he decided this was a boyish name, so he started to call himself Whisker Man. He changed his name again at seventy, and now styles himself Venerable Whiskers. Professor Cheng was standing at one end of the basement. Beside him were Ed Young and Tam Gibbs, two of his students, who were acting as his interpreters. Professor Cheng said, through Ed and Tam, that he wanted to make two points. One was the importance of getting hold of the idea of continuity in time while doing Tai Chi. If you could do this, he said, you could follow the flow of movement without thinking about it. The second thing he wanted to talk about was balance. This was a matter of knowing the right time to do something. He talked about Chinese scales, which instead of having two pans have one pan and a weight that slides along a horizontal bar. The weight is always the same weight, but it can balance the scales just by sliding back and forth and being in the right place at the right time. Professor



"As many times as I've heard it, I still get goose bumps every time I hear that old cry 'Suit up! Tonight we fly!'"

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Cheng was wearing an old-fashioned double-breasted black silk Chinese robe, and he fingered his whiskers occasionally.

Then Professor Cheng introduced two honored guests—a yoga teacher named Swami Bua and a Bolivian guru named Oscar Ichazo, who runs an outfit called the Arica Institute, on West Fifty-seventh Street, which gives courses in "self-realization." Oscar Ichazo has been getting a lot of write-ups lately. Swami Bua said he hoped the Shr Jung Tai Chi Chuan School—that's the name of Professor Cheng's Tai Chi school—would grow "by leaps and bounds." The school is eight years old. Address: 87 Bowery. Professor Cheng has been in this country since 1964.

Ed Young said, "Now we are going to have a movie. I was a little puzzled about showing this movie, but Professor Cheng saw it at somebody's house one night and said he liked it, so we're going to show it. I hope it doesn't upset your appetites." The movie was called "Bitter Melons," and it was a half-hour documentary about the bushmen of Africa.

After the movie, everyone milled about for a while and nothing much happened. We stared at a Hwa Yuan Szechuan Inn menu glued to one wall. It featured a dish called Roast Slippy Pork. Lou Kleinsmith, a teacher at Shr Jung, said, "This is the seventh-inning kvetch."

Then a waiter appeared with a large carton. "Here is the plasma," said the waiter. The carton was full of fifths of John Begg Scotch. The party got rolling.

A student of Oscar Ichazo's said to Korman, "Why did you start Tai Chi at Shr Jung?"

"Because it looked like fun."

"No, but what did you hope to get out of it?"

"Well, I like to have fun."

Food was served. A warning was issued to everyone not to eat too much of each course, so there would be enough for all. There were ten courses. "Remember," said Kleinsmith, "this food is for your palate, not your stomach."

"What if you got a big palate?" asked a Scotch drinker.

The food was delicious, and there was one dish that everyone thought was sea cucumber, but it turned out to be fish stomach. It was viscous, and we didn't eat very much of it. We tanked up on chicken with walnuts and red and green peppers.

More Scotch. Met a girl, asked her if she wanted to be interviewed. "What kind of questions do you want to ask?" she asked suspiciously.

"Personal questions," we said.

"*No*," she said. "Who is that obnoxious person?" she asked someone.

General conversation. Big wave from Oscar. Oscar sitting next to Professor Cheng. Professor Cheng pressing Scotch on Oscar. Talked to Oscar. Oscar said he was going to make a big announcement in December and would like to talk to us next June. A youth in tweed approached Oscar. "I have come here to meet you," he said.

Oscar began to stare into youth's left eyeball. This is an exercise at Arica, Oscar's school. It is called *traspaso*. Professor Cheng noticed *traspaso*, waved hands at Oscar, and giggled. "No, no, no," said Professor Cheng.

Oscar started talking to Professor Cheng. He told him he was going to make a big announcement in December. Professor Cheng nodded and refilled Oscar's glass. Tam translated. Oscar said, "Professor Cheng, I must be your most difficult disciple."

Tam translated. Professor Cheng giggled and spoke in Chinese. Tam translated. "He said, 'I am my own worst disciple.'"

Oscar collapsed and grabbed Professor Cheng's hand. "Master," said Oscar.

Professor Cheng giggled. "Hold it!" said Tam.

Tam pulled out a Nikon and took ten pictures of Oscar leaning over Professor Cheng's hand.

Then entertainment. A mime named Renée Houtrides, wearing a black-and-white-striped jersey, did a glutton at a feast. Hilarious. Tam made speech. Said, "Prof. Cheng, we are studying with you because you are the only man we know who can unscrew the inscrutable."

Professor Cheng rose to reply. He said that it was a good party but nobody was drinking enough.

RAZZLE-DAZZLE IN THE RIB ROOM

If we didn't believe there were enough people to appreciate the difference then we wouldn't have covered the walls of our El Padrino Room with suède. . . . But we think there are certain people, lots of them perhaps, who appreciate the subtle touches—the special amenities—so we have just built a very special addition to our hotel to accommodate those certain people. . . . Our double rooms have 1½ bathrooms. The water closets are enclosed. And if the phone rings while you're in the bathroom, you can answer it right there. We'll even shine your shoes. Merely leave them outside your door in the hall before you retire. And where the Beverly Wilshire's subtle amenities leave off—we offer everything else you have naturally come to expect from a fine hotel. . . . A ballroom with a 1,000 capacity, nine separate meeting and party rooms. And, of course, suède on our El Padrino Room walls.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

I'D been down in Palos Verdes that whole morning, trying to locate a missing widower whose children were afraid he was blowing his bankroll on a lady evangelist with green eyes, and it was three o'clock before I got back to Beverly Hills. I didn't mind, though; by then the luncheon crowd at Bienstock's deli had evaporated—all the TV producers and agents and other highbinders that infest the joint—and I was sitting in a booth, geared for a nice, cozy sandwich behind my newspaper. The place was nearly empty—just a couple of skinny blondes buzzing in a corner, and a fat man with his head in his hands staring into a coffee cup. So there I was, eyes pinned on an interview with the surfing champion of Redondo Beach and my choppers locked into the Irving Lazar Special—sturgeon, pastrami, whitefish, Fiddler's Creek turkey, corned beef, pastrami, whitefish, chopped liver, and coleslaw—when a voice sounded in my ear. The fat guy was bending over me.

"Excuse me butting in," he apologized. "You wouldn't be Manny Tremayne, the private investigator, would you?"

"Not if given my choice," I said. "I'd much rather be Lieutenant General, His Exalted Highness Asaf Jah, Muzzaffar-ul-Mulk-Wal-Mumilak, Nizam-ul-Mulk, Nizam ud Daula Nawab, Mir Sir Osman Ali Khan Bahadur, Fatem Jung, Sipha Salar, G.C.S.I., G.B.E., Nizam of Hyderabad and Berar."

"I—I don't get you," he said, blinking.

"One of the richest men in the world," I said. "Still, if I were, I wouldn't be sitting here eating the Irving Lazar Special, because he cooled six years ago. So I guess I'm better off being Manny Tremayne. What's bugging you, my friend?"

His eyes suddenly grew shifty. "Who said anything was?"

"Look, chubby," I said. "You've got a problem of some sort or you wouldn't be draped over me like a Virginia creeper. Go ahead—spill it."

"Here—in a delicatessen?" he asked. "I thought everyone in your line had a crummy little office with a desk containing a bottle of booze and a beautiful, hardboiled secretary."

"I haven't found a desk big enough to accommodate both," I said. "So until I do I'm operating out of my hat." I extended a glassful of toothpicks. "Help yourself and tell me your troubles."

"Well, it's like this," he began. "I'm Sam Forthright, owner-manager of the Beverly Moonshine over there on Wilshire. We've been making a lot of changes lately."

"Yes, I noticed you blocked up your front entrance a while ago."

"We put it in the back," he explained. "You see, we cater to a type person who appreciates subtle little luxuries like that, the finer things of life which your hoi polloi don't. For instance, we installed towelled walls in the bathrooms so a guest can dry himself by rubbing against them. That way they don't have to fumble around with soap in their eye."

"What do you do, redecorate each time a new arrival checks in?"

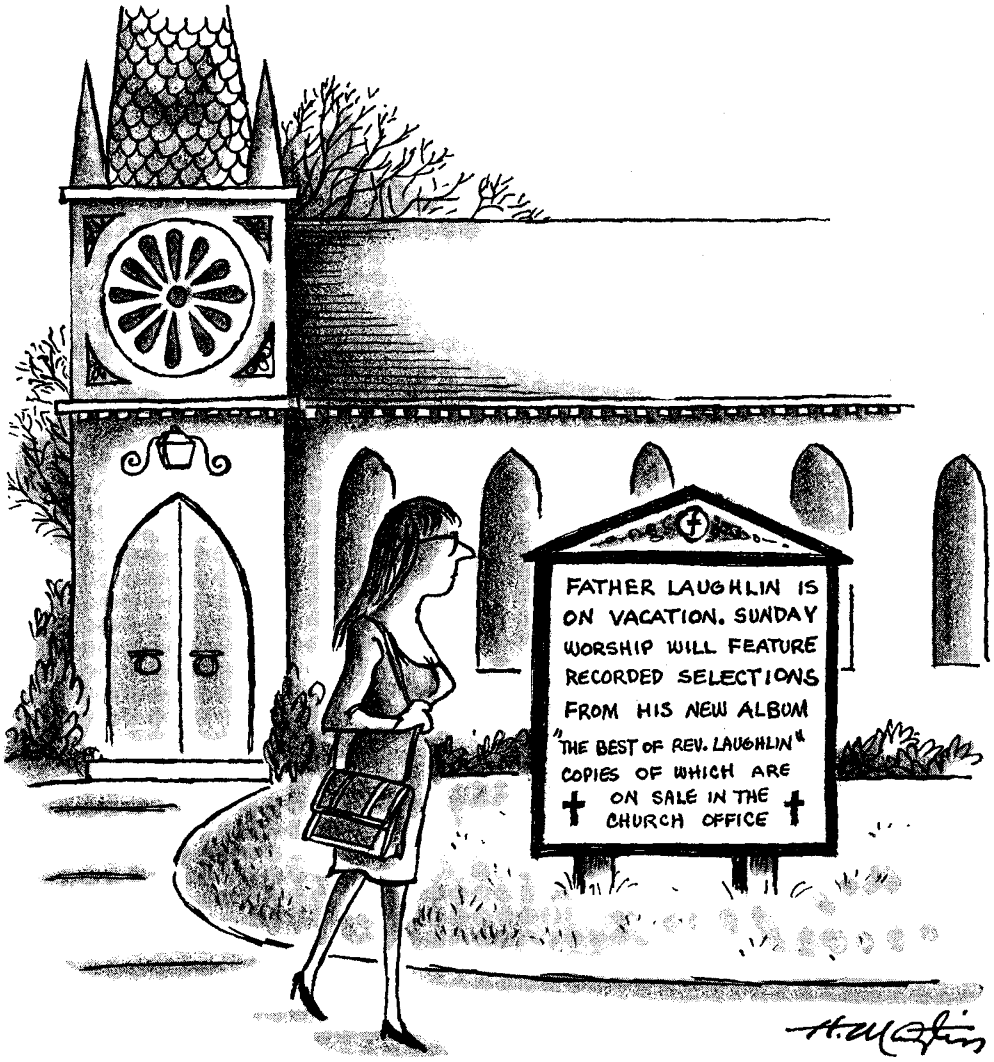
He nodded. "It runs into money, but our clientele are connoisseurs that we strive to baby their whim. We give them conveniences they don't even have at home—disposable shoehorns, free jars of cocoa butter in case someone needs it."

"Who needs cocoa butter?" I asked.

"Search me," he said. "I never tried it myself, but the survey we made showed that people like to have it around. Anyhow, that's beside the point. The reason I spoke to you is, some kind of psycho—we can't find out who or why—is carving up the walls of our new rotisserie lounge, the El Ribino Room. Is it vandalism? Is it spite? Maybe some competitor—"

"Whoa there, Forthright," I stopped him. "Easy does it. Suppose you go back to the beginning."

It took the whole jar of toothpicks and all my patience to worm the story


FATHER LAUGHLIN IS ON VACATION. SUNDAY WORSHIP WILL FEATURE RECORDED SELECTIONS FROM HIS NEW ALBUM "THE BEST OF REV. LAUGHLIN" COPIES OF WHICH ARE ON SALE IN THE CHURCH OFFICE
H. Martin

out of him, but I finally got the highlights. In remodelling the Beverly Moonshine, Forthright had incorporated a pet notion of his, a facility where patrons could watch spareribs barbecued to soft music and consume them in tasteful surroundings. The walls of this El Ribino Room, as he conceived it, were to be upholstered in dark-brown towelling that diners could wipe their hands on and that would in time exude a rich, meaty aroma to tempt even the most jaded palate. His decorators, however, had vetoed the fabric and persuaded him to use suède, which, according to tests they quoted, absorbed the pungency of meat cooking and had a patina no towel could equal.

“So they put in the suède,” Forthright continued. “It cost me a bundle, but people liked the feel of it, and it was a nice conversation piece. Well, around two weeks ago, parts of it began disappearing. First a little square, next a whole foot, then a big triangle. All these shapes were cut out with a scissors, maybe a razor blade, and it happened during the night, after business hours. We tried gluing in patches for a while, but the color didn’t match and I had to reupholster a whole section. No damage for three days; then it all started again. Yesterday we found a piece snipped out in the form of an arrow, and today a string of dots and dashes.” His voice rose. “Never mind the expense of the thing—it’s the aggravation I can’t stand. Somebody’s got it in for me! They’re trying to drive me crazy!”

“Now, now, calm down,” I said soothingly. “Have you reported this to the police?” He mumbled something about adverse publicity. “How about your employees? Anyone who might possibly bear you a grudge?”

“Nobody—I’m like a father to them. They worship the ground I walk on. I can’t bear to fire anybody—I always do it through a subordinate. And if I have to fire a subordinate I can’t do that, either. I call in another subordinate.”

“Well,” I ruminated, “I could be wrong, but chances are this isn’t an inside job.”

“Then what is it?”

“An outside job. You follow?”

“Yeah, now that you explain it,” he said. “I guess there are tricks in every trade, eh?”

“Not too many in mine,” I said. “Most of my best cases were the result of patient, plodding investigation. O.K., Forthright, I’ll look into it. Reserve a table for me in the El Ribino Room at ten tonight.”

THE NINE

Of the senses there are *nine*:
the first is the sense of burden,
which delivers its customers unto
their habits, in small places one
can turn around even without falling,
and this is known as bearing one’s
burden

the second is misery and its closed
doors, for misery is never aired,
it must remain unimproved, for fresh
air will suffocate it—for misery,
seek shelter in dark places

the third is habit and it is
like habit to comfort burden
and to cohabit with misery, although
it may seek nothing beyond itself
and give way to nothing,
being one of the masters

the fourth is death, which sleeps
in us many years, it is the slow
seepage of blood out of our veins,
of sight out of our eyes broken on
dry rocks, song out of our ears,
working for peanuts in some crowded
factory of the unloved

and we need not die to know it
we need merely to live
and want to live longer

the fifth is joy and no fit
company for these and nearly the
other side of the coin from misery,
although misery has no other side,
it being a whole round thing and
joy in contrast a thin film
which one can put on, having turned
up his face in the wilderness
or having come into some money

the sixth is longing and may frequent
the houses of joy, bringing the money
it would lavish there and go away
unsatisfied, finding itself in the
mirror again, at home;

many have lived off its scant bones

seven is vigor and its guises
kill us

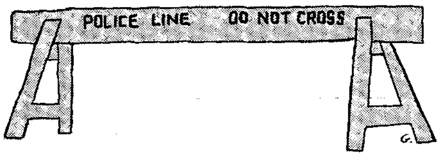
eight is despair and is occasioned
by heavy dark swells in the traditional forms,
although there are bright afternoons
sufficient to go around
and it is even visible in vast panoramas,
parades of balloons, young couples swinging
among the dense trees
in even the famous chase scenes where
among the bright-clad hunters the
fox turns at bay, at his moment of despair,
but it is nothing to that of the riders
who come down upon him
shrieking in their empty hearts

nine is conscience and the orchestra of
our many voices pulling in as many directions
its many sad musics in which everything
is wrong and we are lost and found again,
turning backward to forgive and be
forgiven if only forgiveness were in us
and might come forth

—Greg Kuzma

• •

THE bar off the Moonshine’s rotisserie was packed to overflowing when I got there, but I found myself a niche where I could rest a glass and study the action. Except for a few young swingers, it was a middle-aged crowd—well-heeled, suburban, and mainly out-of-towners. Five in a group near me, Southerners from their accent, were exclaiming over the hotel’s amenities.


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

“You know the door of the medicine cabinet?” one man was saying. “Well, ours has a mirror set into it. I thought I’d seen everything, but this is a brand-new wrinkle.”

“We’ve got a phone in the corridor right outside our room,” the woman next to him boasted. “If a call comes in, you don’t have to run down to the lobby in your nightdress. You just pick up right there.”

“The shoes are the part I can’t get over,” said another man. “I put them in the hall last night before retiring.”

“And they were shined this morning, were they?” someone asked.

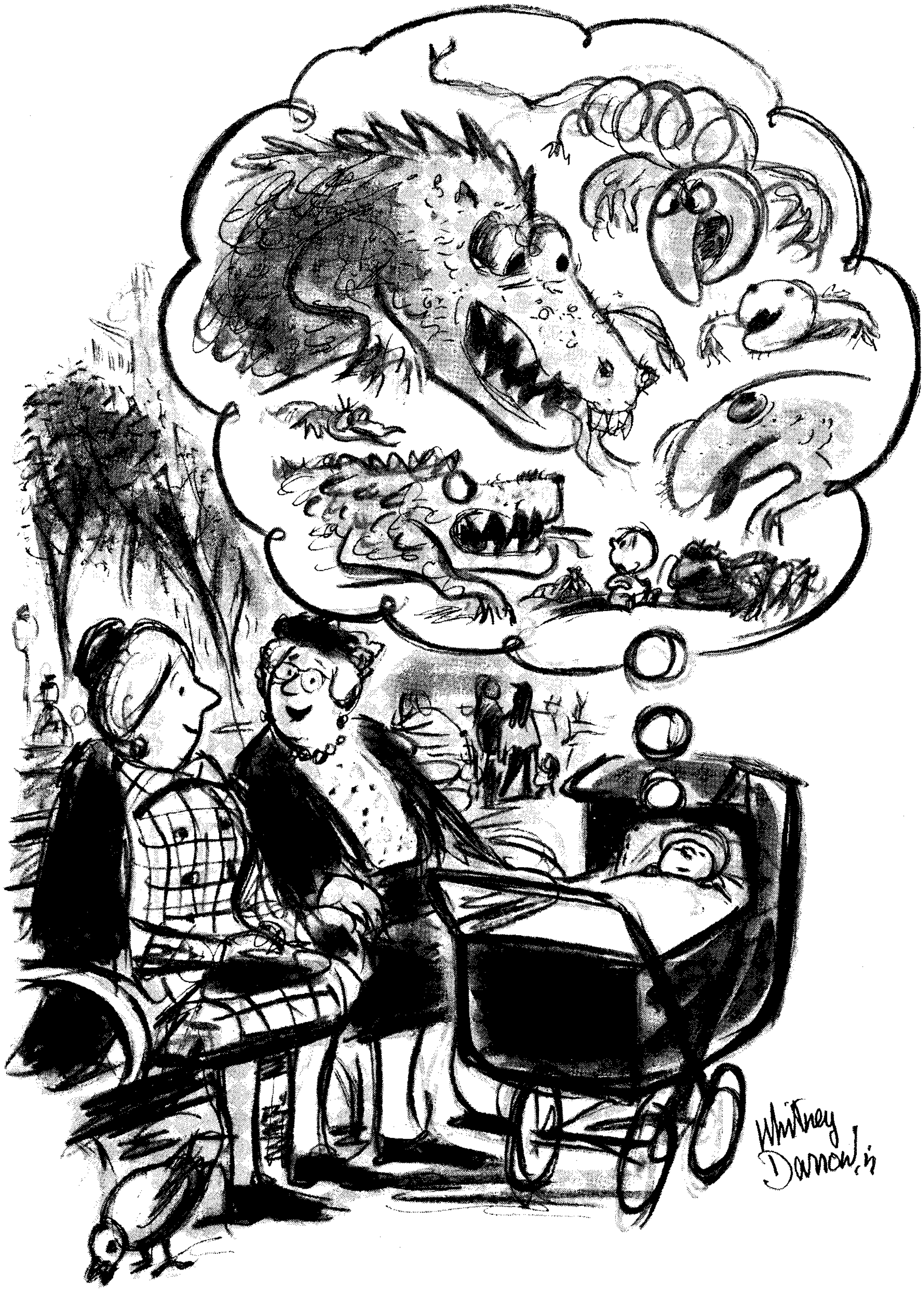
“No,” he admitted. “I took them in again—I was too nervous.”

When the guy with the medicine cabinet began repeating his spiel, I finished my drink and drifted into the El Ribino Room. A couple of hundred diners were jammed into tables surrounding a stainless-steel barbecue pit, where three chefs were dishing out the ribs, and, what with the candlelight, the smoke, and the chocolate-colored walls, the patches in the suède weren't too noticeable. I could understand, though, why Forthright's morale was shot; who wouldn't be spooked at the thought that someone was waging a vendetta against him? I'd almost finished the meal when a suspicion so vague that I couldn't define it began nagging at me. I glanced around at the table behind mine, the one in front—and suddenly it jelled. At least one person at each table had some article made of suède—a jacket, a handbag, gloves. A very odd coincidence—or was it more than a coincidence? I decided to find out. The waiter, a heavyset bird with a Chester Conklin mustache, came shuffling over at my signal. I extracted a five-dollar bill, tore it in two, and handed him half.

"Lots of suède around here, Max," I said casually. "If a person needed some fast suède—never mind why—who would he have to see?"

His eyes buttoned on to the remainder of the fin in my hand. "Depends," he said, licking his lips. I flattened my palm and he swished his napkin across it, enveloping the gray-green morsel. "He might have to contact Mr. Big in the Yellow Pages."

He didn't need to tell me any more; I knew what he meant. I got up, left a sawbuck to cover my check, and blew. The phone book in the lobby listed three firms that specialized in cleaning and repairing suède. Just as I was going to ring them, though, some instinct warned me to call Information instead. My hunch paid off: none of the three stayed open evenings. I went home, showered and shaved, brewed myself a pot of coffee, and set out Tartakower's version of the Ruy Lopez gambit. By the time I played it through, Sam Forthright's problem wasn't any clearer, but I knew what I had to do.



"Oh, to dream once more the untroubled dreams of childhood!"

• •

AT eleven-thirty the next morning, I pushed open the door of a fancy little boutique on Rodeo Drive, called Portulaca Leathercrafts. A robust, white-haired party rotating an unlit cigar in his teeth was bent over the counter adding up a pile of sales slips. He didn't look up as I entered, but both the pencil and the cigar stopped moving.

"A waiter at the El Ribino Room in the Moonshine," I said softly. "Kind of a heavyset bird with a Chester Conklin mustache. He thought you might fix

"Go! Go! Go! Go!"

• •

me up with some suède elbow patches for this coat I'm wearing."

"He gave you a bum steer, sonny," he whispered. "He meant one of those cut-rate joints on La Cienega—Joey Lustgartner's, or the Hide & Hair."

"I've been there," I said. "They dummied up on me." I scratched my chin with the ten-case note folded between my fingers, let it float down gently onto the counter. His pencil shot out, speared it, and tucked it under the slips.

"It's an outside chance, but it could cost you," he said dreamily, his eyes still fixed on the papers. "The stuff you want is scarcer than a hound's tooth. Sixty clams is a lot of loot for two little patches."

"Not if you're as fond of the garment as I am." I stripped off the jacket, tossed it on the counter. "When do I collect it?"

"Two, three days—less if I get lucky. Phone me late tomorrow."

"You won't get any luckier than Manny Tremayne," I told myself as I shut the door behind me. It was the second time in twenty-four hours a hunch of mine had paid off, and, if my guess was right, a certain hotelkeeper I knew was due for a dandy little surprise by the weekend.

I SPOONED in the last few drops of Royal Hawaiian chicken hazelnut pudding with seltzer sauce, leaned back, and regarded Sam Forthright across the table from me in Bienstock's deli. He was haggard with anxiety, quaking to hear the report I'd promised him on the phone, and I hesitated, unsure how he'd take it.

"Listen, Tremayne." His jowls were loose, but he spoke tightly. "Don't play games with a human being—I'm desperate. If I told you what we found in the El Ribino Room this morning—"

"You don't have to," I said. "Two oval holes in the suède, each about six inches long." His face fell apart. "How did I know that, you ask? You'll dig in a minute or two, but first I want to tell you a story. Once upon a time, there was a hotelman in Beverly Hills called Sam Forthright, who had a silent partner named Maury Fabricant. And this silent partner had a wife—a beautiful, passionate, headstrong woman named Ginger."

A dark red flush overspread his forehead. "There's nothing between me and Ginger Fabricant!"

"Nobody said there was," I quieted him. "Stay with me a second. Now, let's suppose that this couple worked out a scheme—a fiendishly simple yet foolproof scheme—for muscling Forthright out of the hotel. Posing as one of his decorators, Ginger Fabricant phoned and influenced him into using suède rather than towelling on the walls of his rotisserie."

"I—I thought there was something familiar about that voice," he broke in. "But who would suspect Maury—Maury, who I trusted like my own brother—"

"Wait. I'm not finished," I said. "Having tricked him into investing in the suède, the couple now systematically set out to ruin it, hoping to induce a nervous breakdown in Forthright, which would cause him to relinquish his share of the partnership. They made one fatal error, though—they were too greedy. They fenced the parts they cut out, and who do you think was the fence?" I shoved a typewritten sheet at him. "This is a photocopy of the lease on the Portulaca Leathercrafts boutique, at 226 Rodeo. Recognize the signature?"

" 'Ginger Fabricant,' " he murmured. "My God. That cinches it, all right."

"No, merely confirms it," I said, and stood up. "Here's the real proof. Do you notice anything odd about this jacket?"

He studied me intently. "The seams, I think. It—it looks like you're wearing it inside out."

"Right. And when I reverse the sleeves, as I'm doing now, what you see are two elbow patches that exactly match the holes in the El Ribino suède. There's a chemical analysis of their meat content in the breast pocket, Forthright. That ought to give you all the evidence you need."

For an hour after he had left, I sat there pondering the strange quirks of fate that shape one's life. What if I hadn't gone into Bienstock's deli that particular day and ordered the Irving Lazar Special? Or what if there had been no Bienstock's to begin with and hence no Irving Lazar Special? The more I thought about it, the more I realized that if there had been no Irving Lazar it would have been necessary to invent one to name the special after, and thus help me to solve a complex and haunting puzzle. And that, for a shamus with a few untarnished ideals in this dirty little world, was some consolation.

—S. J. PERELMAN

LOVE CHILD

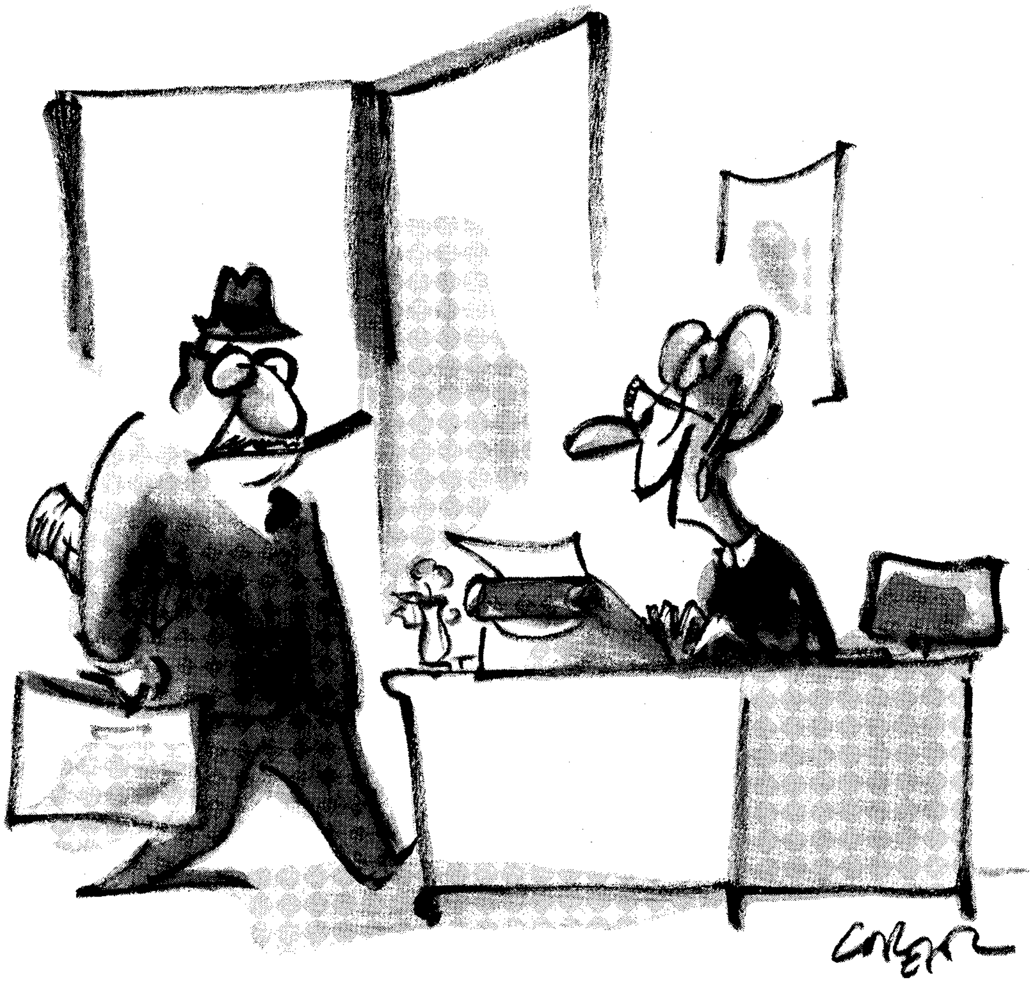
I WALKED by the river and straightaway fell to thinking of Hickey. The story of the goose was the obvious reason, since he had shot one close to that very spot. Geese cackled from the opposite bank, their cackles muted somewhat and almost melodious because of being issued through a fine expanse of rushes. He came to mind clearly in his plus fours, with his big appetite and his thieving. All our own geese had been taken by a fox one year, but directly across the river dwelt a family who had a fine flock and Hickey resolved to steal one. He did it at dusk, but it so happened that the goose he shot was a wild goose, with scarcely a lick of meat on it, and my mother was boiling and broiling it for four days to no avail. Even the broth was insipid.

I think it was to make up for that fiasco that he stole the cabbages. My mother came down to breakfast one morning to find a sack full of York cabbages on the floor, and though Hickey wouldn't admit it, my mother knew he had filched them from Mrs. Hogan's garden. She was the old woman with a little plot of ground behind the sweetshop. The only woman whose cabbages had not been consumed by slugs that year. Later in the day, my mother gasped to see old Mrs. Hogan hurrying up the drive with a bundle concealed in her apron. The sack of cabbages was hidden in the shoe closet, where I think it contracted a permanent smell of must, and my mother was busy concocting excuses when Mrs. Hogan knocked both on the window and on the door, as country people tend to do. She refused to come in, being too shy, but out of her apron she dropped four heads of cabbage, started crying, and said it nearly broke her heart to have only four to give to us. She then told how some blackguard had robbed her during the night—said it must have been a tinker—and she went off hurriedly, muttering apologies about not being able to offer better. My mother never tasted any of those cabbages, and Hickey grew well and truly tired of them; like me, he maintained that the odors and sweat of the shoe closet had permanently impaired them.

The next thing he stole was a sword from the General's grave, directly after the General's burial—and a very fearsome affair it was in its leather scabbard. The General had once come to our part of Ireland on a fishing holiday, had fallen in love with the place and bought an estate. Hickey boasted how he could indeed have stolen a watch or a medal from the same source but that it was only weapons he was after. He kept it under his bed, along with sundry things like bicycle chains, pedals, and odd bits of scrap metal.

He stole from us, too, and the day he was leaving my mother asked him to kindly return the little teaspoon to make up the dozen, because there was a terrible gap in her velvet-lined box—a spoon-shaped gap where the missing spoon should be. He denied taking it, but afterward we found the spoon on the cow-house windowsill stained yellow, to make it seem that he had been using it for dosing cattle. We couldn't afford to pay him, so he went to England to take up work in a car factory. We heard that he kept up his agricultural skills and had a little plot of ground where he grew vegetables for his sister, whom he lived with. We heard from a neighbor who worked in the same factory and who came home to his mad wife for three months of each year and begot another softheaded child. It seems that Hickey was prospering.

Whenever Hickey was mentioned, the same stories were told. He had been invited to a wedding and announced to my father that he wouldn't be available for milking on a certain day. He rose early, cooked himself three rashers and two eggs, and wakened everyone with his humming, so jubilant was he. The eggshells askew on the table galled my mother, as did the dinner plate with the thick lodge of fat on it. He waited down at the wicket gate, probably whistling, thinking ahead to the largesse—the eighteen bottles of whiskey, ditto of brandy, champagne, and barrels of porter. He had heard the groom order from the publican the evening before, and even he was obliged to say it was perhaps too lavish. The wedding was to be held some miles away in a lakeside town, where the couple had rented a banqueting suite. The lake and pleasure boats would provide an added excitement—as the groom said, it was more of an event to go elsewhere for a wedding than to mooch at home. Hickey waited seven



"Oh, Mr. Kramer! Your aura is lovely today!"

hours in all, pacing back and forth, lighting a cigarette and then putting it out, only to light it again and finally spit out the tobacco cuds. The neighbor who obliged by taking the milk to the creamery said Hickey's nerves were a devil altogether—that he was like a jumping jack down there, or a flea in a matchbox. It was long past lunchtime when the postman told him how they had been fooling him—there was no wedding at all, and the big order of whiskey and porter was given only to substantiate the joke. Hickey was lepping. He came up home, went to bed, and refused to eat or speak, or do the evening milking.

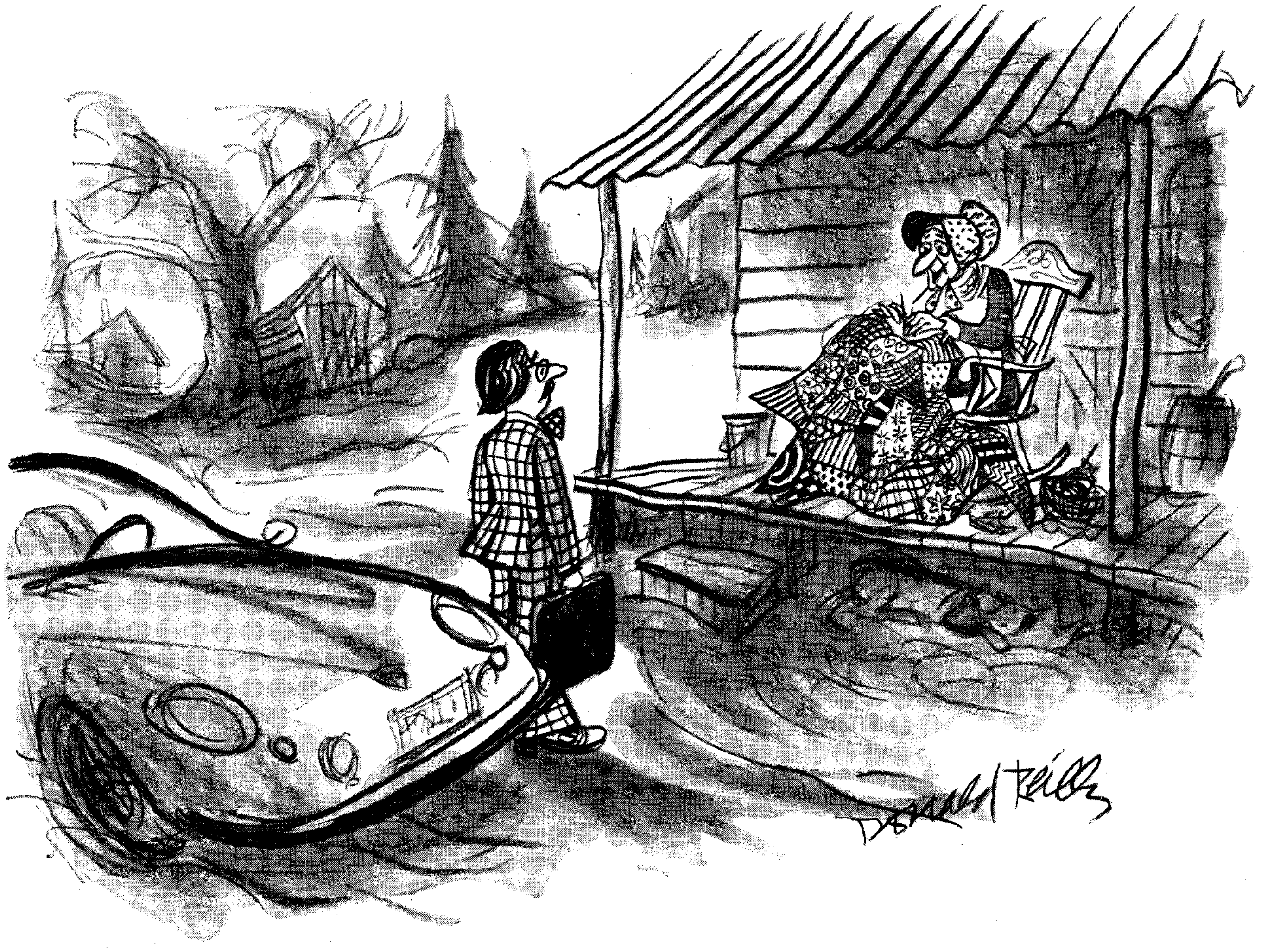
The other story concerned a servant girl, Rosanna, who was six months pregnant, and how the doctor, who was also her employer, came to Hickey in the cornfield and told him that he was responsible. Hickey denied it, lost his head, and raised the pitchfork to the doctor, who escaped only because he was such a practiced runner and had been a harrier.

Soon after, Hickey left. It was just before my twelfth birthday and he had promised me a little three-legged stool that he was to make himself. But he left in a hurry after an uproarious row. I cried for several weeks and used to stay in his room, standing by the little window in order to smell him, feel him, hear him, in order to commune with him. Often I saw his tongue travelling over his verdigris teeth, and so many times saw his big frame come in at the gate below, and saw him run a few steps to work up the thrust to get his leg over the bar of his bicycle. Saw him as clearly as if he had been approaching, but in fact never saw him again.

He did come back to the neighborhood one summer. He went to see his friend the publican, and although intending to come and pay us a visit he got drunk and was sent home stretched out in the back of a lorry. My mother took it badly, wondering why he had become so spiteful, saying England must have ruined him, but I myself, still loving him, thought that perhaps our house and the driveway and his own little room, converted now into a bathroom, would sadden him and revive too many memories—the summers, the harvest, the threshing, the little ferret he had, the time he had fallen asleep down in the woods when supposed to be watching for foxes, the way he was scandalized in the local paper by having a skit written about him: "Gunman Snores While Mr. Reynard Steals Farmer's Fowl." Also, in my most secret thoughts it occurred to me that his fury with the doctor must have meant that he *was* implicated. There was no way of telling, because the maid had slept with everyone—the local men from the cottage whose wives were dead or in England or in the asylum; the circus people who came a couple of times a year; the fellow nicknamed the black doctor; in fact, anyone—and hence she was called the Bicycle.

At any rate, we never heard a word of Hickey until two days after my walk by the river, when the news came of his death. He died at fifty-seven after a long illness, had lost three stone, and the remains were not brought back to his own little village of three houses, no school, and a graveyard huddled around the church. He would have been more comfortable there, but he was buried overseas.

I DID what I had postponed doing for years. I made the journey to the factory town in England where he



"Thank you kindly, sonny, but I already have an agent."

worked and to the house where he had lived. It was a small terraced house on a hill, adjacent to the country, and his sister, who resembled him, was snooty about letting me in. She thought I was selling some product or distributing some pamphlets, but I said I had come to pay my respects. She led me into the sitting room and pointed to an invalid by the fire—a young girl by the name of Peg. I became uneasy, not knowing if I should shake one of her hands, because they were like a china doll's. I have never seen a creature whose eyes moved so much. They literally danced in her head, and I decided that, because of her inactivity otherwise, she must have developed these eye muscles to do her traveling for her. Who was she?

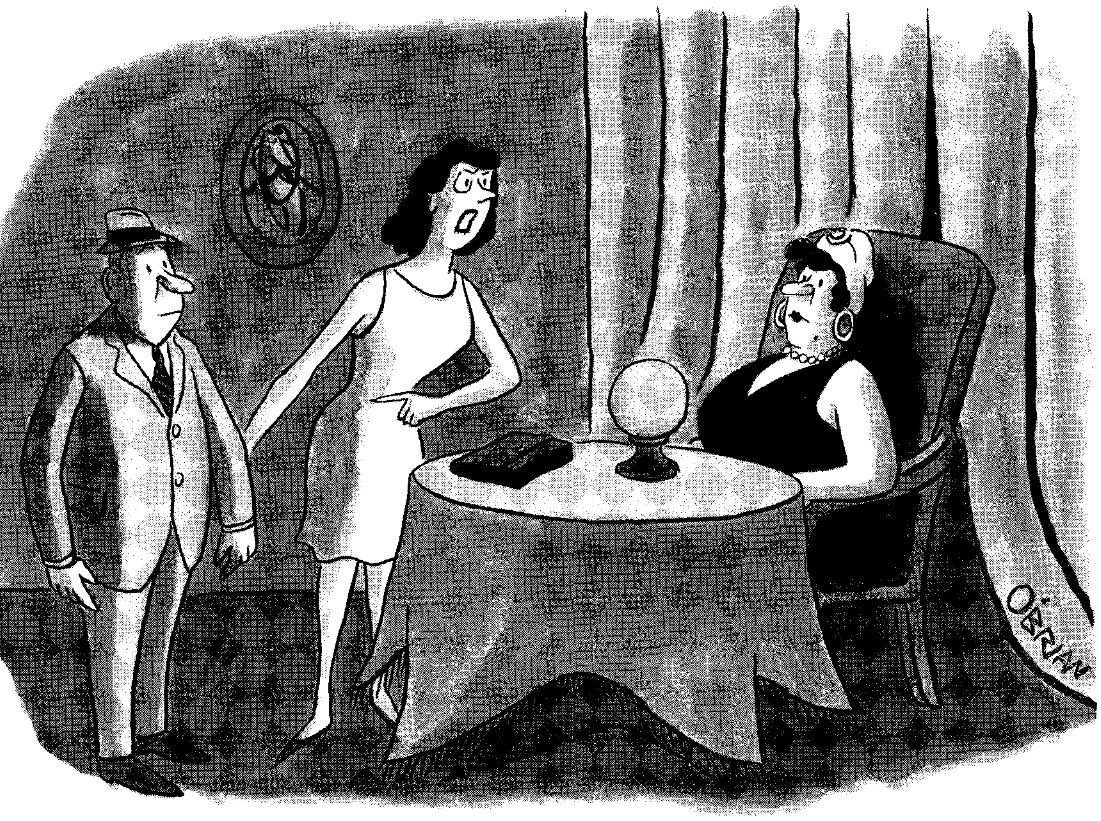
There were various ornaments in the room, too, that stirred or rattled or chimed, and colored liquid in a glass tube that constantly kept trickling into different shapes creating different patterns. As if that were not enough, there were birds in cages—canaries all busy, twittering and agitating and singing. His sister told me that Hickey had bought them and trained them to sing, and even left their cage doors open to let them taste their freedom. She added that after his death the canaries also went silent.

Then she insisted on showing me his bedroom. It was a cheerless little room, with a patch of damp on the flowered wallpaper; the window looked out onto the hill behind. She gave me his mortuary card and I read the verse about ashes and dust, and she stood watching and sniffling, and then for want of something to do she spread her hand over the satin coverlet to smooth it, although it was not in need of smoothing, and she was telling me, almost against my will, of his last days and the way he raved about our house and the bog, and his old friends, and how he was trying to get cabbages to them, and then she listed off the names of all the people: my mother, my father, the doctor, Rosanna the maid, Jacksie his friend, the publican, my sisters—especially my sisters. There was not a word about me. I asked. "He never mentioned you." I said that was impossible, since I was his favorite, since he was in the house at my birth, since he taught me the time and boiled pullets' eggs for me, and brought me to hurling matches and often gave me Turkish delight. I lost my head, rather, and related some of our daft prattle and our promises to wed one day.

She lit into me, lost her composure, saying he never forgave me—saying she would never forgive me, either—because it was my fault he had stayed so long in our house and for little or no remuneration. Wasted himself out of love for me. Converted me into the daughter he never had, could never afford to have. My fault that he hadn't told the truth. It seems the invalid downstairs was his daughter, the love child, whom he had sought out and taken from the orphanage in London where her mother had put her.

I wanted to go downstairs and look into her eyes and see if they were a shiny gray like his, but instead of that I ran out of there clutching the mortuary card, rebuking him for having been so feeble as to hide from us, from *me*, the truth, and all the love that he had borne me seemed no more than a ridiculous charade. As ridiculous as the second verse on the mortuary card that said, "A beautiful life came to an end. He died as he lived, everyone's friend." A sham of a life. No one's friend. If only he had told me his predicament—if only! I despised him. I cursed him. I dared him to speak up for himself. But it is not good to repudiate the dead because then they do not leave you alone, they are like dogs that bark intermittently at night.

—EDNA O'BRIEN



"*You call* *this* *tall, dark, and handsome?*"

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TRAVEL: A WINDOW

I think it's possible
To stare
Too long through a window
At birch trees
Until their negatives
Displace the rare,
Handwritten white bark's
Peeling pieces,

To leave your house
For a summer seizure
Of blue and find,
Instead of its weather,
A lean wolf sitting
Back on his haunches
On widening snow,

Above him a sparrow
Cold in the
Insufferable branches.

—HOWARD MOSS

ANNALS OF INDUSTRY

CASUALTIES OF THE WORKPLACE

I—SOME NONSERIOUS VIOLATIONS

A YEAR ago last winter, a flurry of unusual activity accompanied the closing of a factory owned by the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation in Tyler, Texas, a city of sixty thousand about a hundred miles east of Dallas. Production stopped on February 3, 1972, and then the factory, which for more than seventeen years had been manufacturing asbestos insulation, was subjected to a cleanup of prodigious scope and intensity. Under the scrutiny of armed Pinkerton guards, who had been hired by the company to keep unauthorized persons away from the plant and its nearby dumps, sixty-two employees spent a week scraping asbestos waste from machinery and other equipment, and removing and burying truckload after truckload of asbestos scrap that had accumulated in the plant. This work force was laid off permanently on February 11th, and a crew of four maintenance men spent the next two weeks washing down ceilings and walls and steam-cleaning every piece of machinery in sight. Meanwhile, thirty-five thousand burlap sacks, in which amosite asbestos had been shipped to the factory from mines in South Africa, and which, once emptied, had been sold for a nickel apiece to some of the rose nurseries for which the Dallas-Tyler area is famous, were repurchased by Pittsburgh Corning at double the price, brought back to the plant in trucks, and buried at one of the factory's dumps. Toward the end of February, the skeleton crew, using acetylene torches, cut up three one-hundred-and-fifty-foot-long chain conveyor belts, three five-hundred-pound cyclone machines, and hundreds of feet of ventilation pipe, all of which were then taken outside and buried in a dump. Other pieces of heavy equipment, including eight twelve-foot-high feeding machines, three one-hundred-foot-long drying ovens, and a dozen dust collectors, were cut up and sold for junk, and still other items, such as saws, an asbestos-scrap grinder, and the draw works and gears for the ovens, were shipped by rail to Pittsburgh Corning's home office, in Pittsburgh. By the end of March, the Pinkertons were no longer needed—there being very little left of the Tyler plant for any trespasser to see—and by the end of April practically nothing remained of the factory except two dilapidated wooden buildings, which had once been warehouses at Camp Fannin, a Second World War training center and P.O.W. camp. One of them—the production building—was virtually empty; the other, the factory's storage area, was half filled with sacks of amosite-asbestos fibre, which the company had not used before shutting the plant.

Although Pittsburgh Corning never gave any official reason for the drastic tidying up that accompanied the closing of its Tyler plant, an explanation of the shutdown itself was made two weeks before by E. W. Holman, the corporation's vice-president in charge of manufacturing and technology. In an interview published in the Tyler *Courier-Times* on January 19th, Holman said that increased costs of buying amosite-asbestos fibre and transporting it from South Africa, plus the fact that his company was finding it more and more difficult to market its finished product because of competition, had brought about a decision to cease operations at the Tyler plant and at a Pittsburgh Corning plant in Port Allegany, Pennsylvania. He remarked that "new clean-air restrictions" had also played a role in "speeding up" the closing of the two factories, since the restrictions would have forced his company to install costly filtering equipment in order to bring the level of asbestos dust in the factories down to lawful limits. According to the *Courier-Times*, Holman acknowledged that asbestos fibres posed a health hazard, but added that he knew of no specific Pittsburgh Corning employee who was suffering from significant illness as a result of working with the product.

Three weeks after Holman's remarks were published, a somewhat different version of the situation at the Tyler plant was given by Anthony Mazzocchi, the director of the Legislative Department of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers International Union, which had represented employees at the factory since 1962. Speaking at a press conference in Washington, D.C., on February 10th, Mazzocchi disclosed that a government survey had shown major industrial-hygiene deficiencies in the operation of the plant, including a grossly inadequate ventilation system, which had resulted in airborne-asbestos levels constituting a critical occupational health hazard. According to Mazzocchi, the survey had determined that seven of the eighteen workers who had been employed at the factory for ten years or more showed symptoms of asbestosis—scarring of the lungs caused by inhalation of asbestos fibres—which is a significant illness by almost any standard, in that it is irreversible, untreatable, often disabling, and frequently fatal. Pointing out that asbestos has also been proved to be a potent carcinogen, Mazzocchi voiced the fear that many of the men who had worked in the factory would one day be afflicted with lung cancer or other malignant tumors. Morever, he indicated that a health hazard might extend far beyond the plant, because the company had sold tens of thousands of burlap sacks contaminated with asbestos dust to nurserymen, who used them to wrap evergreens and other stock for shipment to retailers and gardeners throughout the nation.

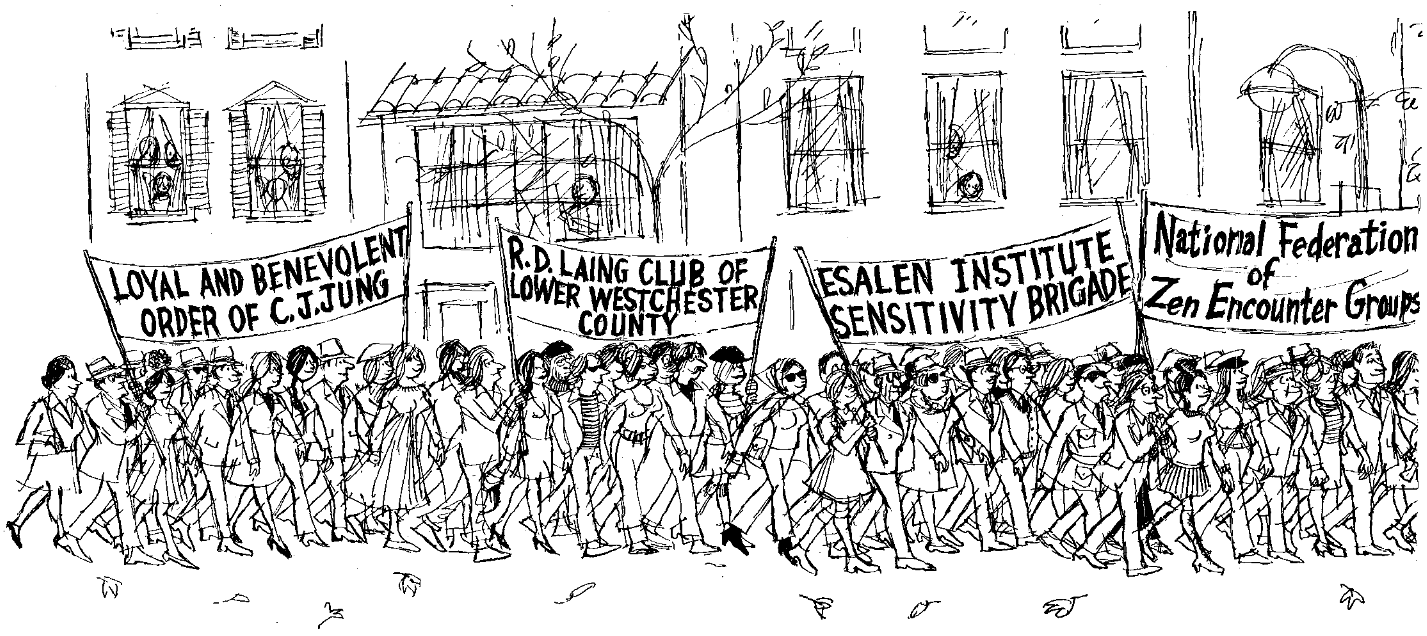
For its part, Pittsburgh Corning made a public response only to the last of Mazzocchi's disclosures. On February 16th, a spokesman for the company admitted to a reporter for the Tyler *Morning Telegraph* that thirty-five thousand burlap bags had been recalled from

"Attention, everyone! Here comes Poppa, and we're going to drive dull care away! It's quips and cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

• •

the Dallas-Tyler area, but he denied that there was any reason to consider them a health hazard. The apparent contradiction in this statement was not resolved by the manager of the Tyler plant, who was quoted at the same time as defying anyone to find any of the bags in question. "We've hired bulldozers to put all those bags underground," he said, making an assertion that would soon apply to much of the factory equipment as well. By then, however, word had got out that considerably more of the Tyler plant was buried than burlap bags and cut-up machinery.

In a sense, the story of the Tyler plant begins with the founding of the Union Asbestos & Rubber Company, in Chicago, in 1918. According to the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, American and Canadian insurance companies were even then generally declining to insure asbestos workers because of the assumed hazardous conditions of the asbestos industry. Union Asbestos started out as a jobber of railway supplies and an assembler of finished asbestos and rubber products. Business expanded rapidly, thanks to the development of a flexible asbestos tape, which achieved wide use for insulating pipes in steam locomotives, and in 1926 Union Asbestos built a factory in Cicero, Illinois, to manufacture asbestos textiles, insulation materials, packings, brake linings, and gaskets, and a variety of rubber products. Another leap forward took place in the mid-thirties, when the company developed an amosite-asbestos pipe insulation for the Navy. Amosite is a variety of asbestos found in large deposits in the Transvaal region of South Africa, and it had never been used before in the United States, where most asbestos products had been (and continue to be) made of chrysotile, a variety of the mineral that exists in vast deposits in Canada and the Soviet Union, and accounts for ninety-five per cent of the world's production. Because it is as heat-resistant as chrysotile, and can be purchased more cheaply, amosite was chosen for insulating the pipes, turbines, and boilers of modern warships, and by 1940 the Navy's demands for amosite


LOYAL AND BENEVOLENT ORDER OF C.J.JUNG
R.D.LAING CLUB OF LOWER WESTCHESTER COUNTY
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pipe insulation were such that Union Asbestos—or UNARCO, as it had come to be known—started a plant in Paterson, New Jersey. During the war years, the UNARCO plants in Cicero and Paterson churned out amosite pipe covering for the Navy around the clock, winning numerous Army-Navy "E" awards. Such insulation continued to be much in demand in the postwar period, and in 1949 the company set up a third plant to manufacture it, in McGregor, Texas. Then, in November of 1954, as part of a consolidation program, the company shut the McGregor and Paterson factories, and opened the factory at Tyler, Texas.

Little was known about the Tyler plant except that it was set up to operate generally like the factory in Paterson. However, some information that would one day impart tremendous medical significance to this similarity was just then beginning to be developed by Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, a chest physician, who is head of the Division of Environmental Medicine at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine of the City University of New York, director of its Environmental Sciences Laboratory, and a pioneer in the field of asbestos epidemiology. A native of New York City, Dr. Selikoff interned at the Beth Israel Hospital in Newark; did his pathology work at Mount Sinai, where he has been a member of the staff since 1947; and became a chest physician at the Sea View Hospital, on Staten Island, specializing in tuberculosis. In 1951, he participated in the basic research on isoniazid—the antibiotic drug that, by effectively killing tubercle bacilli, has provided a cure for tuberculosis—and in 1953 he founded a medical clinic in Paterson, where, by chance, seventeen of his early patients were men who worked in the nearby UNARCO plant. At the time, fifteen of the men showed some evidence of pulmonary defects resulting from the inhalation of asbestos. When the Paterson factory closed, they went into other work, and at that point Dr. Selikoff decided to continue his observation of them with X-ray examinations and lung-function tests to determine the history and the natural course of asbestosis in men who would not be further exposed, but in whose tissues the previously inhaled fibres would remain. This was the start of a long journey of discovery for Dr. Selikoff, who would eventually help to demonstrate that asbestos is one of the major industrial causes of cancer. At the time, he was interested chiefly in asbestosis, because he was not convinced that the relationship between asbestos and cancer, which had previously been suggested by a number of medical authorities, would prove to be a serious problem. As things turned out, he changed his mind. In 1954, all seventeen men from the Paterson factory were working and apparently able-bodied. Today, only two of them are alive. Of the fifteen who died, seven were victims of lung cancer, two of cancer of the stomach, four of asbestosis, and one of malignant mesothelioma—an invariably fatal tumor of the pleura, the membrane that encases the lung, or of the peritoneum, a similar membrane that lines the abdominal cavity—which rarely occurs without some exposure to asbestos. (One of the fifteen deaths was of heart disease.) As early as 1961, by which time six of the seventeen had died, Dr. Selikoff began to suspect the worst for men who were occupationally exposed to the mineral. At that time, he wrote to Edwin E. Hokin, the president of UNARCO, asking him to make employment records available, so that he could undertake a survey of all the men who had worked in the Paterson factory. Hokin turned the request down, saying the records were not available, but he was surely aware that men who had worked in the Paterson factory might be having medical problems, for during the nineteen-fifties the company had paid out substantial amounts of money to employees of the plant who had become disabled with asbestosis. Dr. Selikoff then wrote to several other large asbestos manufacturers in the United States to ask about the health experience in their plants, and was unable to obtain information from any of them. Meanwhile, he and Dr. Jacob Churg, the chief pathologist at Barnert Memorial Hospital, in Paterson, who had himself been finding asbestosis and lung cancer in a large number of workers from the Paterson factory, took their data to Dr. Roscoe P. Kandle, the Commissioner of the New Jersey State Department of Health. Concerned about the situation, Dr. Kandle applied to the United States Public Health Service for funds to undertake a study of the Paterson plant and to make a statewide survey to determine how many people were being occupationally exposed to asbestos. However, the request was denied, lack of resources being given as the reason.

Since Dr. Selikoff already knew that men who had worked in an insulation factory were dying of asbestosis or cancer at an alarming rate, he felt that men who were installing such materials might also risk disease, and early in 1962 he made contact with officials

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of New York Local 12 and Newark Local 32 of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers. The asbestos insulators had been trying for years without success to interest doctors and various government agencies in their medical problems, so they were only too glad to coöperate, and they urged Dr. Selikoff to study the effects of asbestos exposure among their members. He accepted the responsibility, and, though continuing to monitor those of his original seventeen patients who had survived, temporarily abandoned his project to study the other men who had worked in the Paterson factory. At the time, he did not know of the existence of the UNARCO plant in Tyler, Texas.

THE Tyler plant was then thriving but was about to change hands. UNARCO held a large contract with the Navy to provide pipe covering for atomic submarines, and the factory was also producing insulation for the chemical-processing industry on the nearby Gulf Coast, which was growing rapidly. Over the years, however, the company had acquired half a dozen plants for the manufacture of various products unrelated to asbestos, and this diversification had altered the objectives of its managers, who decided to quit the asbestos business altogether. As a result, the company sold the Tyler plant in 1962 to the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation—a joint venture of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company (now called PPG Industries) and the Corning Glass Works—and the production of amosite-asbestos pipe covering continued as before. By the summer of 1963, however, the new owners were apparently entertaining some misgivings about working conditions in the factory, for at that time they asked the Industrial Hygiene Foundation of America to evaluate the asbestos-dust hazard there. The foundation, which is in Pittsburgh, describes itself as "an association of industries for the advancement of healthful working conditions," and it is financed entirely by industry. It sent industrial-hygiene engineers to the Tyler plant in July and August to review the potential health hazards of handling asbestos and to take samples of airborne asbestos-dust concentrations. In its report to Pittsburgh Corning, the foundation made no mention of any health hazard, and assured the company that, except in a few areas, the number of asbestos fibres found in the air of the Tyler plant was well below the threshold limit value of five million particles per cubic foot of air—a safety standard for dust in asbestos factories that had been adopted in 1946 by the American Conference of Governmental Industrial Hygienists, which, despite its imposing title, is not a government agency but a voluntary organization with members from various groups, including industry, and with the self-imposed task of recommending safety standards for hazardous substances in industry. Incredibly, the authors of the foundation's report appear to have based their judgment on the assumption that the threshold limit value of five million particles per cubic foot meant five million asbestos fibres, whereas the proponents of the threshold limit value had intended it to apply to *all* the particulate matter—fibrous and nonfibrous—in a given cubic foot of air. To understand the magnitude of this error, it should be noted that the study upon which the standard was based had been made in the winter of 1935-36 in four asbestos-textile plants where asbestos fibres were found to constitute about ten per cent of the total amount of airborne dust. The asbestos fibres in the airborne dust measured in the Tyler plant by engineers of the Industrial Hygiene Foundation ranged from a low of twenty-nine per cent to a high of fifty-six per cent. The foundation, however, reported the percentages as if they were of little or no consequence, and contented itself with making recommendations for better housekeeping, better ventilation equipment, and improved maintenance of the ventilation system.

These measures were desperately needed, but there is little evidence to suggest that Pittsburgh Corning felt compelled to initiate them, for when the next survey of the plant was made, more than three years later, conditions were even worse. By that time, the company had acquired a new medical consultant—Dr. Lee B. Grant, a retired colonel, who had been Chief of Aerospace Medicine for the United States Air Force Logistics Command, and who had become medical director of one of Pittsburgh Corning's parent corporations, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, in 1965. At Dr. Grant's request, a survey of the Tyler plant was conducted in November of 1966 by J. T. Destefano, safety and industrial-hygiene engineer for the glass division of Pittsburgh Plate Glass, to see if there had been any significant change in the levels of airborne-asbestos dust since the 1963 survey. After analyzing samples of air from sixteen different areas of the plant, Destefano subsequently reported that asbestos-fibre counts exceeded the threshold limit value in seven instances and that in three of the samples the

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count was twenty million or more fibres per cubic foot of air. Destefano was, apparently, making the same erroneous assumption about the meaning of the threshold limit value which had been made three years before by engineers of the Industrial Hygiene Foundation. As a result, though he also suggested better ventilation equipment and improved maintenance of the ventilation system, his report did not mention that workers at the Tyler plant were breathing concentrations of asbestos fibres ten times greater than those of the recommended safety standard that was supposed to protect them from disease.

DURING the span from 1963 to 1966, a tremendous amount of new information concerning the biological effects of asbestos had been developed and was being circulated through the medical and industrial communities. Perhaps the most important study of the period was the one that Dr. Selikoff conducted of the asbestos insulators. As asbestos workers go, these men had comparatively light and intermittent exposure: they often worked out-of-doors on construction projects; they spent half their time working with materials other than asbestos; and most of the asbestos materials they used had an asbestos content of less than fifteen per cent. (The men at the Tyler plant worked in a confined, far dustier atmosphere, and manufactured a product that had an asbestos content of almost ninety per cent.) In spite of this relatively light exposure, however, Dr. Selikoff found radiological evidence of fibrosis of the lungs—that is, scarring of the lungs—in fully half of eleven hundred and seventeen members of the two locals of the Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers. Moreover, among three hundred and ninety-two men with more than twenty years of experience in the trade, he found that three hundred and thirty-nine had developed asbestosis, and that the disease had by then become moderate or extensive in more than fifty per cent of the cases.

Even more alarming were the results of a mortality study of workers in the two locals. During the early part of 1962, Dr. Selikoff and his administrative assistant, Mrs. Janet S. Kaffenburgh, pored over the union records and compiled a list of the names and addresses of all the six hundred and thirty-two men who had been members of the locals on December 31, 1942, and of the eight hundred and ninety men who had joined between then and December 31, 1962. From the union employment records, they obtained detailed work histories of the total membership of fifteen hundred and twenty-two men, including data on the men's leaving work for other employment, war service, illness, or retirement. This enabled them to calculate the onset and duration of exposure to asbestos for each worker. Records of the union health-and-welfare funds provided them with the dates and places of death of two hundred and sixty-two workers who had died between 1942 and 1963, and copies of the death certificates of all but one of them were obtained. In addition, autopsy protocols, histological specimens, and hospital records were reviewed by Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Churg, the Paterson pathologist, in those deaths (approximately half the total) which occurred in hospitals.

In the next phase of the study, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Churg were joined by Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, vice-president for epidemiology and statistics of the American Cancer Society, who had participated in an analysis of the medical effects of the atomic explosions that devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945, and whose large-scale epidemiological studies of more than a million men and women provided a major basis for the conclusions drawn in the 1964 Surgeon General's report on the effects of cigarette smoking. Since previous studies had suggested that lung cancer associated with asbestosis seldom develops until twenty years after initial exposure to asbestos dust, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond decided to limit their first analysis to the six hundred and thirty-two men who were on the union rolls as of December 31, 1942. Taking the men's ages into consideration, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond

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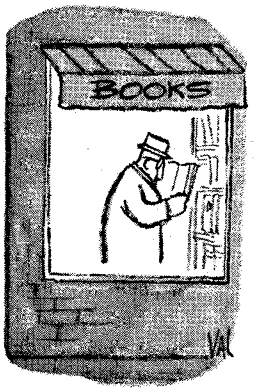
then set about comparing the number and causes of death among them with those of the general male population in the United States. The results were depressing. According to the standard mortality tables, two hundred and three deaths could have been expected among the six hundred and thirty-two workers. Instead, there were two hundred and fifty-five, not counting seven men who had died before incurring twenty years of exposure—an excess of twenty-five per cent. The reason for the excess was not hard to find. The fact that twelve of the deaths were attributed to asbestosis was not particularly surprising, but where six or seven deaths from cancer of the lung, pleura, or trachea were to be expected, there were actually forty-five. And where nine or ten gastro-intestinal cancers were to be expected, there were twenty-nine. Since the death rate from lung cancer was known to be more than ten times as high among cigarette smokers as among nonsmokers, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond realized that they would have to take the smoking habits of the asbestos-insulation workers into account if their findings were to have solid validity. It was, of course, impossible for them to ascertain this information with accuracy in the cases of the two hundred and fifty-five men who had died, so, for purposes of calculation, they assumed that all six hundred and thirty-two men had smoked a pack or more of cigarettes each day, and they demonstrated that even if this had been the case it would have produced a lung-cancer death rate only three and a half times that of the general male population. Cigarette smoking, therefore, could not explain the fact that in this group of asbestos-insulation workers the rate of death from lung cancer was seven times the expected rate.



Because of this study's objectivity, its scope, and its thoroughness, it had a great impact on the medical community. The findings were reported to the annual convention of the American Medical Association in June of 1963—a month before the Industrial Hygiene Foundation began its survey of the Tyler plant—and they were published in the spring of 1964 in the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* It was the first study ever made that had taken a large enough group of asbestos workers from a point far enough back in time and followed them long enough to determine unequivocally what their health experience had been. Unlike almost all the previous investigations, which indicated simply that there was a connection between asbestos and various kinds of cancer, it was based upon the incidence of disease within a defined population, and thus answered a fundamental epidemiological question of how many cancers had developed among how many persons exposed. In doing so, it furnished the first incontrovertible evidence that industrial exposure to asbestos was hazardous; it established sound methodology for future studies; and it marked a turning point in the views held by doctors and health officials around the world.

In October of 1964, in order to review the data that had already been collected and to discuss the problems awaiting solution, the New York Academy of Sciences sponsored an international Conference on the Biological Effects of Asbestos, which was held at the Waldorf-Astoria and was attended by more than four hundred scientists. In addition to the statistics provided by Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond on the incidence of asbestosis and cancer in the insulation workers, there were dozens of reports on the occurrence of disease in people exposed to asbestos. Some of the most alarming information was provided by Dr. J. G. Thomson, of South Africa, who reported finding what appeared to be asbestos bodies—inhaled fibres that have been altered by the reaction of lung tissue, and coated with a colloidal substance rich in iron—in the lungs of one in four people coming to autopsy at random in Capetown. Although asbestos bodies are regularly seen in the lungs of asbestos workers, this discovery indicated that asbestos was becoming a common contaminant in the community at large. There was also a report that mesothelioma was afflicting people who had had only minor exposure to asbestos. This tumor, which takes from twenty to forty years to develop, was previously so rare that it was known to occur in only about one in ten thousand deaths in the general population. By the time of the international conference, however, it was being found increasingly—not only in people who were exposed to asbestos in their work but also in people who lived in the vicinity of asbestos mines and dumps, or factories

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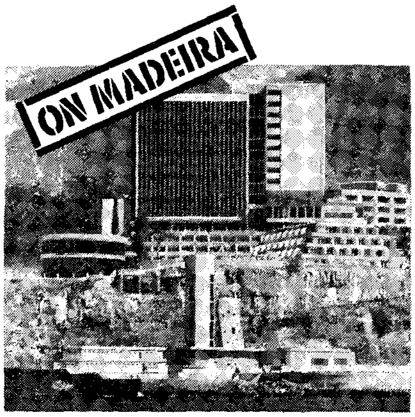

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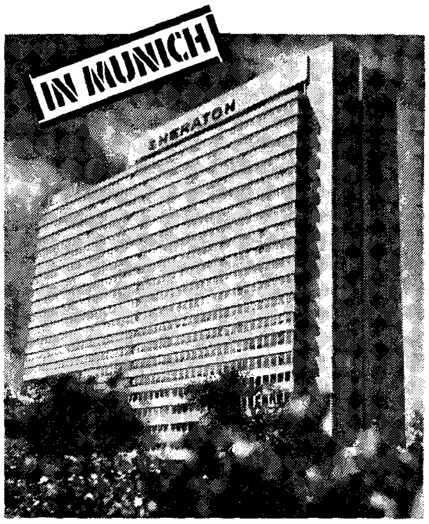

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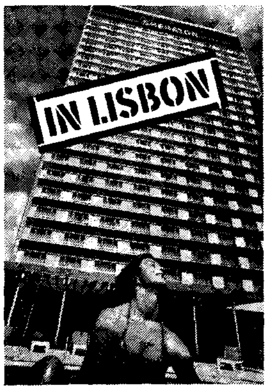

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where asbestos products were manufactured, or who simply lived in the same house with workers who came home with asbestos dust on their clothes. Perhaps the most striking confirmation of this came from London, where Dr. Muriel L. Newhouse, of the Department of Occupational Health at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, investigated seventy-six cases of mesothelioma that had been ascertained by autopsy or biopsy in the London Hospital. To no one's surprise, thirty-one of the seventy-six patients had worked with asbestos, but, in addition, eleven of the forty-five who had not worked with asbestos had simply lived within half a mile of an asbestos factory, and nine others—seven women and two men—were relatives of asbestos workers. Most of these women had washed their husbands' work clothes regularly. Both of the men in this group, when they were boys of eight or nine, had had sisters who worked in asbestos-textile factories. One of the sisters had been employed as a spinner from 1925 to 1936, and had died of asbestosis in 1947, at which time it was determined at an inquest that "she used to return from work with dust on her clothes." Her brother, who had apparently had no other sustained exposure to asbestos in his lifetime, died in 1956 of a pleural mesothelioma. Subsequently, in the United States, there were similar findings in a number of places. For example, the proprietor of a junk yard next to the UNARCO factory in Paterson died of mesothelioma, and so did the engineer who first developed the amosite pipe covering manufactured by the company for the Navy, as did his daughter, whose only known exposure to the mineral was that she sometimes played with samples of asbestos products her father brought home for his family to examine. As a result of such incidents, scientists were forced to revise their idea that asbestos was only an industrial hazard, and to give serious consideration to Dr. Thomson's prediction of danger to untold numbers of people in the general community. Such consideration proved to be well founded, for since then the presence of asbestos bodies in the lungs of ordinary urban dwellers has been confirmed by studies made in Miami, London, Belfast, Pittsburgh, and New York City, where, in a recent investigation conducted by Dr. Arthur M. Langer, the chief mineralogist at the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory, electron-microscope examination of repre-

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sentative samples of tissue showed chrysotile asbestos to be present in the lungs of a hundred and four out of a hundred and twenty-eight people coming to autopsy at random in three city hospitals.

The attitude of the asbestos industry at this time can perhaps be best illustrated by a cautionary letter that was sent to Mrs. Eunice Thomas Miner, the executive director of the New York Academy of Sciences, on October 26, 1964, just after the Conference on the Biological Effects of Asbestos ended, by lawyers representing the Asbestos Textile Institute—an association of asbestos manufacturers that includes the Johns-Manville Corporation, Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., and Uniroyal, Inc. The letter began by stating that all member companies of the institute shared a grave concern over recent articles carried in local and national newspapers concerning mesothelioma. It went on to say that "innocent but unwise treatment of research data in public discussions, or leaving it to laymen to appreciate the carefully phrased limitations and qualifications, can cause reactions that are not justified by the state of scientific knowledge," and it urged caution in the discussion of medical research into asbestos disease, "to avoid providing the basis for possibly damaging and misleading news stories." It concluded by warning the New York Academy of Sciences that although the right to discuss these subjects was clear, "the gravity of the subject matter and the consequences implicitly involved impose upon any who exercise those rights a very high degree of responsibility for their actions."

During 1966, the Academy sent out thousands of copies of its report of the conference to doctors, officials of state and federal health agencies, and custodians of medical libraries all over the country, and from 1965 on there were many articles in leading medical journals and dozens of newspaper stories concerning new and alarming data that had been developed about the perils of inhaling asbestos. As a result, it seems highly probable that by late 1967 the industrial-health officer of any responsible company engaged in the manufacture of asbestos products would have been given pause by the kind of report that Dr. Grant received from Destefano in September of that year concerning the levels of asbestos dust in the Tyler factory. It fact, considering Dr. Grant's credentials, any other response would have been astonishing, for in addition to being medical director of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company and medi-

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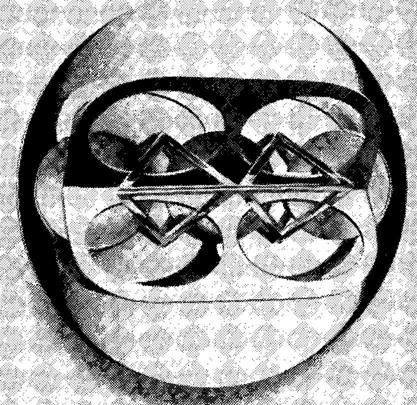

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cal consultant to Pittsburgh Corning, he was a member of the American Medical Association, the American Industrial Hygiene Association, and the American Academy of Occupational Medicine, and would one day become president of the American College of Preventive Medicine.

In any case, in December of 1966 Dr. Grant paid a visit to Dr. George A. Hurst, clinical director of the East Texas Chest Hospital—a branch of the Texas State Department of Health that happens to be in Tyler—and asked him to conduct a medical survey of the workers at the Pittsburgh Corning plant to determine if they were encountering health problems as a result of their exposure to asbestos. Dr. Hurst immediately set about designing a study of the workers, which included physical examinations, questionnaires, X-rays, and pulmonary-function tests. On February 3, 1967, having received approval from his superiors at the Texas State Department of Health, in Austin, he wrote Dr. Grant that the study could be conducted at a cost to Pittsburgh Corning of forty-two hundred dollars, and that, upon Dr. Grant's approval, it would be started by the first of May and completed as soon as possible.

On March 7th, however, Dr. Grant wrote a letter informing Dr. Hurst that Pittsburgh Corning had decided to forgo the proposed study in favor of some studies that would be conducted by Dr. Lewis J. Cralley, who was associate program chief for field studies and epidemiology in the Public Health Service's Division of Occupational Health, in Cincinnati. Dr. Grant explained that the Public Health Service had been interested for some time in doing environmental and medical studies of the asbestos-products industry, and had recently agreed to include Pittsburgh Corning's plants in Tyler and Port Allegany in the environmental study. According to Dr. Grant, the Public Health Service did not then have sufficient funds to perform the medical study but hoped to receive additional money for that purpose in July. "For this reason, I would like to hold off until July on making a final decision on your proposed medical study," he wrote Dr. Hurst. "Our management is vitally interested in accomplishing the medical study but would like the U.S.P.H.S. to accomplish it as part of their total study. If U.S.P.H.S. can't do the medical study, they would like to consider your proposal further."

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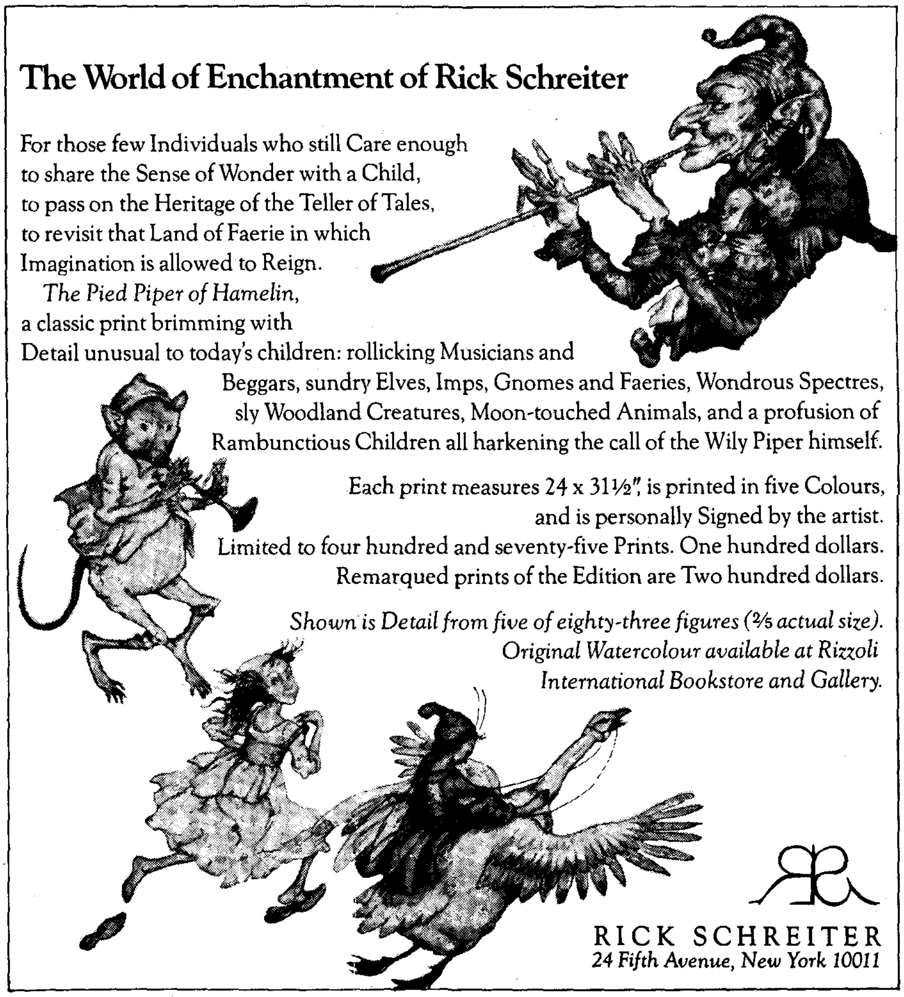

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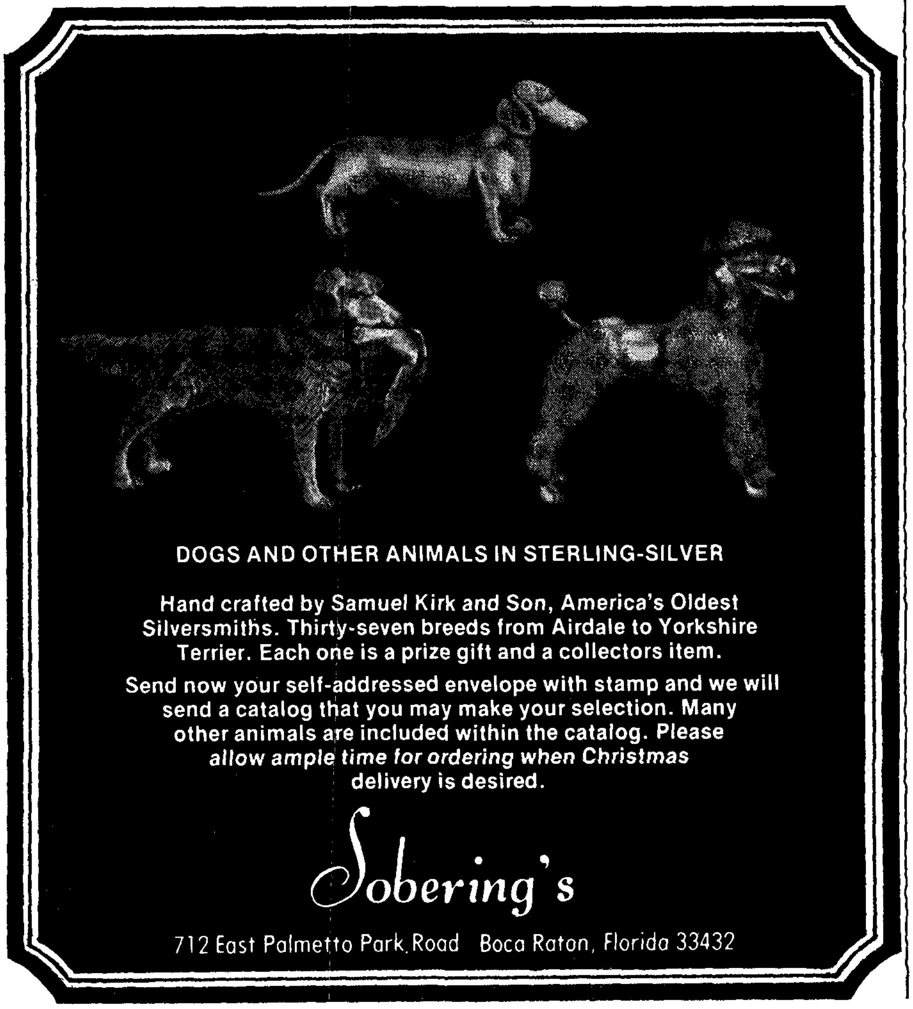

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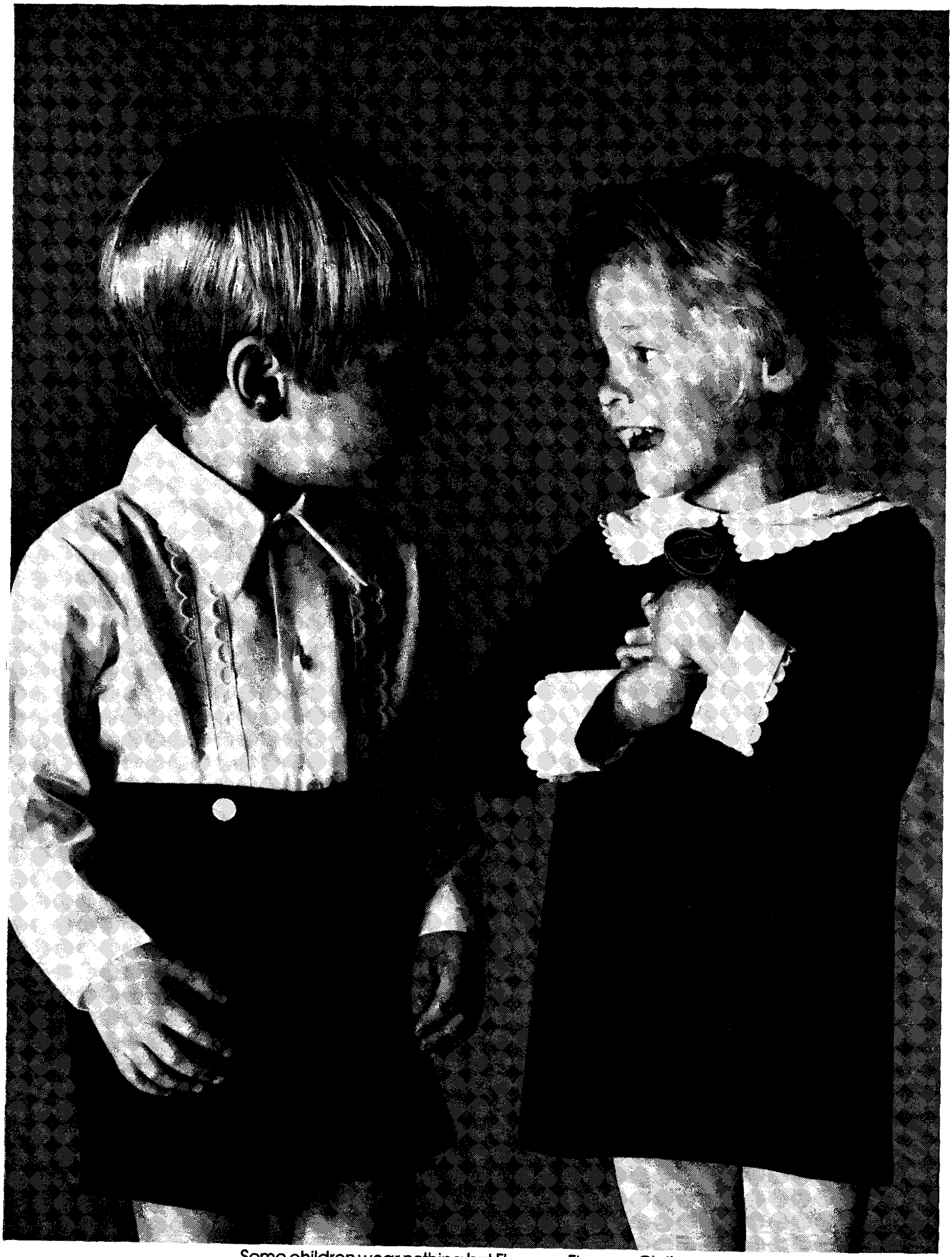

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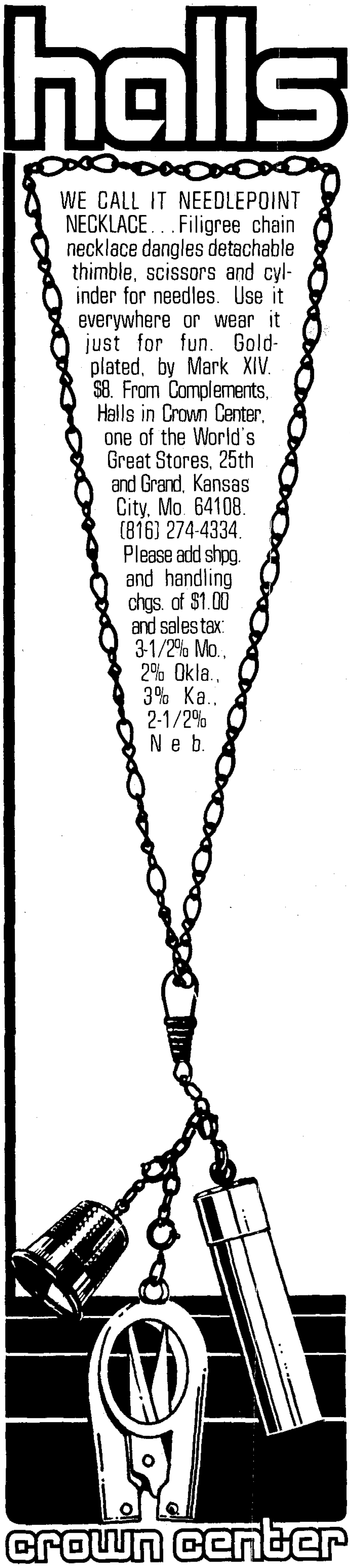

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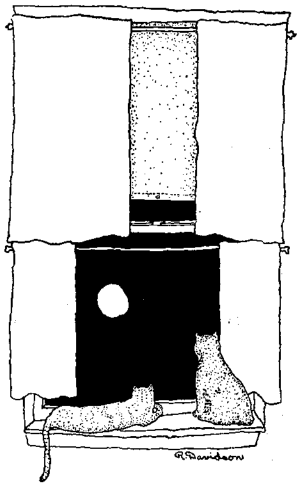
eighty-two samples of air in the factory, was conducted on March 20, 1967, by engineers sent there by Dr. Cralley. However, more than a year passed before Dr. Cralley's people got around to informing Pittsburgh Corning of the results of the survey. The report was dated March 27, 1968, and it was sent to J. W. McMillan, the works manager of the Tyler plant, with copies to Dr. Grant and Dr. Cralley. In many respects, McMillan must have found it a baffling document. On the one hand, it informed him that when twenty-seven of the air samples collected in his factory were analyzed by a standard method, dust concentrations exceeded the threshold limit value of five million particles per cubic foot "in a number of locations." On the other hand, it indicated that when the air samples were analyzed by a new method in use in Great Britain (and soon afterward adopted in the United States), asbestos-fibre counts were considered high in forty-four of the fifty-five other samples. (The fact was that in five of the samples the asbestos-fibre count was twenty to thirty times the range that was considered high by the British Occupational Hygiene Society. Moreover, with the exception of Pittsburgh Corning's plant in Port Allegany, where asbestos-dust levels were also very high, the over-all asbestos-fibre counts in the Tyler factory were far greater than those measured in any of some thirty other asbestos-products factories that had been surveyed by the Division of Occupational Health during the previous three years.) In spite of this, the report made no mention that a health hazard might exist at the Tyler plant, nor did it advise the works manager of the factory to improve the ventilation system or to institute better housekeeping practices—or, indeed, to correct any condition that might have led to the excessive fibre counts it described. Instead, the report concluded by telling him that "your coöperation in this study is sincerely appreciated and the data gained from your plant are of considerable value." It is not known whether the works manager had the benefit of any medical interpretation of the report. Nor is it known whether he had any other way of ascertaining the dimensions of the health hazard that existed in his factory. It is known, however, that two years later he died of mesothelioma.



SINCE the primary responsibility of the Division of Occupational Health was to protect workers from occupational disease, the omission from its report of any concern for the health of the workers at the Tyler plant seems puzzling, to say the least. Part of the trouble undoubtedly stemmed from the roundabout manner in which the Occupational Health people had to go about their business, for at the time they had no legal authority to enter and inspect factories and no enforcement power of their own. To gain access to factories, they had to be expressly invited by state departments of labor, or by the few state departments of health that had rights of access, or, as in the case of Pittsburgh Corning's Tyler plant and the other asbestos plants they were studying, by the companies that owned the factories. Since the Occupational Health people usually had to go hat in hand to industry in order to initiate their asbestos field studies, they appear to have felt a certain constraint about using the information they gathered. For example, in making arrangements to gain access to plants and take air samples, field-studies engineers invariably gave oral assurance to plant management that the identity of individual factories would be kept confidential and would be released only to the appropriate state agencies. In practice, however, the Division of Occupational Health almost never forwarded interpretations of the health consequences of its findings to state agencies, and in most cases it didn't even send them the sampling data—the report on the Tyler plant being no exception—and that, in effect, prevented any possibility of action to remedy any health hazards. The pledge of confidentiality, of course, precluded any possibility that the data collected in the surveys would be made known to the workers whose health was being affected or to the unions representing them. Moreover, in order not to embarrass management or make workers apprehensive, the government engineers who took air samples during the environmental surveys not only were forbidden to discuss the nature of their activities with any workers they en-

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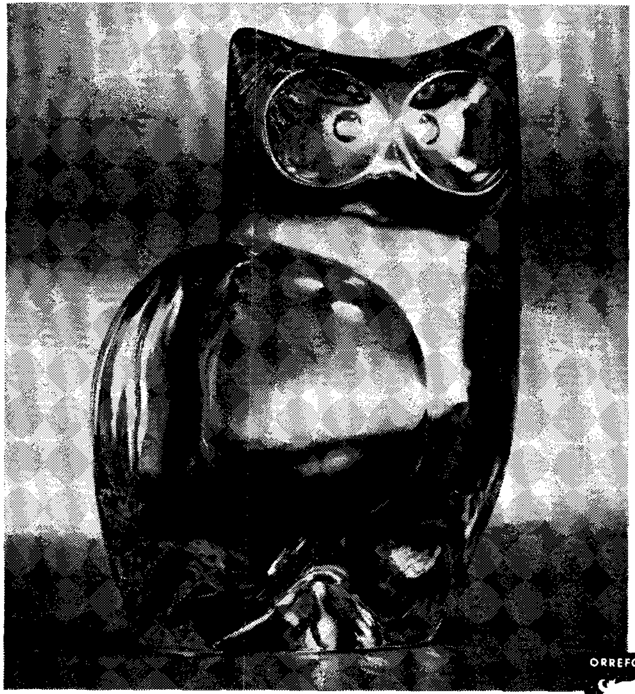

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countered but were also instructed not to wear respirators, which would have afforded them some protection against the hazard of inhaling asbestos dust. As a further extension of this solicitous policy toward industry, the Occupational Health people were careful not to alarm management by reporting in writing the existence of health hazards in any of the asbestos factories they surveyed or by recommending improvements in ventilation equipment and housekeeping procedures to reduce the levels of asbestos dust. In short, they simply took air samples, analyzed them, and reported fibre counts, without drawing any inference as to what the fibre counts might mean in terms of the health and well-being of the men who were exposed to them.

In order to understand more fully what lay behind this practice, it might be helpful to examine the attitude toward asbestos disease held by the people who were in charge of the asbestos field studies at that time. As it happens, I spent several hours one afternoon in March of 1968—a week or so before the report on the Tyler plant was sent out—discussing the asbestos problem with Dr. Cralley and some of his associates in the Division of Occupational Health. At the time, I was looking into the biological effects of asbestos, and I had flown out to Cincinnati to see Dr. Cralley at the suggestion of Dr. Murray C. Brown, who was then chief of the Division of Occupational Health, with offices in Washington, D.C. Dr. Cralley, who received a Ph.D. in industrial hygiene from the State University of Iowa, had joined the Public Health Service in 1941. At the time of our meeting, he had been in charge of epidemiology and field studies for the Division of Occupational Health for nearly four years. He was a fellow of the American Public Health Association, a past chairman of its Occupational Health Section, a past chairman of the American Conference of Governmental Industrial Hygienists, a member of the Committee on Asbestosis and Cancer of the International Union Against Cancer, and an adjunct assistant professor of environmental health at the University of Cincinnati.

At the beginning of our conversation, Dr. Cralley explained that the asbestos-field-studies program had two components—an environmental team, which had been taking dust counts in asbestos-textile and friction-materials plants since 1964, and a medical-epidemiological team, which would soon begin to give X-ray examinations, pulmo-

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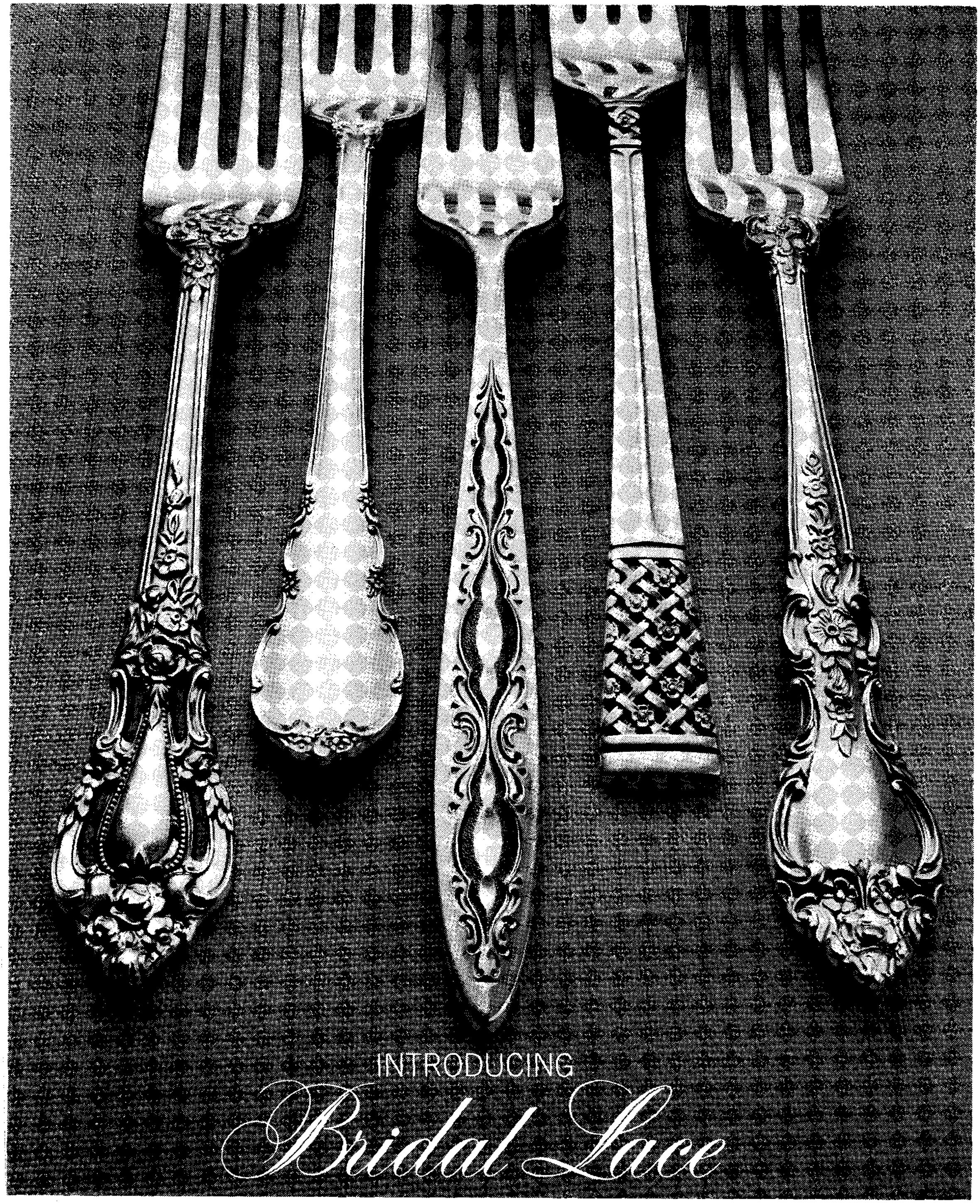

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nary-function tests, and blood tests to five thousand men who worked in these factories. He did not tell me that his engineers had already conducted environmental surveys of Pittsburgh Corning's insulation plants in Tyler and Port Allegany, perhaps because the initial focus of the field-studies program was into other areas of the asbestos-products industry, and these two surveys were exceptions. According to Dr. Cralley, the purpose of the field-studies program was to establish criteria for a possible lowering of the threshold limit value for asbestos. It would take many years to develop these criteria, however, for Dr. Cralley's medical studies of the asbestos-factory workers were designed to proceed from the time of first examination, rather than to reconstruct the events of the past, as Dr. Selikoff's and Dr. Hammond's study of the asbestos-insulation workers had done. Dr. Cralley explained that it would take from two to four years to complete the first medical examinations of the five thousand men he proposed to study, and that if funds were available the men would be reëxamined every five years thereafter. "By following these men for the next fifteen or twenty years, we hope to establish a dose-response relationship for asbestosis," he told me. "Then we'll try to determine what level of exposure carries with it no discernible health hazard."

When I asked Dr. Cralley if this twenty-year-from-now evaluation would take into consideration the development of lung cancer and mesothelioma, he replied that it would not—that he was interested only in asbestosis. I then asked him about the medical studies indicating that mesothelioma could occur with minor exposure to asbestos, and he shrugged and replied that in his opinion the association between mesothelioma and asbestos was not proved.

At this point, Dr. William S. Lainhart, assistant chief of field studies in charge of the medical-environmental team, who was sitting in on our talk, explained that since the main purpose of the program was to trace the natural history of asbestos disease, little would be known about the incidence of lung cancer or mesothelioma until the five thousand men under study were reëxamined in future years. "Ideally, we'd like to take a bunch of twenty-year-olds, put them into an asbestos plant where we know the exact dust levels, and observe them for the next fifty years, or until they die," he said. "Of course, we can't do that. We have to

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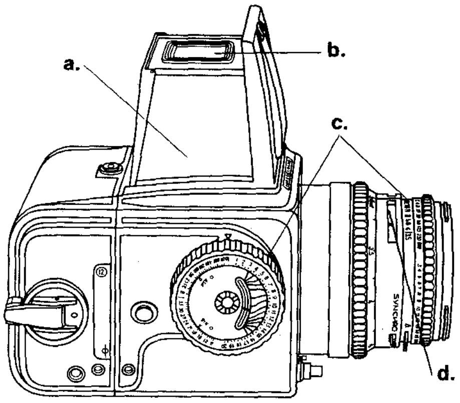

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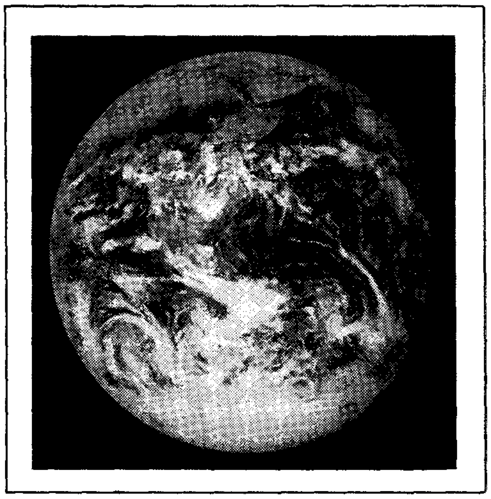

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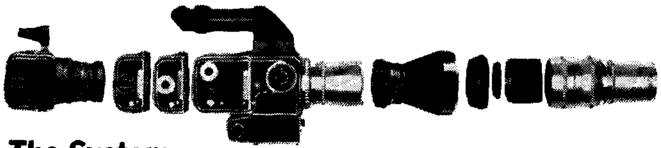

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devise studies that are practical. For this reason, we estimate that it will take us from fifteen to twenty years to evaluate with any accuracy the medical effects of today's environment in the asbestos industry."

When I asked about the high rate of asbestosis, lung cancer, and mesothelioma that was already afflicting workers in the asbestos industry, Dr. Cralley told me that such diseases were the result of exposures sustained over the past twenty years or so, and that because great improvements had been made in ventilation systems and industrial-hygiene procedures in the meantime, he expected to find much less disease in the future. When I asked him what he would consider a high rate of disease in the men he proposed to examine, he replied that he would not care to estimate. "We'll have to come to that when we come to it," he said. "Remember that practically everyone is susceptible to chest disease to some extent, and that you can get chest disease even from digging in your garden. With the means we now have at hand, we can only *assume* that asbestosis and other diseases are related to asbestos exposure. Our first priority, therefore, is to study our five thousand men over a long period, and use our observations of what happens to them as the criteria for developing a new standard."

At the close of our meeting, I asked Dr. Cralley why, in view of the fact that asbestosis and cancer had afflicted great numbers of asbestos workers since the turn of the century, it had taken so long for the government to begin studying asbestos in earnest. Dr. Cralley said he didn't know. "All I know is that the first real interest came from industry," he told me. "They asked for our help back in 1964, and they have coöperated with us magnificently."

Since it was my understanding that the asbestos industry had never been particularly eager to have its operations scrutinized, I was surprised to hear this, and asked Dr. Cralley what segment of the industry had made the request for help and coöperated so magnificently. "The Asbestos Textile Institute," he replied.

WHATEVER interpretation one wishes to place upon the rather leisurely approach to the problem of asbestos disease by the administrators of the asbestos-field-studies program, the fact remains that during the first seven years of its existence the program placed no emphasis at all upon control of dust levels in asbestos factories, or upon preventive measures for the work-

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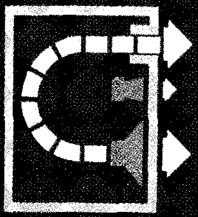

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ers who were exposed to the dust. Indeed, almost all the meaningful data about dust levels in asbestos factories which were acquired by the program between 1964 and 1971 simply accumulated in the files of its Cincinnati offices, as did all the data on the medical examinations of asbestos workers it conducted after 1968. For its part, the asbestos industry seems to have been quite content with this quiet state of affairs. On the one hand, it could state publicly that, with its assistance, the United States Public Health Service was investigating the possible hazards of industrial exposure to asbestos. On the other hand, it could rest assured privately that, because of the long-term nature of these studies, no information would be forthcoming for many years, and that, because of the pledge of confidentiality, none of it would find its way into the hands of anyone who might seek to remedy any hazards that were found in the meantime.

As for the Tyler plant, it seems to have been considered a kind of fluke by almost everyone concerned. By March of 1968, the medical study of the workers in which Pittsburgh Corning was supposed to be vitally interested was either forgotten or held in abeyance. Dr. Grant never did anything further about the study that Dr. Hurst had designed, and Dr. Cralley and his associates in the Division of Occupational Health never got around to conducting their study. Meanwhile, as the health situation at the Tyler plant was going from bad to worse to appalling, a parade of government inspectors continued to troop through the place without any apparent awareness of the hazards that were staring them in the face. On February 13, 1969, still another safety-and-health inspection of the factory was conducted, this time by industrial-hygiene engineers from the Dallas regional office of the United States Department of Labor's Wage and Labor Standards Administration. The Department of Labor inspectors were authorized to enforce the industrial-health regulations of the Walsh-Healey Act of June 30, 1936, which had been amended to apply to companies holding federal contracts in excess of ten thousand dollars. They found a number of unsatisfactory conditions in the plant, including, again, a substandard ventilation system and inconsistent use of respirators by the workers, and they proceeded to take air samples in six areas of the plant to determine the asbestos-dust levels. By that time, in spite of the foot-dragging of the Division of Occu-

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pational Health, the American Conference of Governmental Industrial Hygienists had proposed that the threshold limit value be lowered from five million particles per cubic foot (the standard that had been in effect for more than twenty years) to two million particles per cubic foot, the first of a series of downward revisions they were to consider—each an admission that previously recommended guidelines had allowed workers to inhale concentrations of dust now deemed harmful. (The two million particles were considered the equivalent of twelve asbestos fibres longer than five microns per cubic centimetre of air—five microns being one-five-thousandth of an inch, and a cubic centimetre of air being an amount equal to what might be contained in a small thimble.) The Department of Labor inspectors, however, not only had no equipment to measure asbestos-fibre counts in terms of the proposed conference standard but analyzed the air samples they took in terms of a standard applicable not to asbestos, a known carcinogen, but, rather, to nontoxic nuisance dusts, such as wood dust and chalk powder. As a result, they failed to realize that even the new standard for asbestos was being exceeded dozens of times over in the Tyler plant, and contented themselves with recommending that Pittsburgh Corning issue respirators to employees working in dusty areas of the plant. What seems especially ironic about this is that back in the forties, when UNARCO was operating its Paterson factory—the one upon which the Tyler plant was modelled—not only had it paid its employees five cents extra an hour to wear respirators, which they were obliged to do by insurance underwriters anyway, but it had also repeatedly pointed out to the workers that wearing respirators was a precaution that should always be taken in any asbestos factory, and had threatened to fire men who refused to wear them.

As for the inadequate ventilation system, the Department of Labor inspectors recommended in their report (which was sent to James H. Bierer, the president of Pittsburgh Corning, and to Charles E. Van Horne, who had recently become the manager of the Tyler plant) that the company "make a study of the present system with professional advisers and come up to standard, or present qualified proof that the present system is operating, within the minimum specified ventilating range." Instead of reinspecting the Tyler plant to make certain that the company had complied with these recommendations, however, the Department of Labor people simply took Pittsburgh Corning's word that approved respirators would be issued to its employees and that the ventilation system would be improved. Indeed, nobody from the Department of Labor visited the factory again until November of 1971.

For its part, Pittsburgh Corning asserts that by May of 1969 the wearing of approved respirators was required for all employees in the Tyler plant—an assertion that is denied by most of the men who worked there—and that the ventilation system had been duly studied with an eye to improving it. During 1969, the company did indeed engage the services of Dr. Morton Corn, professor of occupational health at the Graduate School of Public Health of the University of Pittsburgh, who visited the Tyler and Port Allegany plants and proposed some engineering controls to bring asbestos-dust levels in them down to recommended limits. But if any significant improvements were made in the ventilation system of the Tyler plant, they were clearly not sufficient to bring the dust levels within such limits. In January of 1970, engineers from Dr. Cralley's group at the Division of Occupational Health—which by then had become the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health—returned to the factory and took seventeen air samples, and these showed the average airborne-asbestos level to be more than double the proposed twelve-fibre standard. In keeping with earlier practice, however, the engineers chose not to point out the existence of any possible health hazard in their report to Pittsburgh Corning, or to make any recommendations for lowering asbestos-dust levels in the Tyler plant. Nor did they forward their findings to the Texas State Department of Health or to any other agency with enforcement powers. Thus did the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health add to the series of virtually meaningless surveys that had begun back in July of 1963, when Pittsburgh Corning engaged the Industrial Hygiene Foundation of America to evaluate the asbestos-dust hazard in the Tyler plant. During those six and a half years, five separate studies and inspections of the factory had been conducted, and more than a hundred sam-

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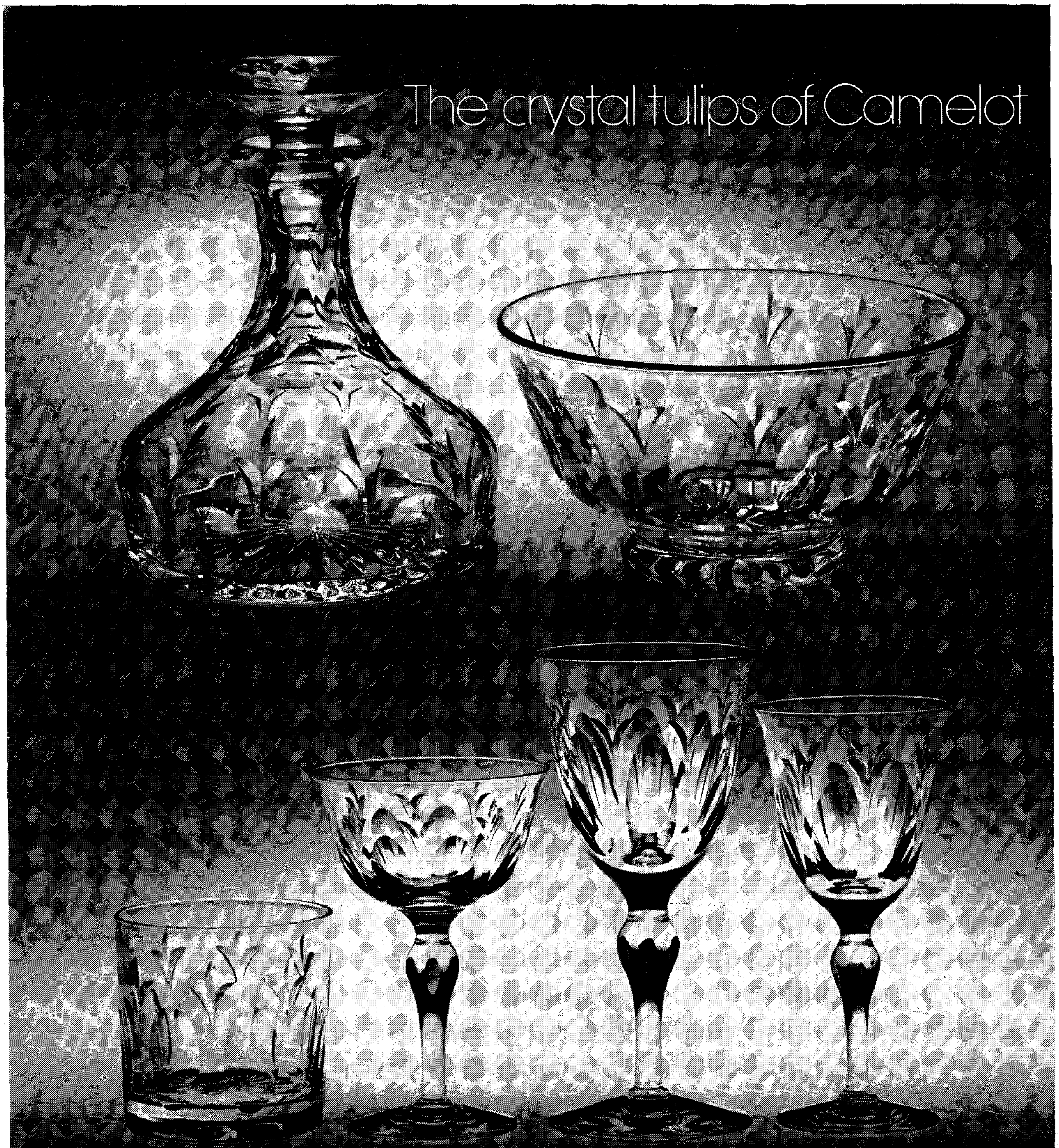
ples of air had been gathered and transported to laboratories in various parts of the country, where they had been counted, weighed, assayed, and painstakingly analyzed by industrial hygienists, who, depending on what standard they were using, had reported their findings in terms of dust particles per cubic foot or dust weight per cubic metre or fibre counts per cubic centimetre but never in terms of what the dust and fibres that the workers were inhaling might be doing to their health.

BY this time, however, some preliminary data concerning the mortality experience of the men who had worked in the UNARCO factory in Paterson were being developed, and what the data revealed might have led one to anticipate a most unhappy fate for many of the workers at the Tyler plant. With the aid of a grant from the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, which had become concerned about the potential asbestos hazard to the general public, and wanted accurate data concerning it, Dr. Selikoff had set up an asbestos-control program in Paterson in 1968, and had begun to trace the sixteen hundred and sixty-four men who had been employed at the Paterson plant between 1941, when it opened, and 1954, when Union Asbestos closed it and transferred its operations to Tyler. This was a laborious process, for Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond had only the names of the men to go on, and addresses for them that were from fourteen to twenty-seven years old. By January of 1970 they had managed to trace most of the nine hundred and thirty-three men who had worked at the factory for at least a year between 1941 and 1945, and who, if they were still alive, had passed the twenty-year mark since their initial exposure to asbestos dust. They were also able to collect death certificates for almost all of the four hundred of these men who had died. As in the case of the insulation workers in New York Local 12 and Newark Local 32, the results were alarming, for, even though the study was incomplete, the death certificates showed an extraordinarily high frequency of death resulting from asbestosis, lung cancer, gastro-intestinal cancer, and mesothelioma.

Meanwhile, Dr. Selikoff had continued to maintain a close watch on the insulation workers' health, paying particular attention to those men with more than twenty years' experience, whom he examined once or twice a year. He was thus able to detect symptoms of illness in many of these men



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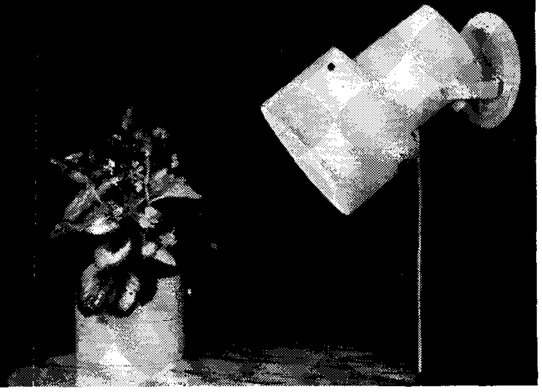

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much earlier than they might have been detected otherwise, and to observe with great accuracy the mortality experience of the three hundred and seventy men whom he had found in 1963 to be survivors of the original six hundred and thirty-two members of the union in 1942. The death rate continued to be disastrous. Between January of 1963 and March of 1968, sixty deaths would normally have been expected to occur among these men. Instead, there were a hundred and thirteen. Fifteen were caused by asbestosis, and, as with the earlier study, the rest of the excess turned out to have been caused by cancer of various kinds. Two or three bronchogenic cancers would have been normal, but twenty-eight occurred, and, where the actuarial tables predicted only two gastro-intestinal cancers, there were eight. In addition, a sharp rise in the number of mesotheliomas was observed. In the earlier study, in which none had been expected, there had been four in two hundred and fifty-five deaths; between 1963 and 1968, thirteen of these rare tumors were found in a hundred and thirteen deaths.

In the spring of 1969, Dr. Selikoff presented these findings to the International Conference on Pneumoconiosis, in Johannesburg, South Africa, which was attended by dozens of scientists from all over the world—among them Dr. Brown, the chief of the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health, who had been designated a vice-president of the conference, and Dr. Cralley, who had become director of the Bureau's Division of Epidemiology and Special Services. By this time, Dr. Selikoff and other scientists had developed reliable data to show that the insulation workers whose disastrous mortality experience he had documented had developed asbestosis or cancer by working in areas of asbestos dust whose levels were considerably below the twelve-fibre standard proposed by the American Conference of Governmental Industrial Hygienists. Armed with this data, Dr. Selikoff recommended to the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health in October of 1969 that an interim level for asbestos be set at two fibres per cubic centimetre—a standard that had also been recommended by the British Occupational Hygiene Society, and had been adopted by Her Majesty's Inspectorate of Factories. Dr. Selikoff pointed out that such a standard was intended only for the prevention of asbestosis, and not of cancer, which might well be associated with exposure levels below those resulting in asbestosis. By

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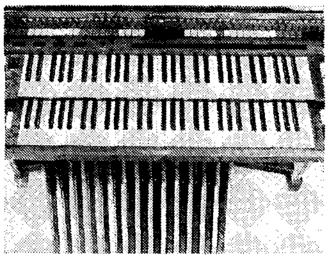

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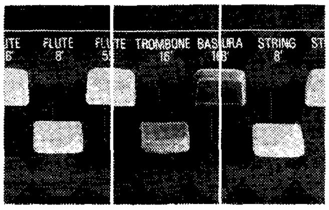

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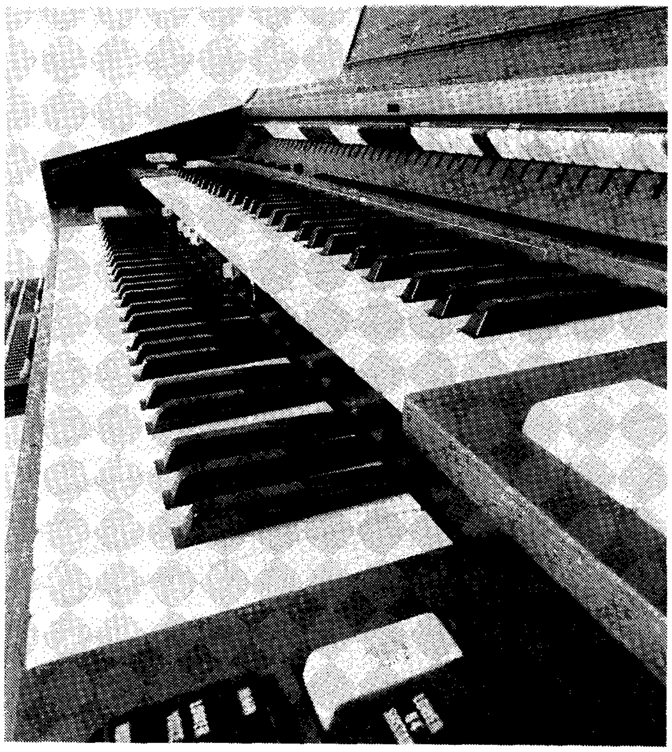

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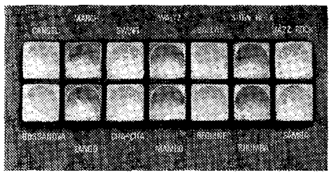

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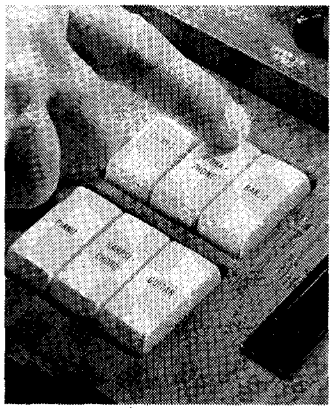

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way of emphasizing this possibility, he pointed out that among the insulation workers there were as many excess deaths resulting from mesothelioma as from asbestosis, and twice as many excess deaths resulting from lung cancer. In spite of the alarming data supporting Dr. Selikoff's recommendation for a lower level, the bureau's asbestos experts appear to have been unconvinced that such action was necessary. A year later, when the bureau finally got around to proposing a standard for asbestos, it settled upon the twelve-fibre standard. As usual, the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health was lagging far behind, for by this time—the autumn of 1970—the Conference of Hygienists had proposed lowering the level for asbestos to five fibres.

To more fully comprehend the absurdity of such proposals and recommendations, one should know that there are always many fibres smaller than five microns in length in any amount of air containing asbestos dust. In fact, most experts in the field readily acknowledge that there may be hundreds, if not thousands, of these smaller fibres, or fibrils—tinier particles into which asbestos fibres readily fragment—simultaneously present for each one longer than five microns. (Indeed, if it were not for the electron microscope, the extent to which asbestos is fibrous would be difficult to believe, for approximately a million individual fibrils can lie side by side in a linear inch of chrysotile asbestos, whereas about four thousand glass fibres—such as those found in various insulation materials—or six hundred human hairs can be aligned along the same distance.) Little is known about the disease potential of fibres smaller than five microns in length; nor does anyone know how many asbestos fibres of any length must be inhaled in order to induce scarring of the lungs, cancer, and mesothelioma. Why, then, count only fibres longer than five microns—which, in effect, constitute only a tiny portion of the total? The reason is simply that the average industrial-hygiene laboratory is equipped with an ordinary phase-contrast optical microscope, capable of resolving only relatively large particles, whereas most particles smaller than five microns can often be seen only by electron microscopy, which is expensive and not readily available. Hence, even though recommended standards of two, five, or twelve fibres greater than five microns in length per cubic centimetre, or thimbleful, of air might actually reflect a hundred, or even a thousand, asbestos fibres per thimbleful, such

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standards have continually been justified on the basis of economic feasibility, sheer convenience, and wishful thinking—in other words, in the hope that counting only the larger particles would at least serve as an index for measuring the contamination of the air being studied. As for how these patently and admittedly inaccurate counts of fibres per thimbleful can be translated in terms of the lungs of asbestos workers, it should be pointed out that in a normal eight-hour working day a normal worker will breathe in and out about eight cubic metres of air. Since each cubic metre contains a million cubic centimetres, or a million thimblefuls, the worker is breathing in and out eight million thimblefuls of air each day. Thus, an asbestos worker toiling in an environment that is supposed to contain, say, only two fibres greater than five microns in length per thimbleful of air can in fact be inhaling anywhere from eight hundred million to eight billion asbestos fibres and fibrils of all sizes each day. No one knows for sure how many of these inhaled particles may subsequently be exhaled, but recent studies of the aerodynamics of asbestos fibres suggest that as many as fifty per cent of the fibres may well be retained in the lungs. Not that anyone needs aerodynamic studies to prove that the lungs will retain vast numbers of asbestos fibres. That has been proved beyond a doubt by Dr. Langer, of the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory, who, using electron microscopy to analyze lung-tissue specimens in autopsies of asbestos workers, has been able to calculate that as many as a hundred thousand billion to a million billion asbestos fibres and fibrils had accumulated over the years in the lungs of some of them. However, even as late as the autumn of 1970, no one in the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health or, for that matter, in the independent medical community (let alone in the boardrooms of the asbestos industry) was talking about the hazard in terms of human lungfuls of literally billions upon billions of asbestos fibres. Everyone was talking about it, as almost everyone still is, in the euphemistic terms of thimblefuls of air containing two, five, or, at the very most, a dozen fibres. In this way did a few needles become the metaphor for—indeed, the medically and scientifically accepted definition of—a whole haystack.

At the end of 1970, however, an event occurred that showed some promise of overcoming the ignorance, laxity, and confusion that had so long enveloped the asbestos problem and other occupational-health problems. On December 29th, after two years of prodding from industrial unions, led by the United Steelworkers of America and the Industrial Union Department of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., Congress passed Public Law 91-596—the first comprehensive occupational-health legislation it had enacted since the Walsh-Healey Act of 1936. Known as the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970, Public Law 91-596 sought to "assure safe and healthful working conditions for working men and women," and under its terms the federal government was authorized to develop and set mandatory occupational-safety-and-health standards applicable to any business that engaged in interstate commerce. The Secretary of Labor was given the authority to promulgate improved standards, and to enforce them by conducting inspections of factories and other workplaces and by issuing citations and imposing penalties if the standards were violated. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was made responsible for developing criteria for the establishment of the safety and health standards, including regulations for dealing with toxic materials and harmful physical agents and for instituting education and training programs to produce an adequate supply of manpower to carry out the provisions of the Act. So that the department could perform these functions, the Act provided for a National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, called NIOSH, which replaced the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health, and which was also given authority to enter factories for inspections and investigations, but, since the Act did not go into effect until April 28, 1971, and since NIOSH did not begin its operations until June 30th of that year, little or nothing was done during the next few months to resolve the problem of industrial exposure to asbestos. This delay was disheartening to many trade-union people and to independent medical researchers, who had hoped for quick action on a new asbestos standard. However, the business-as-usual attitude that had characterized government policy toward the operations of the asbestos industry for so long was about to be shattered by a series of disclosures that, fittingly, would have

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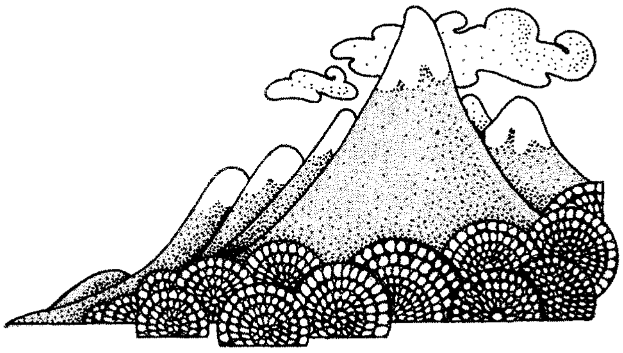

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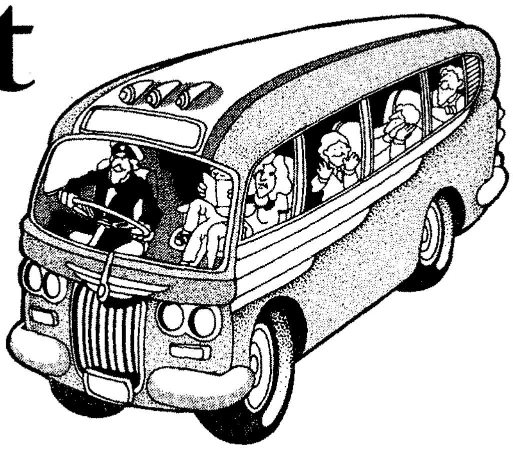

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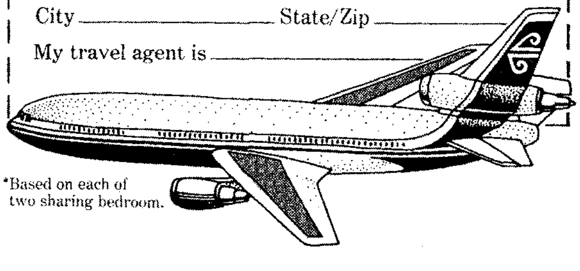

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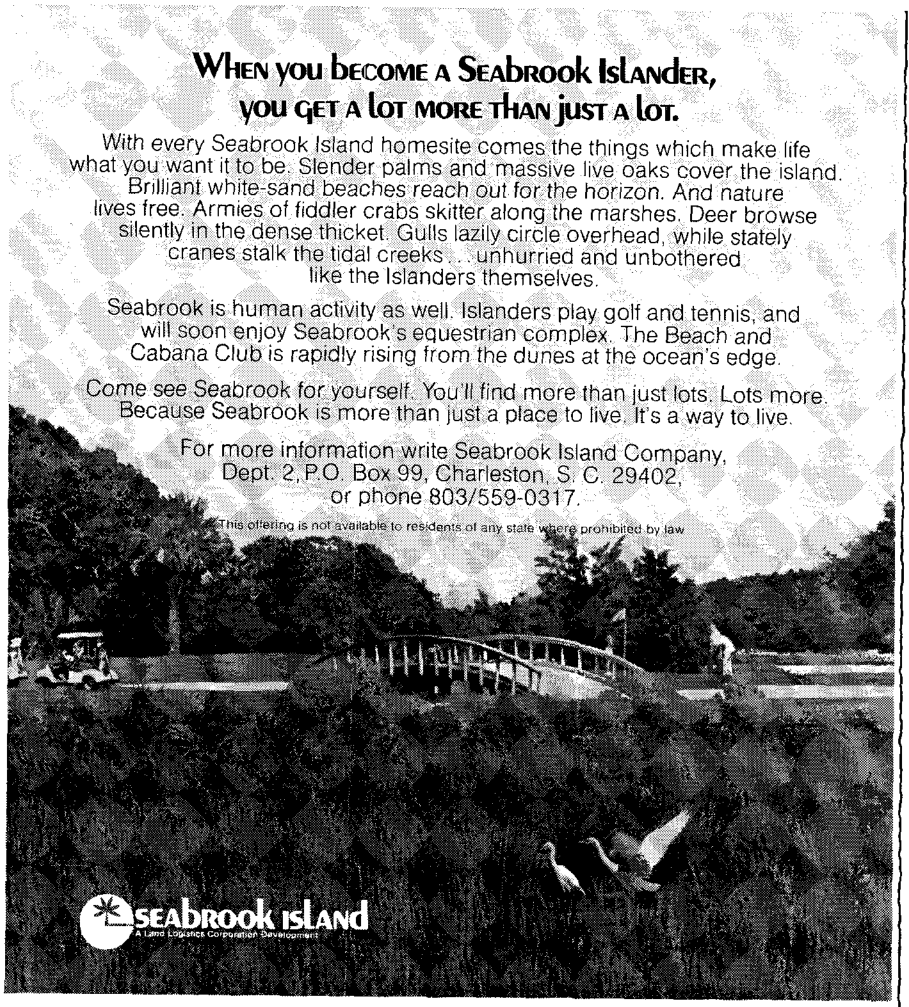

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their apotheosis in the revelation of the atrocious working conditions that had prevailed through the years at the Tyler plant.

THE new turn of events got started on May 20, 1971, when industrial hygienists from the Meadville office of the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Resources sent Pittsburgh Corning a report on some recent inspections they had made at the company's insulation plant at Port Allegany, a small town in the northwestern part of the state. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania had not yet adopted the standard of twelve fibres per cubic centimetre, so the hygienists who inspected the Port Allegany plant were using the long-outmoded standard of five million particles per cubic foot, which is roughly the equivalent of thirty fibres per cubic centimetre. Even though Pittsburgh Corning had installed some new ventilating equipment in the factory during the previous two years, the inspectors found that dust levels exceeded the old standard in five of twenty-five air samples. In one of the samples, the count was more than twenty-six million particles, which meant that there may have been approximately a hundred and fifty fibres per cubic centimetre of air in that location—five times the outdated standard. Such dust levels—and even higher ones—had, of course, been found and ignored in the Tyler plant for years, and the management of Pittsburgh Corning may well have come to expect this process to be repeated elsewhere. The Pennsylvania inspectors, however, gave the company sixty days to improve the ventilation system and institute better housekeeping practices to reduce dust levels at the factory.

While Pittsburgh Corning's managers were mulling over this unexpected situation, some personnel changes were taking place at NIOSH that would soon cause them additional problems. Having reached retirement age, Dr. Cralley was about to leave the Division of Epidemiology and Special Services, which was being reorganized into the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations. A number of positions in the new division had opened up, among them that of chief medical officer, and it was filled on July 1st, with the appointment of a thirty-year-old doctor named William M. Johnson. A native of Olean, New York, Dr. Johnson was brought up in Saranac Lake, graduated from the Stanford University School of Medicine in 1968, interned at the State University of New

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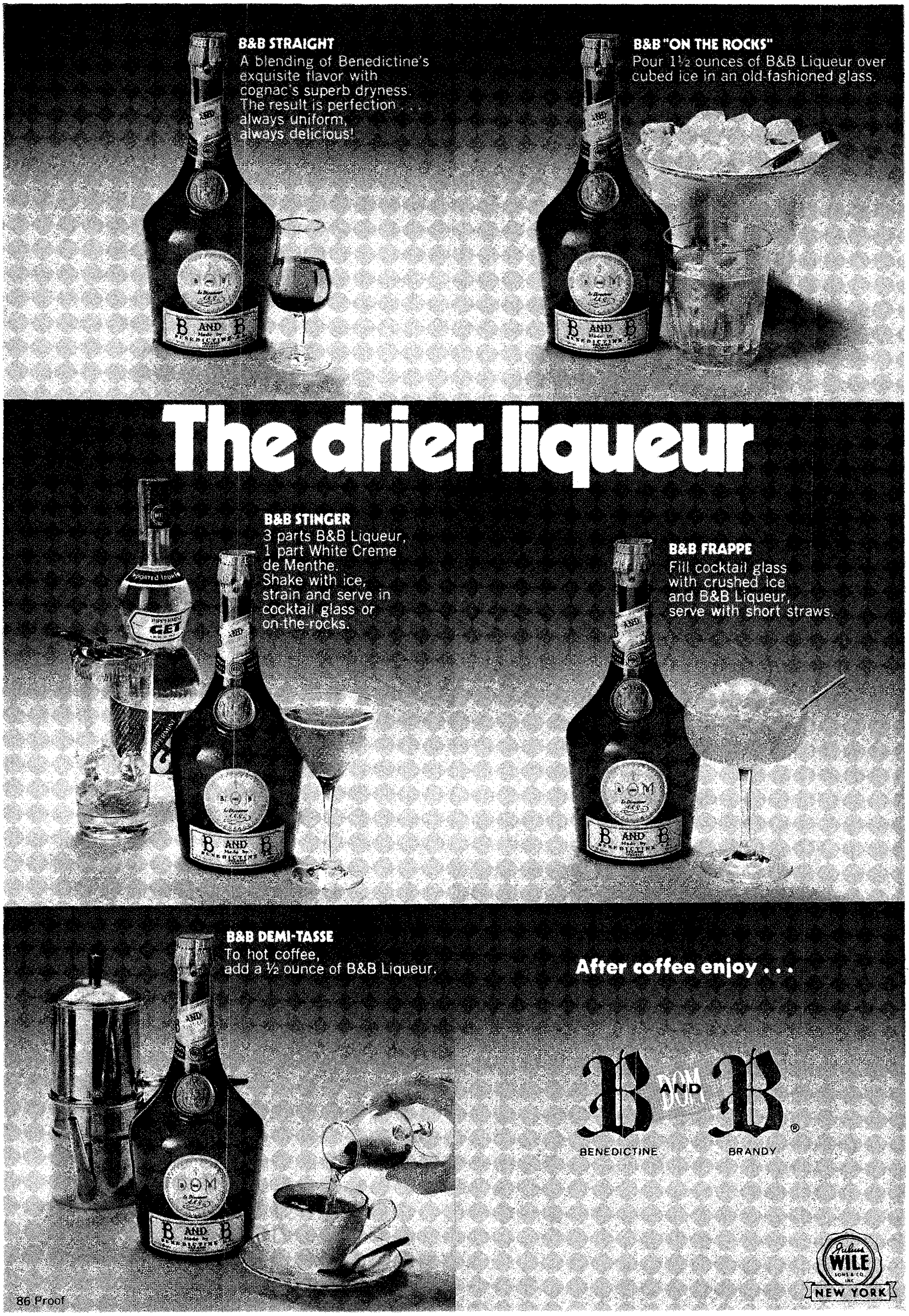

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York at Buffalo, and had just completed a two-year training program in occupational health at the Harvard School of Public Health. He had decided to fulfill his military obligation by putting in a two-year stint with the United States Public Health Service, and, as things turned out, it did not take him long to become immersed in his job there. Within a few days of Dr. Johnson's arrival at the NIOSH offices in Cincinnati, one of the engineers who had been conducting field studies under Dr. Cralley told him about the environmental surveys of asbestos factories that had been in the files for several years. "That engineer was particularly concerned about the situation at the Tyler plant," Dr. Johnson has recalled. "And when I started digging through the files myself, I realized he had good reason to be, for it was plain as day that there was an incredibly serious health problem down there. At that point, I went to Dr. Cralley and asked him whom I should see about the situation. He suggested that I get in touch with Dr. Grant, Pittsburgh Corning's medical consultant. However, when I called Dr. Grant, on July 13th, he told me there really wasn't much of a health problem at the Tyler plant, because the place was so dusty that people didn't stay around there long enough to get sick. He also told me that there were no plans to improve the factory's ventilation system, and that the company planned to convert from asbestos to mineral wool in the near future."

Since Dr. Johnson had received considerable instruction at Harvard in the effects of asbestos exposure, he was less than reassured by his conversation with Dr. Grant. During the next two weeks, he gathered as much information as he could about conditions at Tyler and Port Allegany; then he discussed the situation thoroughly with Dr. Joseph K. Wagoner, who had arrived at NIOSH on August 1st to replace Dr. Cralley as director of the new Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations. Dr. Wagoner had received his Doctor of Science degree in epidemiology and biostatistics from the Harvard School of Public Health in 1970, and had spent ten years as an epidemiologist with the Public Health Service's National Cancer Institute, where he was instrumental in the long struggle to develop and institute standards for the protection of uranium miners, who were occupationally exposed to radioactive dust. He was as seriously disturbed about the potential health hazard at Tyler as Dr. Johnson was, and together the two men

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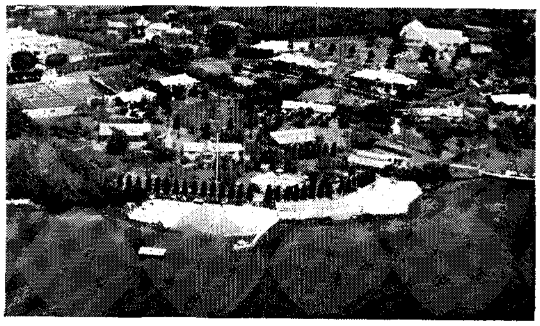

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decided to make it and other asbestos-products factories their first order of business.

In the meantime, pressed by the deadline given by the Pennsylvania state inspectors for cleaning up the Port Allegany plant, and aware of Dr. Johnson's concern about conditions at the Tyler factory, Pittsburgh Corning made a move to head off some of the pressures that were building up against its asbestos operations. On August 3rd, the company filed an application for a variance from occupational-safety-and-health standards with the Assistant Secretary for Occupational Safety and Health of the Department of Labor, in Washington. Under the terms of the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970, the Secretary of Labor could grant a variance to an employer if he determined that the employer "has demonstrated by a preponderance of the evidence that the conditions, practices, means, methods, operations, or processes used or proposed to be used by an employer will provide employment and places of employment to his employees which are as safe and healthful as those which would prevail if he complied with the standard." Pittsburgh Corning's application for a variance was signed and submitted by E. W. Holman, the vice-president in charge of manufacturing and technology—who told the Tyler *Courier-Times* that he knew of no specific Pittsburgh Corning employee suffering from significant illness as a result of working with asbestos. In the application, Holman stated that the threshold limit value for asbestos was exceeded in some areas of the company's Tyler and Port Allegany plants, that the company had been unable to comply with the required standard because of the unavailability of effective ventilation equipment, and that the ineffectiveness of the available equipment had become particularly significant since the reduction of the standard for asbestos from twelve fibres per cubic centimetre to five. The fact that such a reduction in the official standard had not taken place but had only been published as a proposed change by the Conference of Hygienists suggests that Pittsburgh Corning's managers either were afflicted with a bad case of nerves or were trying to obscure the fact that neither factory was in compliance even with the obsolete standard of five million particles per cubic foot, let alone the twelve-fibre standard itself.

The application for a variance went on to say that as of June, 1971, the company had spent nearly two hundred thousand dollars for research and

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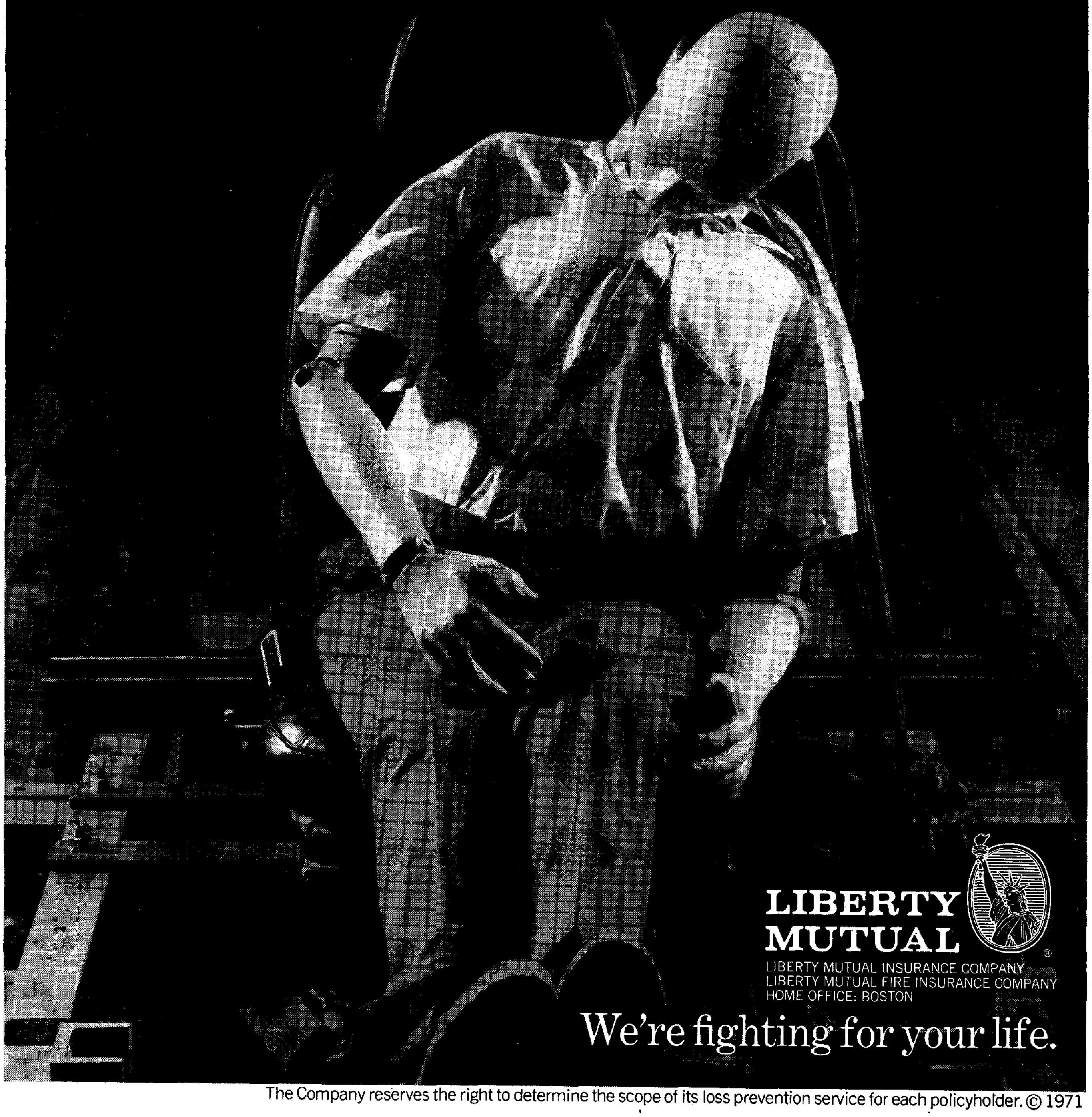

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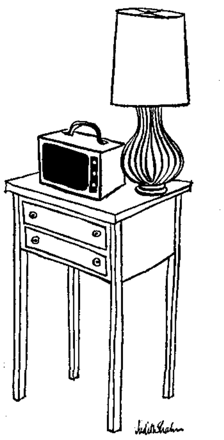
development of a mineral-wool substitute for asbestos, that it would begin to use mineral wool in some of its operations in August, and that it hoped to make a complete conversion to mineral wool at the Port Allegany and Tyler plants by the middle of 1972. As for the steps the company had taken to provide working conditions as safe and healthful as those which would prevail if the government standard for asbestos had been complied with, Holman stated that Pittsburgh Corning had supplied approved respirators and had required workers to use them; that it had also purchased and was experimenting with new respirators; that it had provided dust-collection and ventilation apparatus; that it had expanded its program of periodic medical examinations; that it had improved housekeeping procedures by the more frequent use of vacuum cleaners; and that it had "provided and will continue to provide health education programs that fully explain to its employees the health hazards associated with asbestos exposure and how they can protect themselves." In a sworn affidavit attached to the application for a variance, Dr. Grant stated that he had knowledge of the matters set forth in the application "so far as said application states that the applicant has provided for its employees health education programs that explain to said employees the health hazards associated with asbestos exposure and how they can protect themselves."

Back at the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations, in Cincinnati, several weeks were to pass before Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner would learn of Pittsburgh Corning's application for a variance. Meanwhile, on August 9th, Dr. Johnson called Horace Adrian, chief of the industrial-hygiene program of the Texas State Department of Health, in Austin, and told him of the extraordinarily high dust levels that had been found in the Tyler plant. Adrian told Dr. Johnson that he had never seen copies of any inspection of the Tyler plant—indeed, he gave Dr. Johnson the impression that he did not know the factory existed—and he would look into the situation as quickly as possible. A week later, Adrian informed Dr. Johnson that he was going to Tyler the next day, August 17th, to conduct a walk-through survey of the factory and to meet Dr. Grant, who also planned to be there. (As it turned out, the purpose of Dr. Grant's visit to Tyler on August 17th was to give the workers there an educational talk on the health hazards of asbestos exposure, which Pittsburgh Corning had already claimed to have done in its application for a variance, filed two weeks before.) On August 24th, Dr. Johnson telephoned Dr. Grant, in Pittsburgh, to tell him that the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations wanted to examine the workers at the Tyler plant. Dr. Grant replied that Dr. Hurst, of the East Texas Chest Hospital, had just finished giving the Tyler workers medical examinations, including X-rays and pulmonary-function tests, and he suggested that NIOSH might wish to defer its study of the men until the results of Dr. Hurst's tests could be made available.

In the light of this development, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner decided to hold off for the time being on their examination of the Tyler workers, and to conduct a medical survey of the men in the Port Allegany plant. (At that point, they had no idea that almost five years before Dr. Hurst had outlined a proposed—and rejected—medical study of the Tyler workers for Pittsburgh Corning.) On September 7th, in order to make arrangements for the survey of the Port Allegany workers, Dr. Johnson went to the plant, where he met Dr. Grant for the first time, and heard him give a talk to the workers on the health hazards associated with asbestos. According to Dr. Johnson, Dr. Grant indicated in his talk that the levels of asbestos dust at Port Allegany were not high enough to be considered dangerous to health. Dr. Grant also claimed that the dust levels were considerably lower than the ones that the insulation workers studied by Dr. Selikoff had been exposed to. (Actually, Dr. Selikoff had demonstrated that the insulation workers were exposed to levels of asbestos dust far below the twelve-fibre standard.) In addition, Dr. Grant implied that cigarette smoking was an important factor in the development of asbestosis, although such few data as are available indicate a very limited effect of cigarette smoking on lung scarring. (Dr. Grant may have misinterpreted some studies conducted by Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond, which showed that asbestos workers who smoke cigarettes run eight times the risk of dying of lung cancer as cigarette smokers in general, and ninety-two



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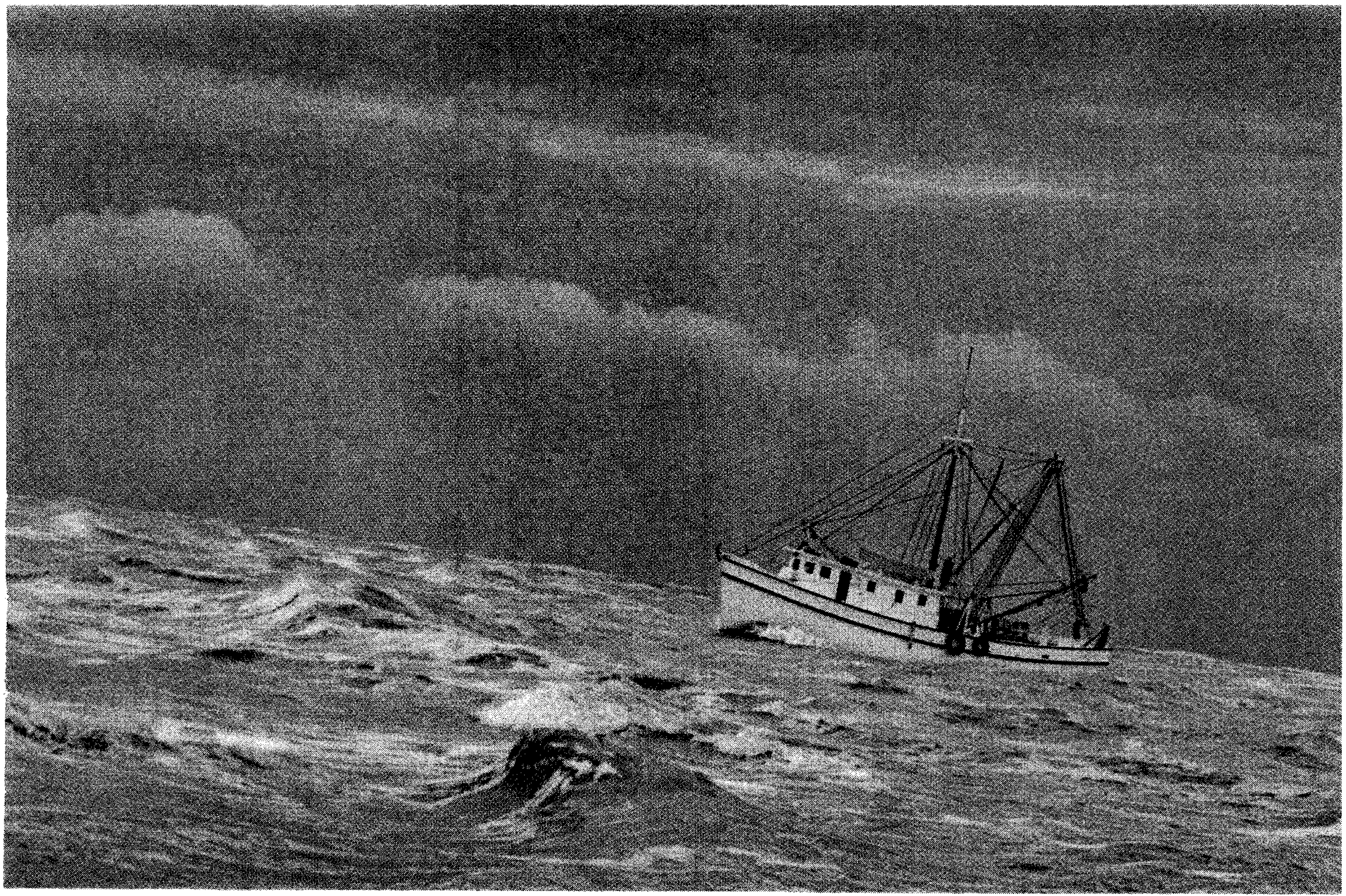

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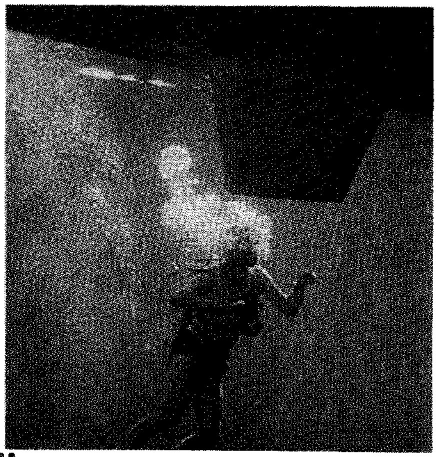

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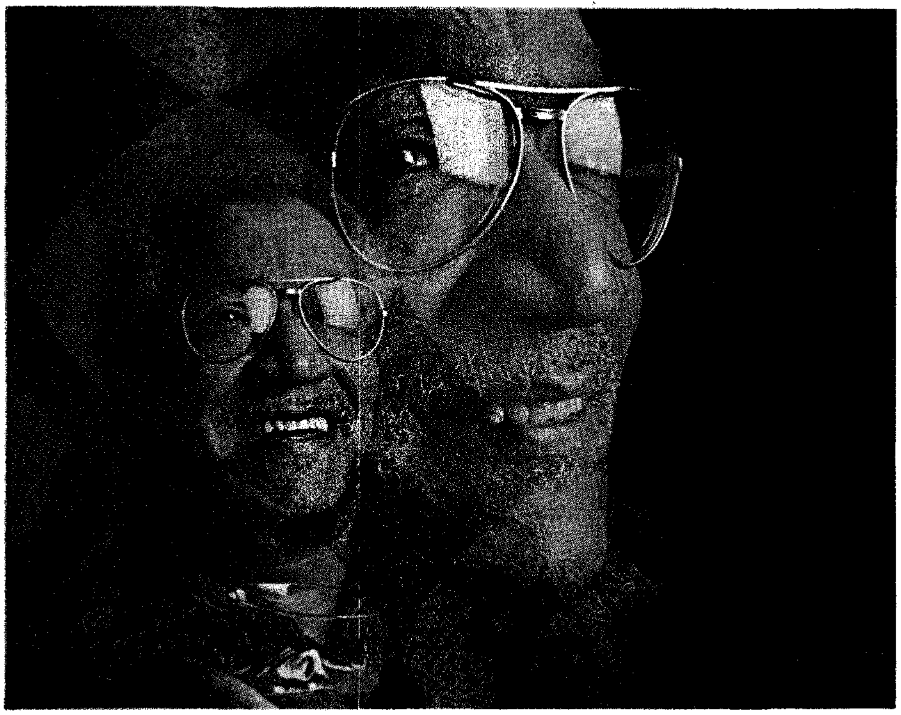
I told the scotch people I don't drink any more. Then again, I don't drink any less, either.

BY REDD FOXX



DON'T GET THE impression that I'm a heavy drinker. I only weigh 150 pounds.

Talking about drinking is part of my nightclub act. It's probably the only part of my nightclub act I can talk about in print.

But seriously, there's a Redd Foxx nobody knows. And I wish they'd find him because he's been signing my name to a lot of checks.

The thing is that underneath it all, I'm really a clean-living family man. Well, at least, a family man.

And speaking of my family, my great grandfather, Redd Foxx, the First, was the first Black political candidate in the State of Mississippi. He ran for the border and made it. And the reason he ran for the border, he said, was that the people were very clannish. He didn't mind them having hang ups, he just didn't want to be one of their hang ups.

But, I have to say, my favorite was my Uncle Nedd Foxx, the First. He was a Labor Union man. Till the day he died. In fact, he died because he was a Union man. You see, he was in this boat that sank in the middle of the Atlantic. About 12 hours from shore. Of course, he wouldn't swim any more than eight hours. After all, he wasn't getting time and a half. I admire a man who stands up for his principles. Or, in this case, goes under for them.

It was this same Uncle who gave me three pieces of advice I'll never forget.

"Marry an ugly woman," he said, "when she leaves you'll be happy."

(I did, but I'm getting tired of waiting for her to leave.)

He also said, "If you want to keep your teeth in good condition, brush them after every meal and mind your own business."

And the last thing he said...well... it slips my mind.

But with all his memorable advice, look at where Uncle Nedd ended up. In the drink.

Which brings me to the subject in hand. The drink.

When I started out as an entertainer, I used to try to make a big splash. Drove a flashy car, drank the biggest name booze.

You can understand why. I mean, I had plenty to make up for. When I was a kid, my family was so poor, I had to wear my brother's hand-me-downs at the same time he was wearing them. Things got kind of embarrassing for me when he left home.

But then came the Depression. It was a blessing for us.

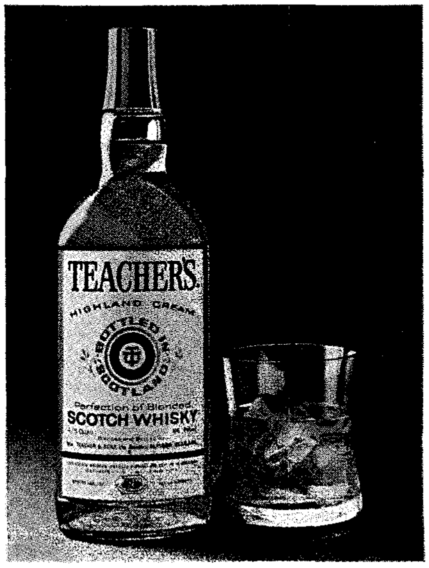
So you can understand why I started showing some flash the minute I started getting some cash.

But, these days, while I still drive a nice car, I drink for my sake, not somebody else's. So I drink Teacher's. Looking good just isn't as important to me as drinking good. And drinking Teacher's is drinking good. On the rocks, on a stool, wherever.

Well, I hope it doesn't take my kids as long to grow up as it took me.

And speaking of kids, isn't it great to watch as those precious things grow from little kernels into big nuts. Except, like any nuts, to get the most out of them, they occasionally have to be cracked. But my oldest kid is too big for me to hit. He's 6′ 3″. So I let my wife take care of him. She's 6′ 4″.

Well, this has been fun, but I have to stop now. It's time for my morning eggs and toast. I always like my eggs scrambled and my toast on the rocks.



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times the risk of men who neither work with asbestos nor smoke.) But what Dr. Johnson found most disturbing of all was Dr. Grant's assertion that, in addition to smoking cigarettes, a man would have to undergo from twenty to thirty years of exposure to asbestos before experiencing any adverse effects. Later that day, Dr. Johnson made a point of telling Dr. Grant, in the presence of union officials, that radiological evidence of pulmonary fibrosis had been found in men with less than ten years' exposure, and that there was strong medical evidence to support the belief that lung cancer and mesothelioma could occur at exposure levels far below those that could cause asbestosis. This encounter with Dr. Grant seems to have marked a turning point in Dr. Johnson's dealings with Pittsburgh Corning, for, he has explained, "I came away from it feeling that Dr. Grant had grossly minimized the hazard of working with asbestos, and I assumed that he had probably done the same thing at Tyler on August 17th." Dr. Johnson's mistrust of the company's intentions was heightened a few days after this, when he discovered that Pittsburgh Corning had filed the application for a variance with the Occupational Safety and Health Administration; he believed the application to be not only self-serving but downright false in its claim that the company had undertaken to inform its employees adequately about the hazards of working with asbestos.

In addition, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner had other reasons to fear that no immediate action would be taken to reduce the health hazard at Tyler and Port Allegany. In the middle of August, they had prepared a memorandum expressing their concern about conditions at the two plants (it also included data from Dr. Cralley's files about excess mortality among workers in several large asbestos-textile factories) and sent it to Dr. Marcus M. Key, the director of NIOSH, which had set up its headquarters in Rockville, Maryland. During August and September, as it happened, there were huge internal problems at NIOSH headquarters about how the institute should carry out its role under the Occupational Safety and Health Act and how it should coördinate its activities with those of the Department of Labor's Occupational Safety and Health Administration, which had been given responsibility for enforcing health standards under the Act. An administrative crisis ensued, with the result that no one at NIOSH headquarters

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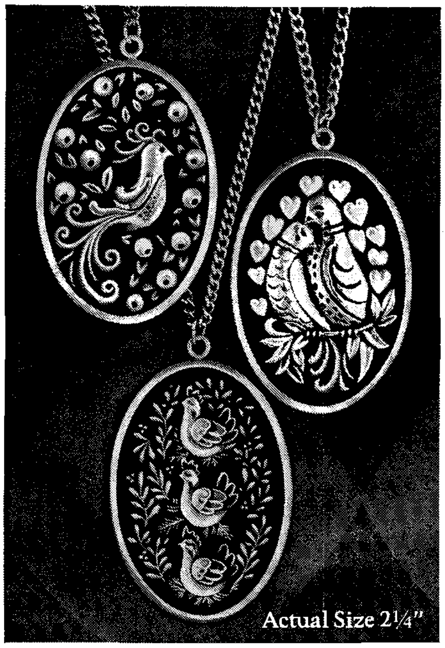

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could give Dr. Johnson or Dr. Wagoner any assurance that something would be done to alleviate the conditions at the Tyler and Port Allegany plants. Feeling increasingly frustrated, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner decided after the encounter with Dr. Grant that the situation was serious enough to warrant their taking matters into their own hands. The following week, Dr. Johnson telephoned Steven Wodka, the legislative aide for the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers International Union, and told him about the environmental studies of dust levels in the factory which he had found buried in the files. (The two men had met previously to discuss the problem of workers exposed to beryllium at the Kawecki Berylco Industries plant, in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, where, as in the case of Tyler, the Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health had gathered data about health hazards associated with a substance that the workers were exposed to but had for a number of years neglected to inform the workers of the dangers involved.) Upon learning of the situation at Tyler, Wodka immediately sent Dr. Johnson a letter requesting that he make the environmental data available, and, on September 24th, Dr. Johnson sent them off to the union's Legislative Department, in Washington, D.C.

When Wodka discussed the Tyler situation with his boss, Anthony Mazzocchi, the director of the Legislative Department, Mazzocchi remembered Dr. Selikoff's telling him about a study that he, Dr. Hammond, and Dr. Churg were conducting of the mortality experience of the men who had been employed at the Paterson plant. Mazzocchi quickly got in touch with Dr. Selikoff, who, as it turned out, had completed the first part of the study a week or two before, and was about to present his data at the Fourth International Pneumoconiosis Conference of the International Labor Office, in Bucharest, on September 29th. When Mazzocchi told him about the environmental data on the Tyler plant that Dr. Johnson was making available to the union, Dr. Selikoff sent Mazzocchi the results of his study of the Paterson workers. They were as alarming as the mortality data on the asbestos insulators. Of three hundred and thirty-three men who had been employed at the Paterson factory for a year or more between 1941 and 1945, eighty-eight had died by December 31, 1959, and fifteen could not be traced. However, Dr. Selikoff, Dr. Hammond, and their associates had managed to trace

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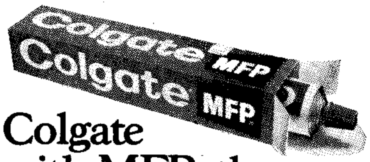

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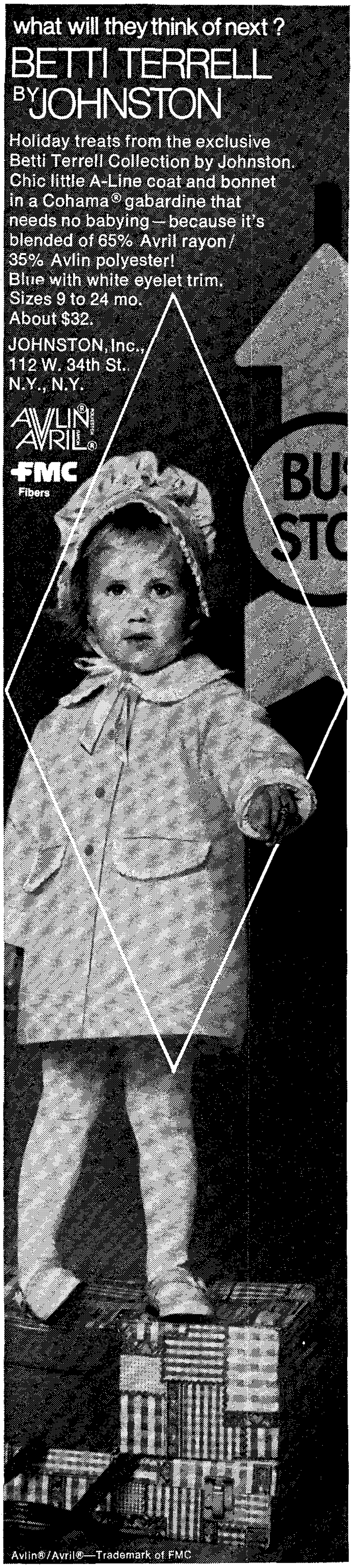

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every one of the remaining two hundred and thirty men who were alive on January 1, 1960, and had studied their experience up to June 30, 1971. Using the standard mortality tables, Dr. Hammond calculated that no more than forty-seven deaths would normally have been expected to occur among these men during that eleven-and-one-half-year period. Instead, there were a hundred and five. Fourteen of the deaths were caused by asbestosis, and, as with the insulation workers, a large majority of the excess deaths were caused by cancer. Two or three lung cancers would have been normal, but twenty-five occurred, and deaths from cancer of the stomach, the colon, and the rectum were three times what the standard mortality tables predicted. In addition, although none would normally have been expected, there were five deaths from mesothelioma.

Mazzocchi and Wodka were profoundly disturbed at the results of the Paterson study, for they could only conclude that the similarity of operations in the two factories meant that much the same thing would happen to the men at Tyler. Meanwhile, as they were trying to decide what to do, Pittsburgh Corning was informed by the Department of Labor that no action would be taken on its application for a variance from occupational-safety-and-health standards until after a public hearing, and that no hearing could be held until the spring of 1972. Since this meant that the company would be forced to comply with existing health standards until then, and since the company had failed to prove that mineral wool could be successfully substituted for asbestos in high-temperature pipe covering, the Pittsburgh Corning people found themselves in a bind. In the early part of October, therefore, they told representatives of Local 4-202, in Tyler, with whom they were negotiating a new contract, that they might have to shut the plant, but said that they wished to consider the local union's proposals on wages, health, and safety before making a final decision. When Mazzocchi and Wodka learned of the company's action, they suspected that Pittsburgh Corning was using the threat of a shutdown to force the local union to minimize its demands for improved working conditions at the Tyler plant. After consulting with representatives of Local 4-202, the two men determined that a strict-compliance program should become part of the union's contract proposal on safety and health. They then submitted a formal request to Dr. Johnson, at NIOSH, on October 7,

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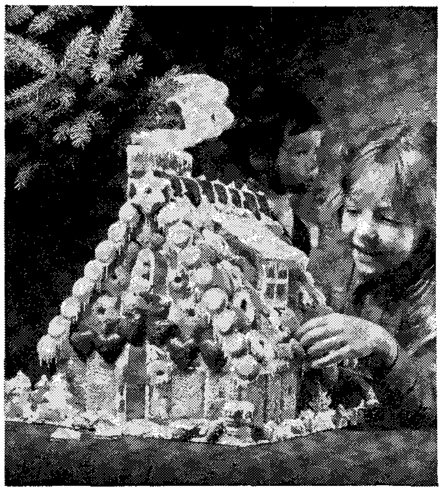

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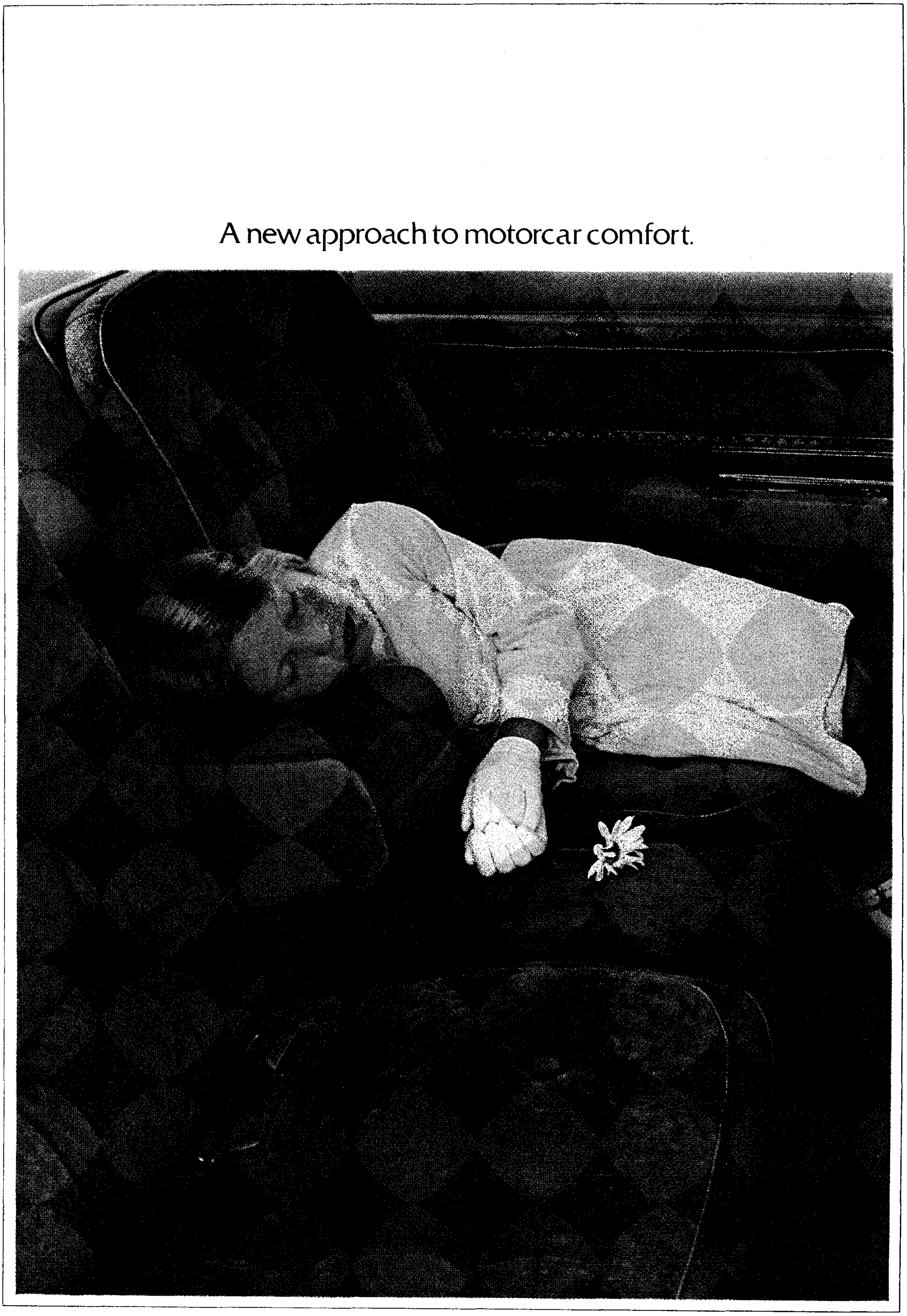
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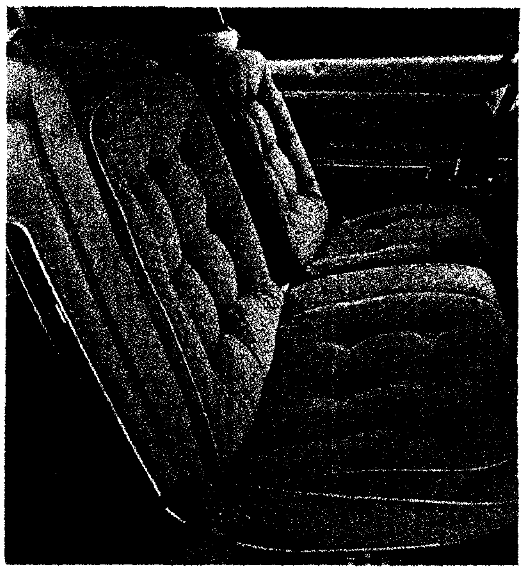

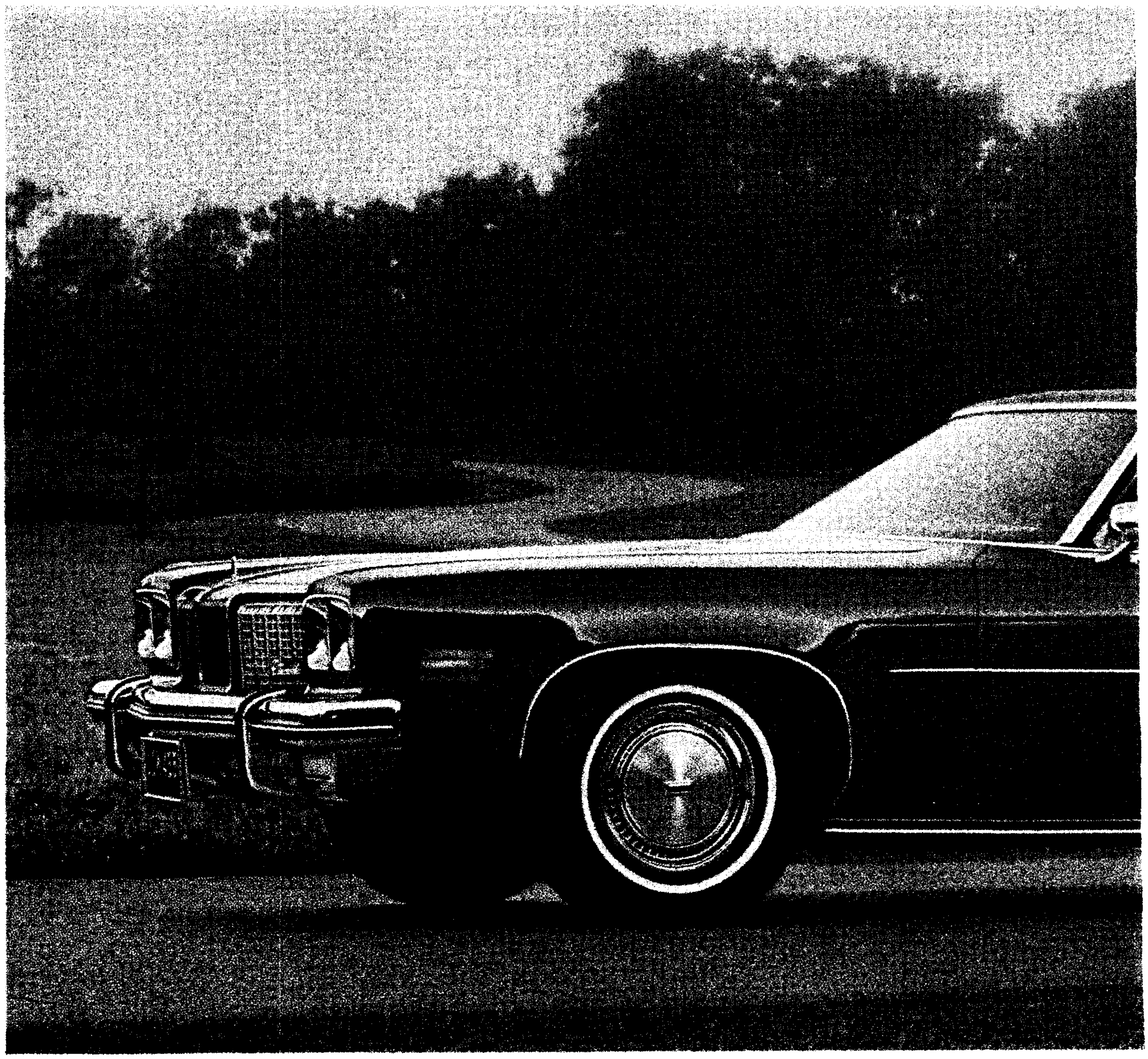

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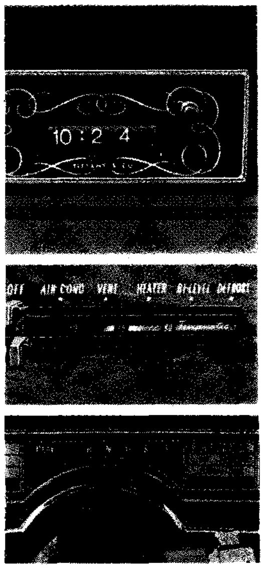

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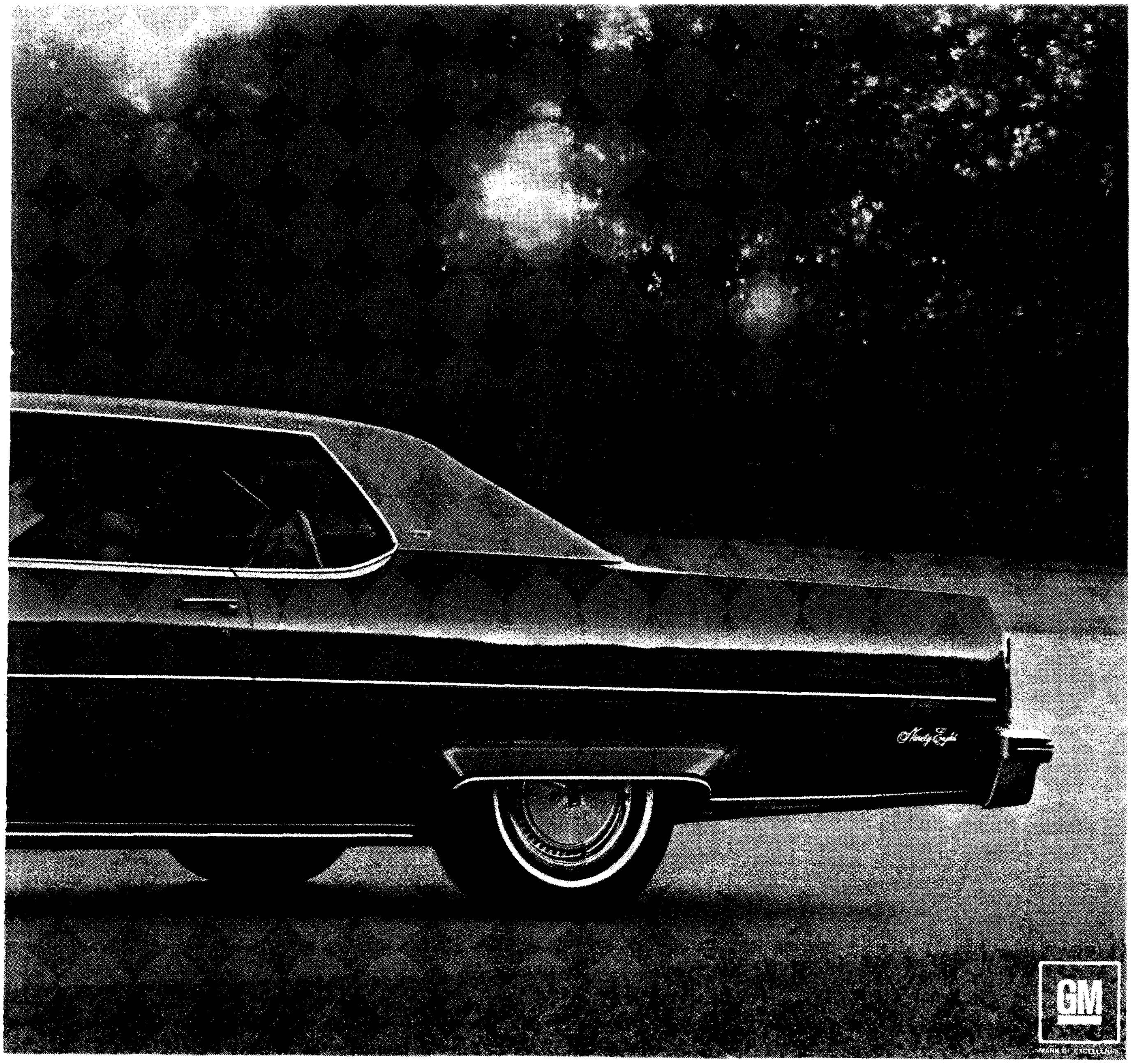

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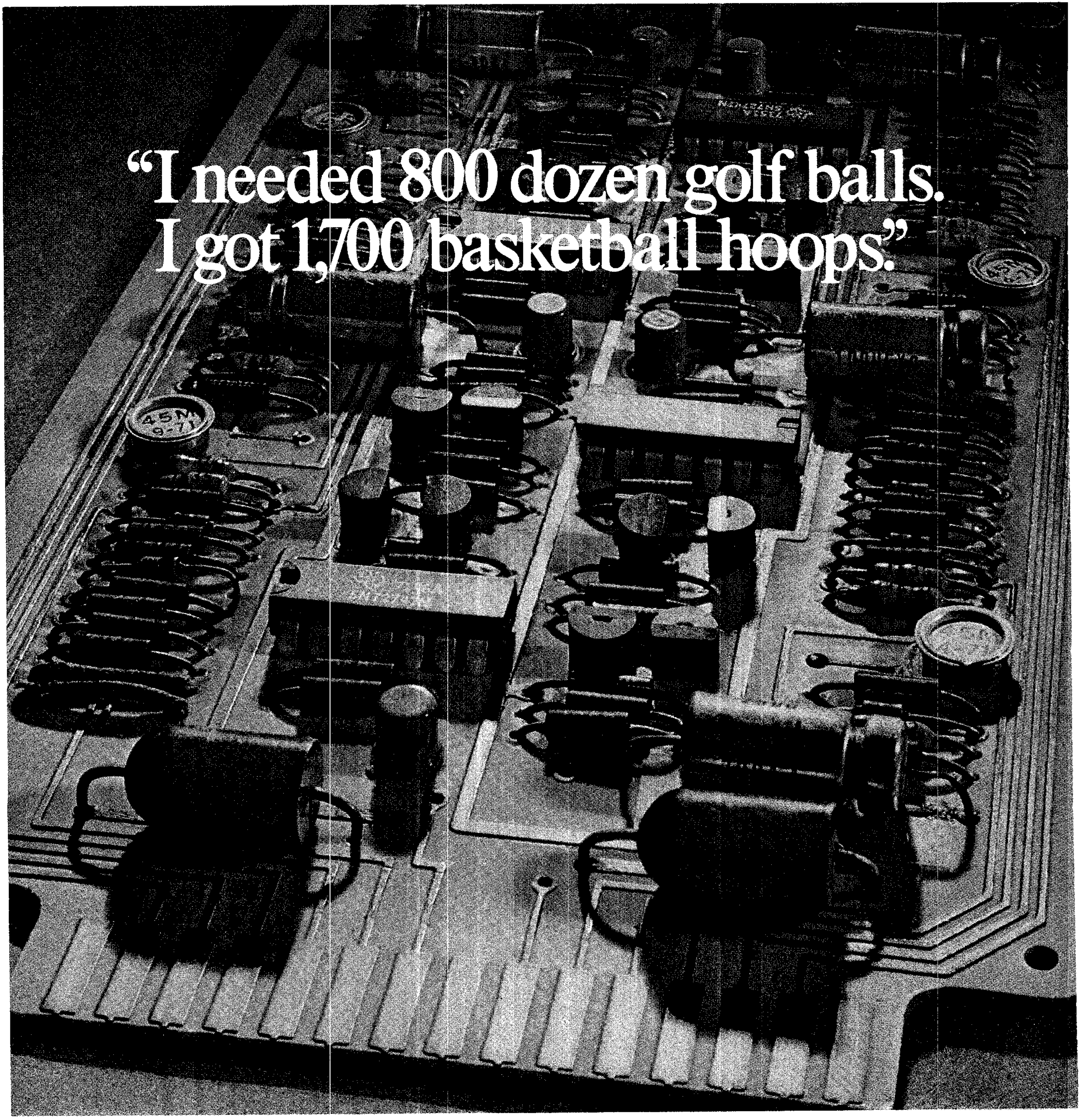
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1971, for a comprehensive industrial-hygiene study of the Tyler factory and a medical survey of the men who were working there. Upon receiving this request, Dr. Johnson made the necessary arrangements with Pittsburgh Corning and with the Texas State Department of Health, which had previously offered to coöperate, and a survey of the plant was scheduled for the last week of the month.

As things turned out, the NIOSH inspection of the Tyler plant coincided with a crescendo of protest that had been building up for many months over the plight of tens of thousands of workers throughout the country who were being exposed to excessive concentrations of asbestos dust. On August 3rd—the day Pittsburgh Corning filed its application for a variance—Dr. Selikoff wrote to James D. Hodgson, the Secretary of Labor, making carbon copies for leading officials of six labor unions whose members worked with asbestos, and for Dr. Key, at NIOSH. His letter said:

> DEAR MR. HODGSON:
>
> Your department has published initial standards in the Federal Register, in accordance with the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970. I understand that these are "initial" and that modifications may be expected as a result of research criteria being developed by the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health.
>
> One "standard" in the published list is so wrong, and represents such serious hazard to workmen, that I advise its urgent revision.
>
> I refer to the standard for asbestos, which would allow workmen to be exposed to environments containing as many as twelve fibres per cubic centimeter of air. Our research in one asbestos trade—insulation work—demonstrates that work in the past in areas with levels of two to three fibres per cubic centimeter of air has resulted in a very great increase of death due to cancer and to asbestosis. Just how serious this has been may be appreciated from current statistics: at present, one in every five deaths among insulation workers is due to lung cancer, one in ten to cancer of the pleura or peritoneum, one in ten to scarred lungs or asbestosis.
>
> The proposed level is much higher than actually *now* exists. It is so high as to make totally ineffective current efforts by both industry and labor to control this unhappy occupational health hazard.
>
> In Great Britain, the approved level is *less than* one-fifth the standard here proposed and levels of twelve fibres per cubic centimeter for more than even ten minutes would be sufficient to require that the workman wear protective clothing and use an efficient respirator.

Mr. Albert E. Hutchinson, President of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers, AFL-CIO, has calculated that there are

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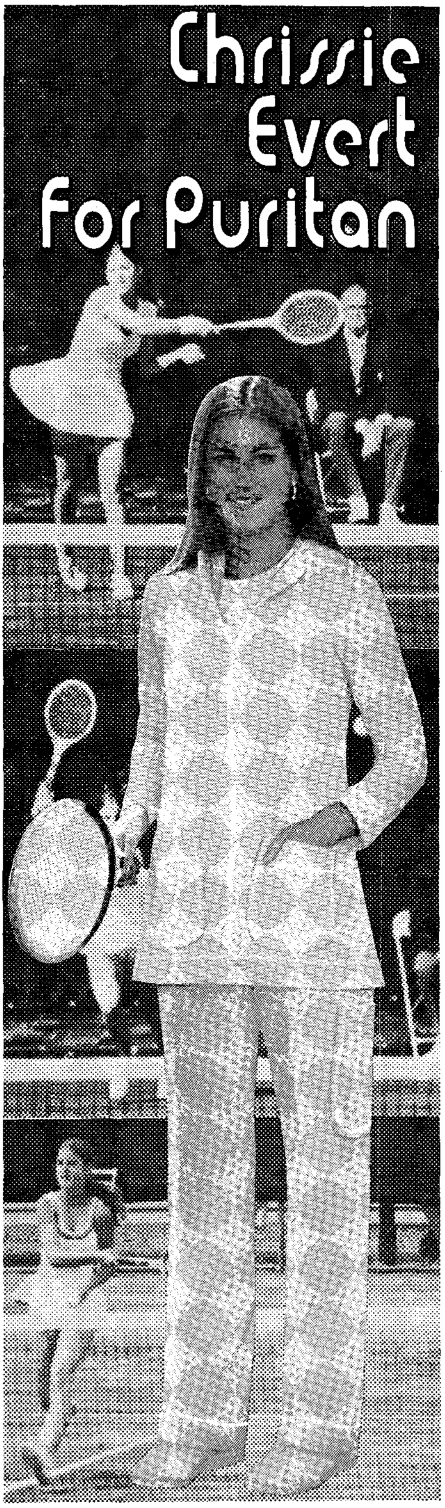

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approximately one hundred thousand men employed doing asbestos insulation work in the United States, in various unions and in various industries. Utilizing statistical calculations by Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, director of the Department of Statistics of the American Cancer Society, it may be predicted that, if the situation remains the same and does not improve, there will be more than seventeen thousand excess deaths of lung cancer among these men, as well as almost ten thousand unnecessary deaths of cancer of the pleura or peritoneum, ten thousand wholly preventable deaths of asbestosis, and many thousand other cancer deaths, in this one trade alone. Thousands of deaths will occur in other industries, to add to the unhappy toll of this serious error.

I urge you, then, to recall this standard, and substitute one that will help protect workingmen forced to work with this dangerous material.

Although Dr. Selikoff's letter did not engender any immediate response from Secretary Hodgson, it did evoke profound concern among the union officials to whom he sent carbon copies. When Dr. Selikoff returned to New York from Bucharest, Sheldon W. Samuels, the Director of Occupational Health, Safety, and Environmental Affairs for the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Industrial Union Department, invited him to attend a meeting of the I.U.D.'s ad-hoc Committee on the Asbestos Hazard, in Washington, on October 18th, so that he might present additional information, which the union people hoped would enable them to get some effective action from the Department of Labor on the problem of occupational exposure to asbestos. Meanwhile, having discovered additional reports in the old Bureau of Occupational Safety and Health files which showed excessive dust counts in a dozen more asbestos factories (there was also an incomplete study of mortality among employees of those factories, which showed an extraordinary number of deaths resulting from asbestosis among men in their forties and fifties), Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner continued to express concern about the asbestos problem to their superiors at NIOSH, who they hoped would take a firm stand in advising the Secretary of Labor to promulgate a tough emergency standard for asbestos. On October 4th, feeling that the situation was getting out of hand, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner visited Dr. Selikoff in New York to exchange information about the asbestos problem in general and, in particular, about Johns-Manville's asbestos-textile factory in Manville, New Jersey, where that corporation has owned and operated the largest complex of asbestos-products factories in the world

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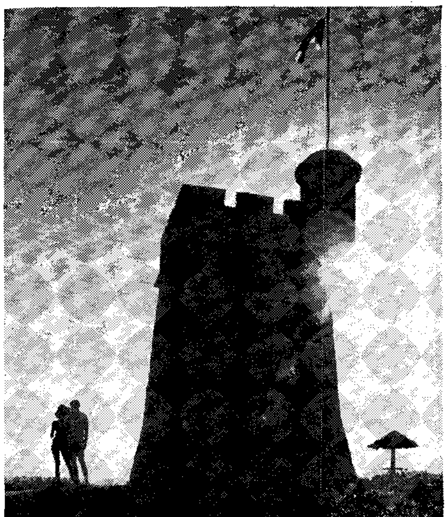

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for more than fifty years. Dr. Cralley's files had yielded up several environmental studies showing that excessive dust levels had existed in the Manville asbestos-textile factory at least since 1965, when the first study was made; a 1969 medical survey showing findings consistent with asbestosis in thirty-one of a hundred and seventy-nine chest X-rays of the factory employees; and an incomplete mortality study showing, on preliminary analysis, four deaths from mesothelioma and at least ten other asbestos-related deaths among a hundred and eighty asbestos-textile workers. Indeed, the situation at Manville appeared to be similar to the one at Tyler, and on a larger scale. In 1967, engineers from Dr. Cralley's office—now the Department of Field Studies and Epidemiology—had taken air samples that were not analyzed for asbestos fibres until September of 1971, when Dr. Johnson discovered the data in the files. That September, too, Dr. Johnson had fibre counts completed on over a hundred air samples that engineers from Dr. Cralley's division had taken at the Manville asbestos-textile plant during the spring of 1971. The fibre counts showed that even then there were as many as twenty fibres per cubic centimetre of air in some operations of the plant.

Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner believed these data to demonstrate a serious and persistent health hazard at the Johns-Manville factory, and they were anxious to know if Dr. Selikoff could give them any additional information, particularly with regard to other cases of mesothelioma that might have occurred in Manville. As it happened, Local 800 of the United Papermakers and Paperworkers Union, which represented the company's production workers, had provided Dr. Selikoff with a roster of its membership several months before, and he, Dr. Hammond, and one of their associates at Mount Sinai, Dr. William J. Nicholson, had just begun a mortality study of the Johns-Manville employees, so Dr. Selikoff was able to give his visitors details on about a dozen deaths among the workers which had been caused by mesothelioma.

On October 5th, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner went to Trenton, where they met with the commissioner of the New Jersey Department of Labor and Industry and the deputy commissioner of the state's Department of Health, and told them of the health hazard that they believed to exist at the Johns-Manville plant. When they asked these officials to investigate the situation,

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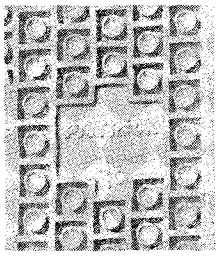

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however, they learned that the state considered it to be a federal problem and, in any case, did not possess modern fibre-counting equipment for such a task. The following day, the two men took the data they had compiled on the Johns-Manville textile factory to the New York Regional Office of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, in New York City, only to discover that the people there did not possess adequate fibre-counting equipment, or even know how to use such equipment properly. With that, they flew back to Cincinnati and got in touch with officials of the United Papermakers and Paperworkers Union. A few weeks later, they learned something from the union people that the commissioner of the New Jersey Department of Labor and Industry had known for more than a year—that in 1969 alone the Johns-Manville Corporation had paid out $887,341 in workmen's compensation to two hundred and eighty-five employees of the Manville plant who had become disabled with asbestosis.

At his meeting with union leaders in Washington on October 18th, Dr. Selikoff documented his contention that the Department of Labor should establish a standard for occupational exposure to asbestos to replace the current twelve-fibre standard. At the same time, he stressed the fact that any standard for asbestos exposure could be concerned only with the prevention of pulmonary fibrosis, and that little was known as to how low a standard might have to be in order to prevent asbestos-related cancer, which had accounted for fully three-quarters of the excess deaths among the insulation workers.

On November 4, 1971, the Industrial Union Department transmitted through George Taylor, the executive secretary of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s standing committee on safety and occupational health, a letter urgently requesting Secretary Hodgson to use the powers granted him by the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970 to declare an emergency standard governing the industrial use of asbestos. The letter declared that the existing twelve-fibre standard constituted "a license to jeopardize without effective restraint the lives of millions of workers," and urged the Secretary to declare an emergency standard of two fibres per cubic centimetre and to issue a bulletin prescribing that an appropriate label be affixed to each container of asbestos and asbestos products warning workers of danger. In addition, the letter asked the Secretary to get in touch with the administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency "to enable him to investigate the necessity for invoking the imminent-danger provisions of the Clean Air Act, as amended in 1970, to protect our families and communities from the effects of ambient asbestos that escapes from the workplace."

As might be supposed, the Industrial Union Department's letter placed considerable pressure upon Secretary Hodgson to take some kind of action. When he did so, however, on December 7th, he declared an emergency standard for asbestos of five fibres longer than five microns per cubic centimetre of air. This, of course, was an emergency standard only in the eyes of the Department of Labor, since it was two and a half times as great as the standard requested by the Industrial Union Department, and since the Conference of Hygienists had already published it as a proposed change. It is not known what, if any, medical data prompted the Secretary of Labor to select the five-fibre standard, or why he chose to disregard the data indicating that asbestos disease could occur at this level of exposure. Perhaps he was seeking a middle ground that he hoped would be satisfactory both to industry and to the union people. If so, he was neglecting the responsibility placed upon him by the Occupational Safety and Health Act for promulgating standards that, even if they entailed conflict, would assure "the greatest protection of the safety or health of the affected employees." In any case, it is a pity that he was not aware of the NIOSH report on Pittsburgh Corning's Tyler plant, which was then slowly making its way through the bureaucratic labyrinth, for the story of the plant constituted incontrovertible evidence of the sorry tangle of ignorance, laxity, and lack of communication that had from the very beginning characterized government policy toward occupational exposure to asbestos. The story of Tyler also made a mockery of one of the basic assumptions behind this policy: that the government could and would force indus-

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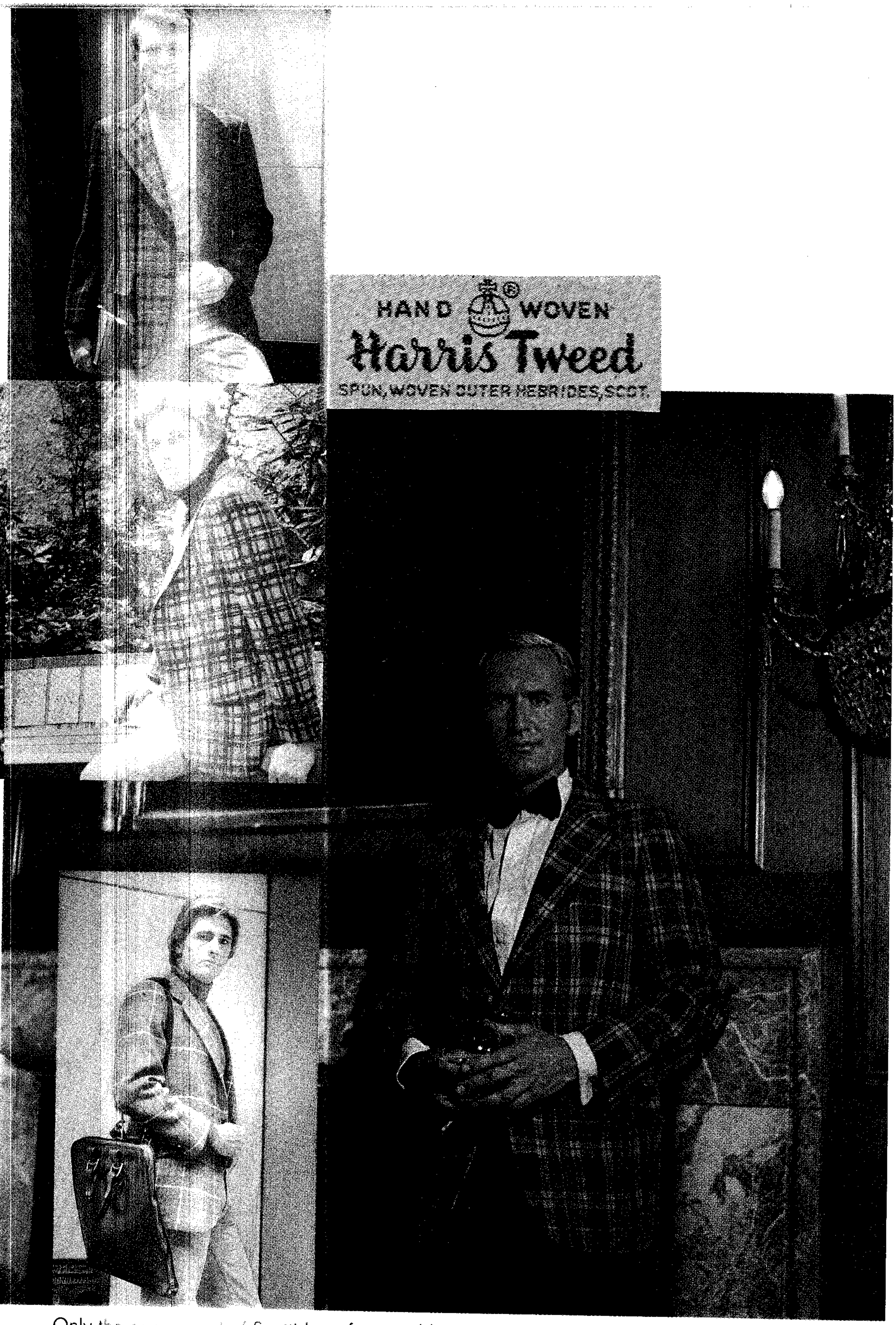
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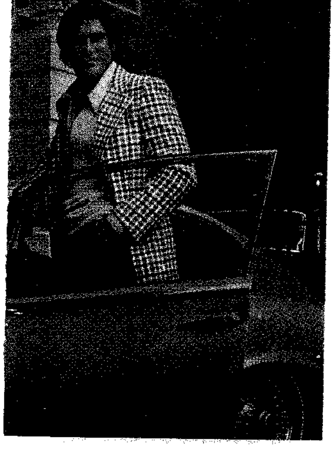

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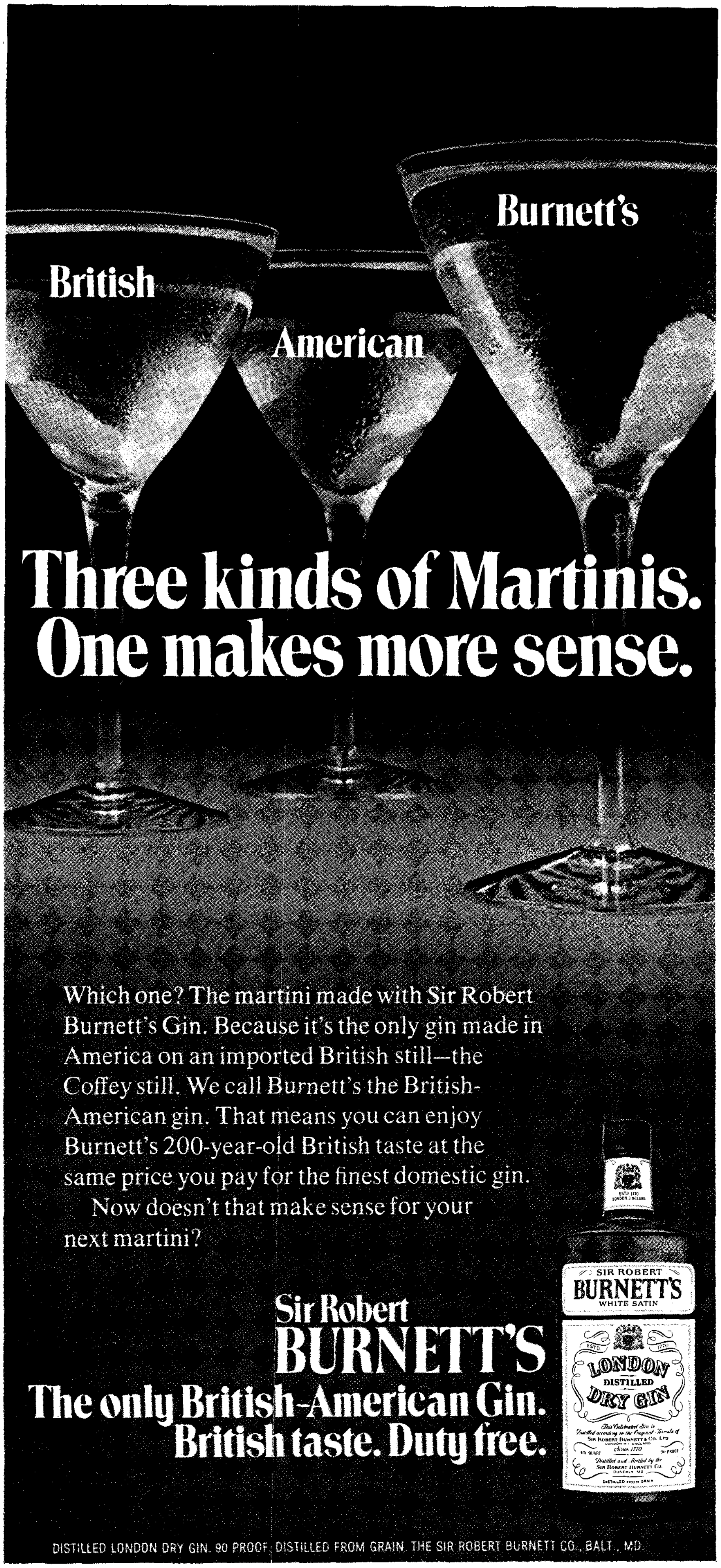
try to abide by a numerical fibre standard, and, by so doing, could insure healthful working conditions in asbestos factories.

THE NIOSH inspection, which was conducted between October 26th and October 29th, included an industrial-hygiene survey, carried out by engineers from NIOSH's Division of Technical Services, and a medical survey, performed by a three-man team from the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations. The medical team was headed by Dr. Johnson, who has a vivid memory of his first look at the Tyler plant. "Two carloads of us drove in from Dallas late on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth," he recalls. "The factory was situated in an industrial district on the outskirts of town, and it consisted of a pair of wood-shell buildings, each of which was about a thousand feet long, fifty feet wide, and thirty feet high. When we arrived, we were met in the front office by Mr. Charles E. Van Horne, the plant manager, and since it was late in the day, there was just time for a quick preliminary walk-through. The place was an unholy mess. Why, compared with it, the Port Allegany plant looked like a hospital operating room! A thick layer of dust coated everything—from floors, ceilings, and rafters to drinking fountains. As we walked through the interior, we saw men forking asbestos fibre into a feeding machine as if it were hay. They obviously had no idea of the hazard involved. Farther down the line, we came upon some fellows with respirators hanging around their necks, who were sitting in an open doorway eating watermelon. I hate to think of the fibre counts on those slices of watermelon. I remember turning to Dr. Richard Spiegel, one of my assistants. 'This is intolerable,' I told him. He was as shocked as I was."

It did not take Dr. Johnson and his associates from NIOSH long to realize that at virtually every stage of the manufacturing process enormous quantities of asbestos dust were being spewed out into the factory. In addition to poor housekeeping procedures, the chief cause was a grossly inadequate ventilation system. Other aspects of the plant's operation were found to be equally hazardous. The scrap-grinding machine, where refuse from various operations was made reusable, was extremely dusty and lacked sufficient ventilation equipment, and a fan near the feed hoppers simply contributed turbulence that redispersed dust into the working envi-



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ronment. Moreover, both the scrap grinder and the feeding machines relied on a dust-collection system that consisted of canvas bags inside the plant, beneath the roof. These bags were periodically emptied by mechanical shaking, and when this happened huge amounts of asbestos dust were released into the air; then, after it had settled, instead of being vacuumed the dust was swept into piles with push brooms. The ventilation equipment on the saws in the finishing department was also found to be inadequate; excessive amounts of asbestos dust were escaping into the air there as well.

Because of Pittsburgh Corning's application for a variance, the NIOSH inspectors learned, the wearing of respirators had been mandatory in all areas of the plant since August. However, instead of being used for emergency or backup protection, as industrial-hygiene standards prescribed, the respirators were obviously being employed in the Tyler plant as substitutes for an adequate dust-control system and for proper housekeeping. Nor did the company have any adequate program for selecting, fitting, cleaning, and maintaining the respirators worn by its employees, and many of the men were wearing them improperly. In addition to noting these hazards, the inspectors saw that the factory's lunchroom was within fifty feet of one of the dustiest operations in the plant, and that workers were allowed to enter it wearing clothes that were contaminated with asbestos. The NIOSH men also discovered that compressed-air outlets throughout the plant were being used to blow excess dust off the employees—a practice that simply reintroduced asbestos fibres into the working environment.

As a result of these multiple deficiencies in the ventilation system and in the operating procedures of the Tyler plant, Dr. Johnson and his associates were not surprised to find that, of a hundred and thirty-eight air samples taken at different locations in the factory, a hundred and seventeen exceeded the recommended five-fibre standard. (Of course, even if the Tyler plant *had* observed that standard, workers not wearing respirators would still have been inhaling at least forty million asbestos fibres in an eight-hour working day.) What astonished them, however, was how *much* the levels exceeded the recommended standard, at almost every step in the manufacturing process. In the mixing department, where the feed hoppers and the scrap grinder were situated, the maximum concentration was a hundred and eighty-nine fibres per

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cubic centimetre of air, and the average was seventy-five. In the forming department, where the material was rolled on mandrels, the maximum concentration was a hundred and thirty-four fibres per cubic centimetre, and the average was thirty-nine. In the finishing department, where pipe covering was trimmed and sawed, the maximum concentration was two hundred and eight fibres per cubic centimetre—an approximation, for the air sample was actually too dusty to permit an exact count under a microscope—and the average was forty-one. Even in the inspection and packing department, where the finished product was weighed, boxed, and shipped, the maximum concentration was ninety-two fibres per cubic centimetre, and the average was twenty-three—nearly double the interim standard of the Department of Labor, nearly five times the standard recommended by the hygienists, and ten times the level of exposure that Dr. Selikoff and other epidemiologists had found to be responsible for the extraordinary number of excess deaths among the insulation workers. But the true intensity of the exposure of the Tyler workers can only be appreciated when one recognizes that such concentrations of long asbestos fibres per thimbleful of air really meant that, before they were required to wear respirators in August, some of these men were inhaling up to a billion of the longer fibres each working day, and many more of the shorter ones, which were not being counted by the engineers.

Since asbestos-induced cancers generally take at least twenty years to develop, and the Tyler plant had been in operation for only seventeen years, Dr. Johnson and his associates did not yet expect to find neoplasms among the sixty-three men working there. However, in order to complement the X-rays and pulmonary-function tests that had been performed in August by Dr. Hurst, they examined the employees for rales—crackling sounds in the chest which can occur with asbestosis—and for finger clubbing, a thickening of tissue at the fingertips which often occurs with asbestosis. After comparing notes with Dr. Hurst, they determined—even without the benefit of the X-rays, which they were not allowed to see—that seven of the eighteen workers with more than ten years of employment at the factory met at least three of four criteria for asbestosis. (These criteria included, besides rales and finger clubbing, dyspnea, which is shortness of breath, and marked reduction of forced vital capacity, which is an

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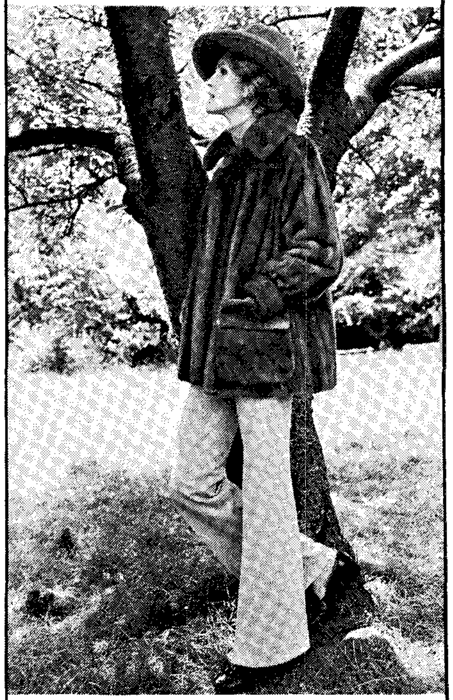

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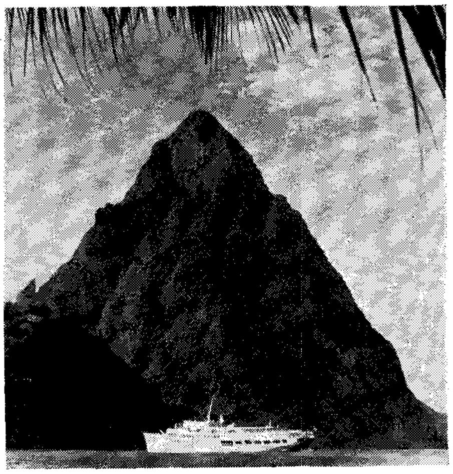

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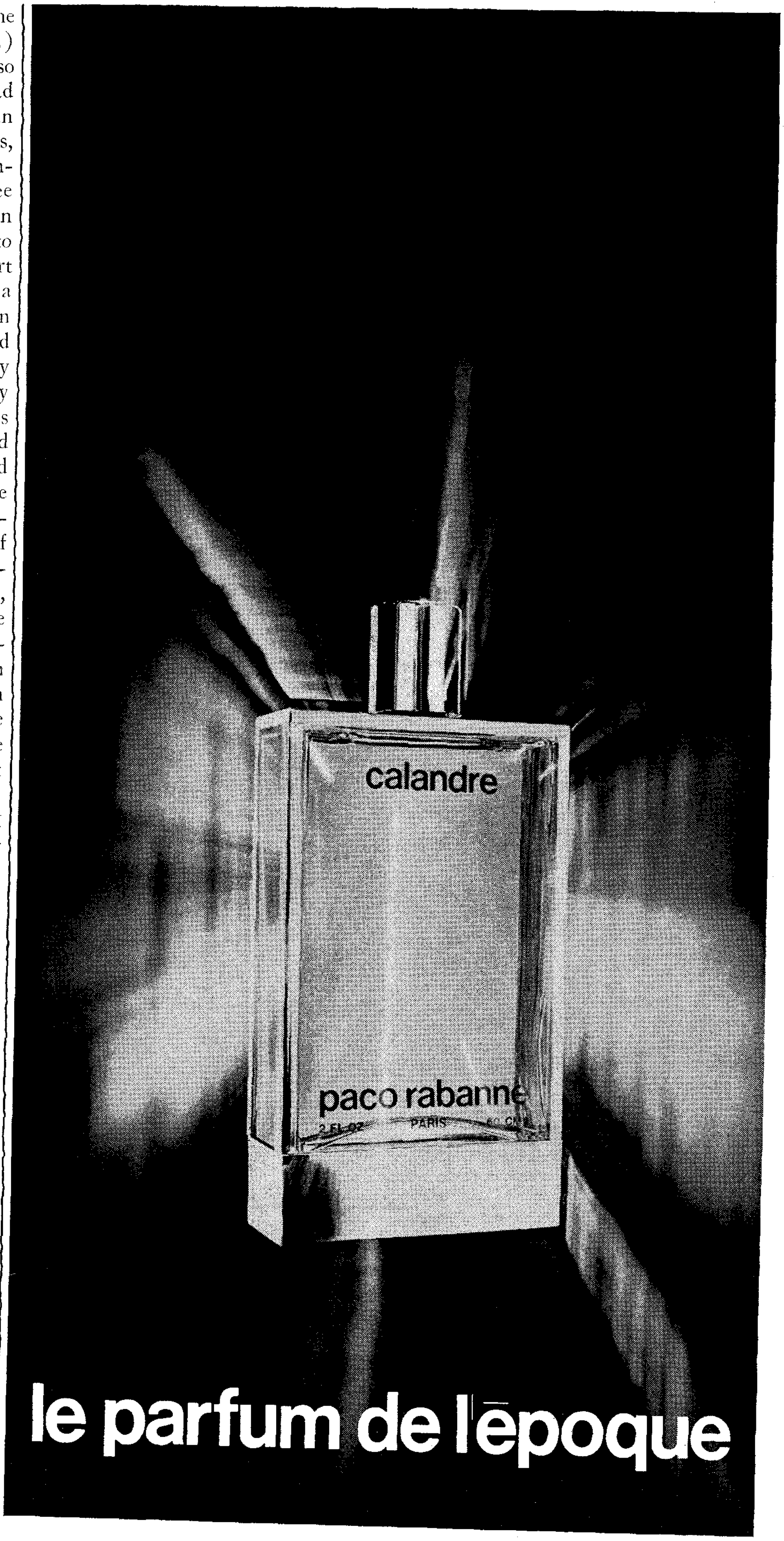
inability to take sufficient air into the lungs because of pulmonary fibrosis.) Reduced pulmonary function was also observed in some workers who had been employed at the plant for less than five years. Because of these findings, Dr. Johnson and his associates concluded that the health of the sixty-three employees at the Tyler plant had been gravely jeopardized, but they wished to have the X-rays reviewed by an expert panel of radiologists before making a definitive diagnosis of asbestosis on an individual basis. As things turned out, however, they were seeing only the tip of the iceberg, for when they got around to examining the company's employment records they discovered that a total of eight hundred and ninety-five men had worked in the plant at one time or another. Considering the disastrous mortality figures of the men who had worked at the Paterson factory between 1941 and 1945, this was disturbing news, to say the least. It also provided a chilling corollary to Dr. Johnson's first conversation with Dr. Grant, back in July, when Dr. Grant had suggested that there wasn't much of a health problem at the Tyler plant, because people didn't work there long enough to get sick.

The preliminary report of the NIOSH survey, declaring that an extremely serious occupational-health situation existed at the Tyler plant, was sent, on November 16th, to Dr. James E. Peavy, the commissioner of the Texas State Department of Health, and copies went to a number of other officials, including Dr. Key, Dr. Grant, Van Horne, and John K. Barto, the regional administrator for the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, in Dallas. Barto received the report on November 18th, and acted quickly on it, for he was aware that industrial hygienists from the Department of Labor's Dallas office had inspected the Tyler plant nearly three years before, and, even though they had found an inadequate ventilation system and faulty respiratory protection, had not taken any effective action to remedy the situation, or even reinspected the factory to see whether Pittsburgh Corning had corrected the defects. On November 23rd, Barto sent his assistant, Clarence R. Holder, and John P. Boyle, an industrial hygienist, to conduct still another inspection of the Tyler plant. As might be expected, their findings simply substantiated those of the survey conducted by NIOSH. On December 1st, Holder and Boyle informed Van Horne that violations of occupational-safety-and-health regulations found in the



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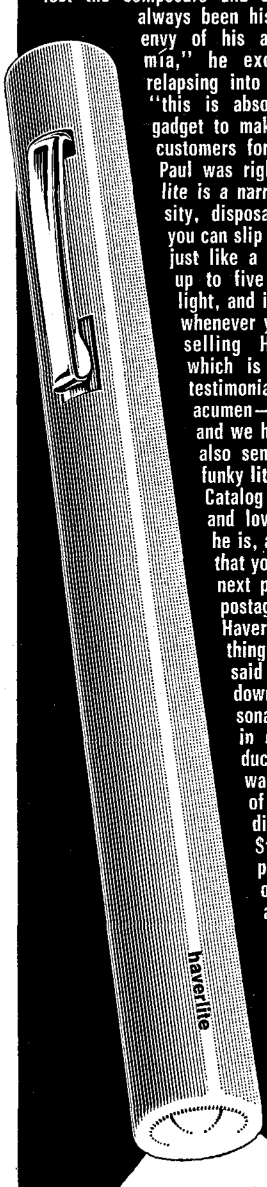

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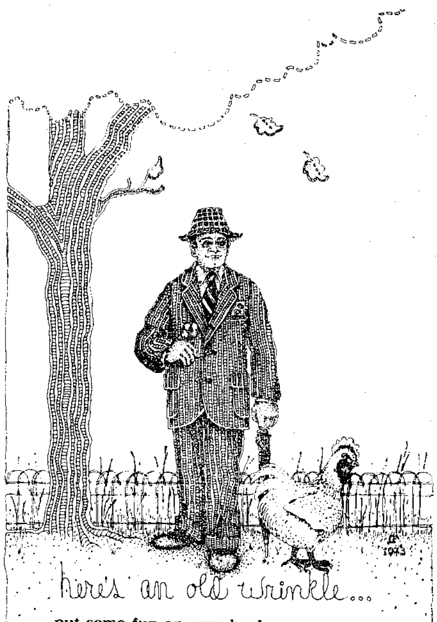
I SAW THE HAVERLITE

388

plant included not only improper wearing of respirators but failure to examine workers to determine whether they had the physical capacity for wearing respirators, inadequate housekeeping, and insufficient dust control. They also told the plant manager that citations would be issued and penalties imposed, and that the violations would require immediate corrective action—except extensive improvements in ventilation and dust equipment, for which a later date would be set. Holder and Boyle then returned to Dallas, where in the next two weeks, as they awaited analysis of air samples they had taken, they wrote up a lengthy report of their inspection, which was sent to Holman, the corporation's vice-president in charge of manufacturing and technology, at Pittsburgh Corning's home office, on December 16th. In the meantime, Secretary Hodgson had declared the emergency five-fibre standard for asbestos, but since the inspectors for the Occupational Safety and Health Administration had surveyed the factory under the twelve-fibre standard published in the *Federal Register* of May 29th, they decided it would be unjust to apply the new regulation *ex post facto* to the situation at Tyler. As things turned out, their sense of fair play made little difference, for the obsolete twelve-fibre standard was exceeded—in some instances, ten times over—in forty-two of the forty-four air samples they had taken at the plant. Even so, the Occupational Safety and Health people failed to cite Pittsburgh Corning for violating any fibre standard, or even to list, in the citation for insufficient dust control, the specific dust levels they had found. Moreover, although their *Compliance Operations Manual* clearly compelled them to follow Section 17 (k) of the Occupational Safety and Health Act, which states that "a serious violation shall be deemed to exist in a place of employment if there is a substantial probability that death or serious physical harm could result from a condition which exists . . . unless the employer did not, and could not with the exercise of reasonable diligence, know of the presence of the violation," the inspectors listed the conditions they had discovered at the Tyler plant not under the heading of "Serious Violations" but under the heading of "Nonserious (Other) Violations," which, according to their manual, applied to situations "where an incident or occupational illness resulting from violation of a standard would probably not cause death or serious physical harm." If the violations had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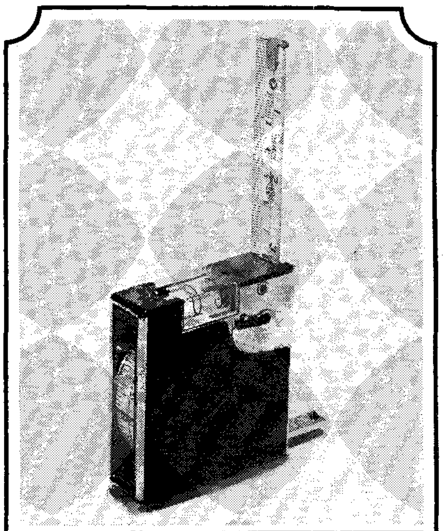

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Mr. Ganz is President and chief executive officer of Dymo Industries, manufacturers and marketers of visual communication products and systems for business, industry and the consumer market. Dymo distributes in 22 countries, has manufacturing facilities in the U.S., Europe, Asia, Africa and South America. In fiscal 1973, Dymo's revenues were $129 million, net income was $4.5 million, a 40% gain over previous year. Dymo's NYSE Stock Symbol is DMO.

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been considered serious, the Administration could have assessed Pittsburgh Corning as much as a thousand dollars for each one. For nonserious violations, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration could have assessed a penalty of anywhere from a thousand dollars each to no penalty at all, depending upon the inspector's judgment of "the severity of the injury or disease most likely to result." Given this latitude, the Administration people undertook to grant Pittsburgh Corning the benefit of every doubt. For three violations—improper wearing of respirators, failure to examine the workers to see if they could wear respirators, and inadequate housekeeping—they proposed a fine of twenty-five dollars each. For insufficient dust control, they proposed a fine of a hundred and thirty-five dollars. The total came to two hundred and ten dollars. —PAUL BRODEUR

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

•

COCONUT-TOPPED CAKE

DEAR WAITING,

This recipe was given to me by my mother-in-law from Florida. It is a very rich cake, but oh so good.

We are a Coast Guard family and have only been living here for eight months.

2 cups flour
1½ cups granulated sugar
2 cups (1 lb.) fruit cocktail, not drained
2 tsps. baking soda
2 eggs
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup brown sugar
1 cup chopped nuts

TOPPING

¾ cup granulated sugar
½ cup milk
1 stick (½ cup) butter or margarine
1 cup coconut
1 tsp. vanilla
1 lb. haddock fillets
1 jar pimientos, or sweet red pepper, chopped
2 tbsps. vinegar

MRS. D. M.

—*Letter in the Boston Herald American.*

In the Coast Guard, a bit of fish never hurt anything.

•

A magistrate was a member of the "raiding party" in a search yesterday for allegedly obscene publications at a book store at 7 W. 12th.

Magistrate Charles Stitt accompanied Sheriff Kenneth Carnes, a deputy and Robert Frager, an assistant prosecutor, to the Time-To-Read book store. Stitt observed the contents of a large number of books and declared 27 of them obscure.

—*Kansas City (Mo.) Times.*

Only twenty-seven?

THE THEATRE

A BLACK ROSE

“RAISIN,” at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, is a musical based on Lorraine Hansberry’s “A Raisin in the Sun.” The book is by Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg, the music is by Judd Woldin, and the lyrics are by Robert Brittan. Miss Hansberry, who died in 1965, wrote her play in the late nineteen-fifties; it caused a great stir, less because it was a good play than because it was considered a pioneer black work—an equivalent in the theatre of black baseball players’ finally getting to play in the big leagues. Since then, an army of brilliant black playwrights has emerged to place its welcome stamp on our theatre; compared to the handiwork of Gordone, Bullins, Walker, Walcott, and the rest, Miss Hansberry’s plot, faithfully reproduced in the book of “Raisin,” is seen to be little more than a stock Jewish-American melodrama translated none too subtly into black terms. The characters are stereotypes on a level scarcely above that of “Abie’s Irish Rose”: we are shown the usual smothering mama, despotic but saintly; the child who must be scrimped for in order that he/she can become a doctor; the weakling son who betrays the family’s ideals for the sake of money and social prestige; and even the outsider (this time from Nigeria instead of Bensonhurst) who brings a touch of romance to what is otherwise unmitigated domestic squalor. All trash, and if it is sometimes affecting trash I doubt whether we would be able to forgive a moment of “Raisin” except for the extraordinarily skillful production and the extraordinarily able and attractive performers.

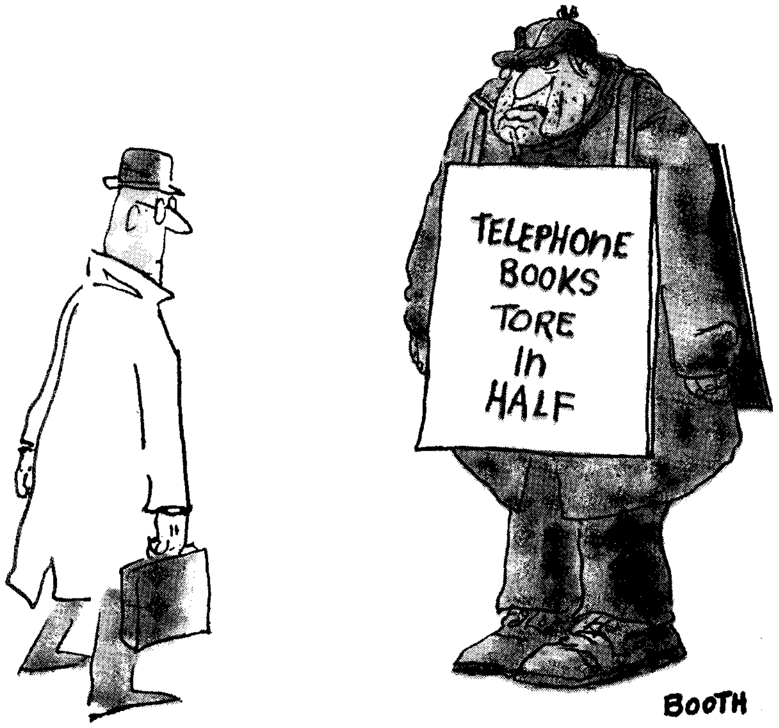
“Raisin” was directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle, and he has made his pinchbeck shine like gold. Against a set of shadowy fire escapes, designed by Robert U. Taylor, and with the help of fetching costumes, designed by Bernard Johnson, Mr. McKayle has staged several vivid and amusing dance numbers; he has also been shameless in his exploitation of his actors’ charm. Take the big old mama of the family, played by Virginia Capers. I hesitate to set this down in cold print, but it is a fact that Mr. McKayle has risked having Miss Capers, alone onstage, pick up a mangy little geranium plant, cradle it in her arms, and sing it a lullaby called “A Whole Lotta Sunlight.” Later, he has the weakling son, played by Joe Morton, cry almost as long and hard as Al Jolson did in “The Jazz Singer,” and it is remarkable that Mr. Morton brings off his crying scenes so well. The little grandson of the house is played by that popular tyke Ralph Carter, who hams it up in a way that some may find heartwarming, though many a less favorable adjective leaps to my mind; surely there is something wrong on Broadway when a tyke is the chief showstopper, as Master Ralph is in “Raisin.” Deborah Allen and Ernestine Jackson are pleasing as the big mama’s daughter and daughter-in-law, and Robert Jackson is irresistible as a sky-scraping Nigerian student temporarily resident in the grim savannas of Chicago. It may be of sociological interest that Helen Martin plays a maundering black crone in a fashion that I had assumed had vanished with Stepin Fetchit. I was startled to observe that she appeared to be the particular favorite of the large portion of the opening-night audience which was black. Every grotesque caricature of black gesture and accent that she contrived to embody brought roars of laughter from my stylishly turned-out, sophisticated-looking companions. Well, well! No doubt this is progress, which, like the wheels of speeding cars in movies, so often has the look of going backward *because* it is going forward; my companions felt free to laugh, as I, old sinner, did not.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

David Storey’s Tent Show

AS you must have heard by now, all that happens in “The Contractor” is that five workmen erect a tent on the lawn of their rich boss’s house in Yorkshire for the wedding reception of his daughter (Acts I and II) and then dismantle it afterward (Act III). The play, a miracle by David Storey, who also wrote “Home” and “The Changing Room,” opened last week in a production by the Chelsea of Brooklyn at its new, spiffy little theatre, the Chelsea/Manhattan, on West Forty-third Street. There are some plays so rich, so dense with incident, life, and atmosphere—“The Hostage” is an example—that you just want to live in them, and that is what “The Contractor” is. The running time is around three hours, and it could be three hundred for all of me. Mr. Storey, without appearing to maneuver characters into the slightest semblance of a plot—rather, by appearing to set them free to talk and behave as they will—has allowed us to know them in a way that few dramatists have, and only at the end do we realize that a great deal of ground, emotional and otherwise, has been covered, and that his strong hand has been at the controls from the start. Always there is a sense of mystery underneath: Why that long, significant look? Why does this line draw blood and that


TELEPHONE BOOKS TORE IN HALF
BOOTH

one not? Much that seems to be taken for granted is curious and interesting—the lack of formality, for instance, between the rich contractor, whose name is Ewbank, and his workmen. By the way, I think the sociological interest of the script is minimal, and I do not think that anything as pretentious as a microcosm or an allegory is intended. "The Contractor" is a play about these particular characters and what is revealed about their lives—past and present—in their own conversation during two days. Because it is good, it of course implies more than it actually states. Much of the conversation, less skimpy and far more flavorful and literate than that in "The Changing Room," is the sort of teasing and put-on—the off-the-cuff cruelty, the attempt to hit an exposed nerve in one's opponent, thereby destroying his composure—that Pinter introduced us to in "The Caretaker," and that may be the gamesmanship of the British working classes. There is a lot of other conversation besides, gentler and of many different kinds.

The actors are always at work on the tasks that constitute The Job, which demand considerable physical dexterity and concentration, and at the same time they are at work in a play in which character and conviction are everything and which demands perfection in performance. The spell cannot be broken for an instant. These actors, singly and collectively, perform flawlessly, under the remarkable direction of Barry Davis. (Mr. Davis first came to America from England to direct "Joe Egg," another miracle.) With a couple of exceptions, they are Americans, and even their North of England accents are acceptable—which is rare. Kevin O'Connor gives a wonderful, haunting performance as a sweet-natured imbecile, who is alternately teased and protected by the others. Joseph Maher is appropriately funny and abrasive as an insolent workman, the chief taunter and troublemaker of the lot. John Wardwell is excellent as Ewbank, the self-made man who has piled up a lot of money in the tent business—fidgety about his lawns and scratches on the floor, so merciful that he will hire anybody and fire no one, and, in this instance, also the father of a family at a family occasion that he knows will change his life. Neil Fitzgerald is fine, too, as his dear, pathetic old father, wandering around with a length of rope he once made himself, and so is Anne Ives as the wife who tactfully looks after him. The others are just as good. John Roddick is Ewbank's son—

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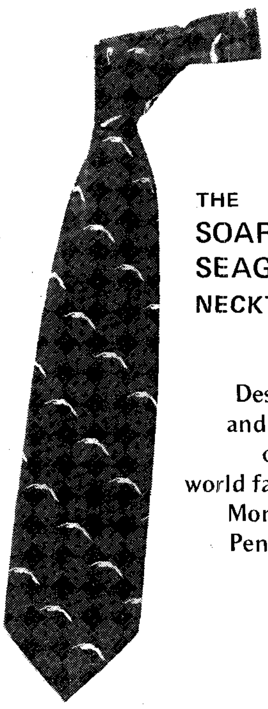

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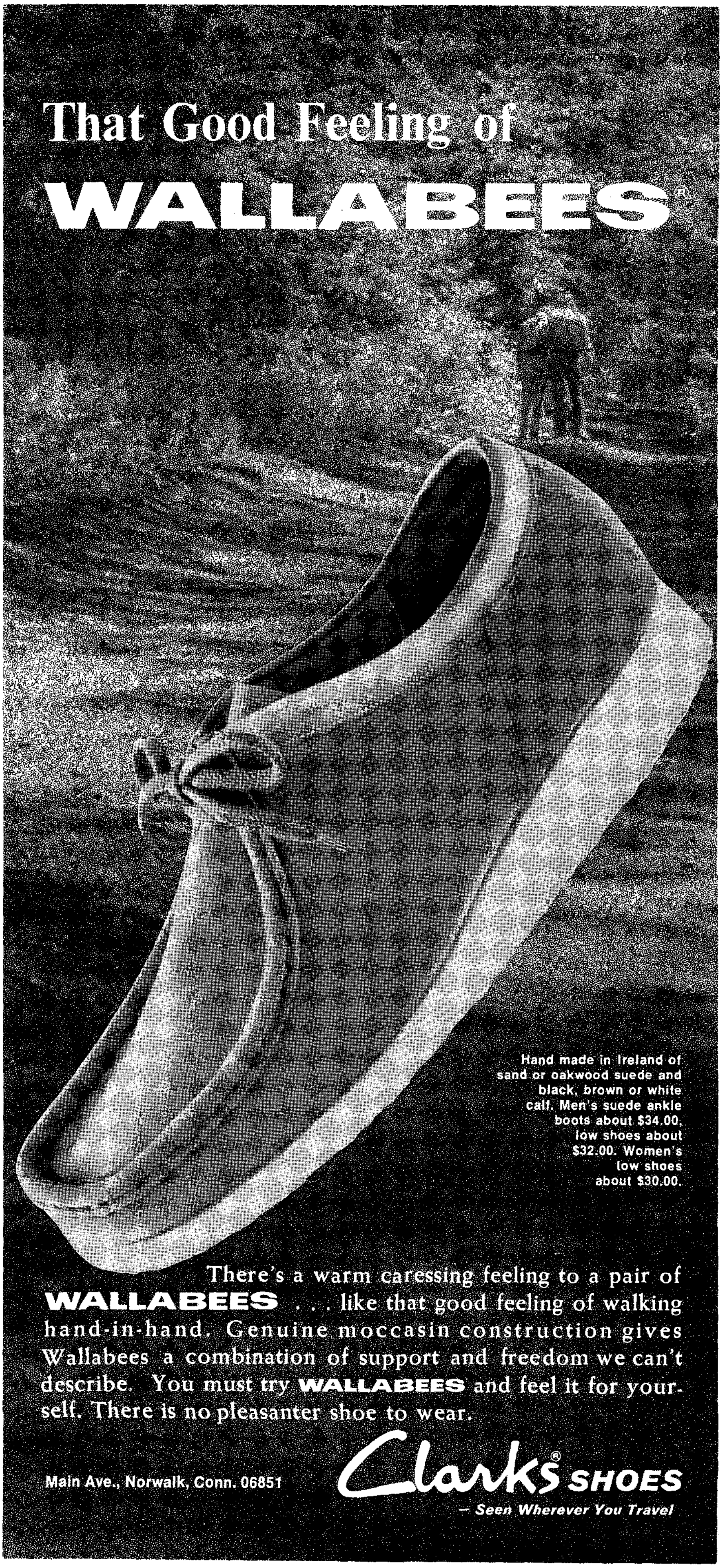
long hair, love beads, and bluejeans—who is a displaced person, always on the move, knowing only that he doesn't want to go into the tent business. Reid Shelton is the foreman, a reserved, private man in a business suit, whose presence is always felt. Michael Finn is the troublemaker's sidekick. George Taylor is another workman, quiet and beaten. Lynn Ann Leveridge is the pretty, spirited bride; Kate Wilkinson is her mother; and Rudolph Willrich is the groom. Lawrence King designed the effective scenery. "The Contractor" is what theatre is all about—it is impossible to imagine its being adapted for television or the movies—and the Chelsea has got the season off to a spinning start.

THINGS are looking up at the Roundabout. The management has at least had the sense to engage Robert Lansing to play the title role in its revival of Strindberg's "The Father." Mr. Lansing is good in the first act, giving it a professional tone and drive; in the second he is not quite as good—when the character goes to pieces, so does the show. "The Father" deals with the lethal warfare between an army captain—authoritarian, neurotic, and weak—who is also a scientist and scholar, and his resentful, man-hating, sly wife. The immediate issue—though hardly the basic one, which is, of course, sexual—is their struggle for control of their young daughter. The husband wants her sent away from the army base where they live to be educated, so that she can become independent. The wife wants her trained at home. Considering the wife's anger and humiliation even at having to ask for housekeeping money, and the husband's emotional dependence on his women—wife, daughter, and old nurse—one cannot help feeling that each has been handed the wrong side of the argument by the playwright. One also cannot help noticing the creaky, arbitrary mechanics of this strong play, which would have been masked by a stronger production. At any rate, the wife, intercepting letters her husband writes, so that he gets no replies, and spreading lies about his aberrations, and planting in his mind a doubt about his own paternity of the girl, schemes to drive him mad and succeeds in destroying him. It is only the theatrical mechanics (exits, entrances, and pesky coincidences) that are arbitrary and old-fashioned; every emotion, every move, every psychological nuance rings true right now. Mr. Lansing's performance aside, there is not much in the way of acting on hand,



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although James Mitchell is competent in the minor role of a doctor, and Francesca James does well enough as the daughter.

THE only reason for mentioning "A Breeze from the Gulf," at the Eastside, is that it was written by Mart Crowley, author of "The Boys in the Band," which means that it was written by a writer. But there *is* no "it"—no play. Just a chronological arrangement of episodes into a kind of emotional fever chart covering fifteen years in the lives of a drug-addicted woman, her drink-addicted husband, and their son, who is the victim of both of them. The son is the leading character. The notion of victim-as-hero, with its implied whine, would be a questionable one even in a better script. Nevertheless, many of Mr. Crowley's lines sound right, and occasionally his humor breaks through. The setting for most of the action is a large house on the Gulf in Mississippi. The performances are far better than most we run into Off Broadway. Robert Drivas is the son, Ruth Ford is the mother, and Scott McKay is the God-ridden drunken father.

PETER DEANDA's "Ladies in Waiting," which will run one more weekend at the Henry Street Settlement's New Federal, hasn't quite jelled yet, but Mr. DeAnda has provided the five principal actresses of the company with satisfying parts and scenes, and they have rewarded him with satisfying performances, under Shauneille Perry's direction. The action deals with four women in a prison cell, under the charge of a brutal police matron. The prisoners are a whore, a wino, a lesbian, and an innocent young woman who has been arrested for picketing the prison. All of them are black, the matron is white, and such plot as there is is concerned with their getting even with her for the cruelties she inflicts upon them. Most of Mr. DeAnda's biting wit has been wisely entrusted to Yolanda Karr, as the lesbian and the ringleader of the group. Anna Horsford is funny and much else besides as the foggy whore, more innocent, really, than that innocent young girl; Juanita Bethea is very touching as the wino, hampered by ulcers and religious mania; and pretty Saundra Kelley does all that can be done with the priggish role of the innocent girl and the dramatist's mouthpiece. C. Richard Mills has designed an exceptionally impressive setting.

—EDITH OLIVER

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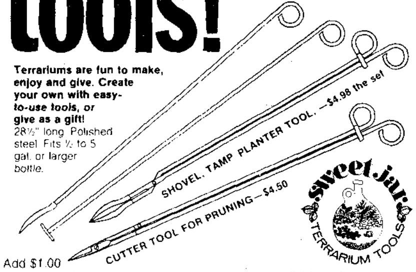
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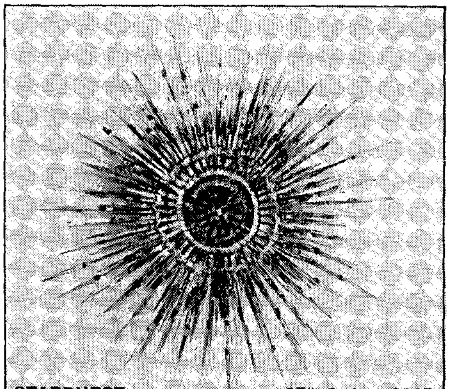

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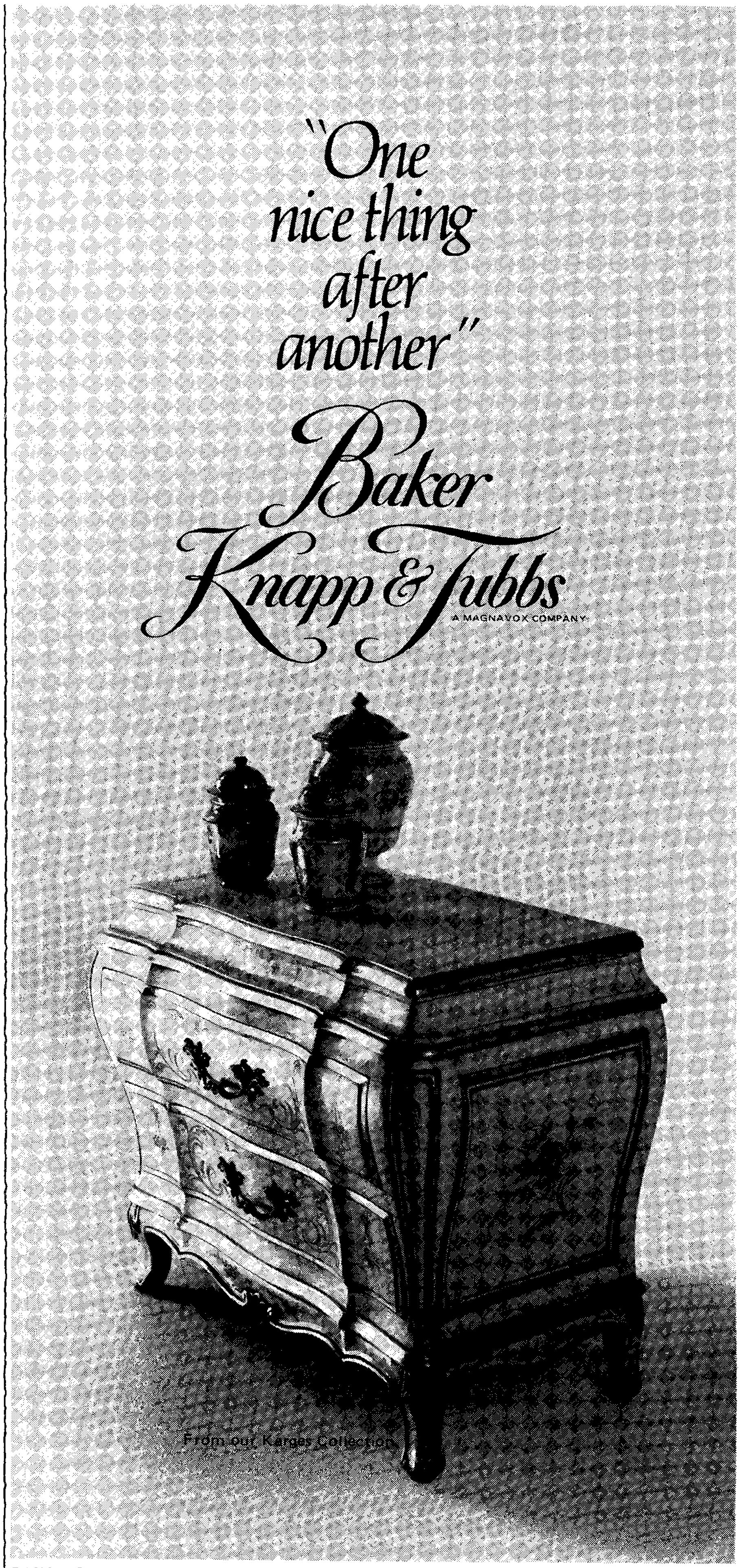
MUSICAL EVENTS

Rock, Etc.: Roseland Nation

A LOT of people are excited about the Pointer Sisters. A lot of excited people recently crowded into Roseland Dance City (did anybody except me have the impression that Roseland had closed up a long time ago?) to see the group's New York début while less fortunate aficionados milled around on the sidewalk outside. A lot of people are buying the Pointer Sisters' album "The Pointer Sisters" and watching them on television and, I suppose, reading all about their rags-to-rags career in *Newsweek*. Me, I sit so patiently, waiting to find out what price I have to pay to get out of going through all these things twice. Seriously, even I have to admit that the Pointer Sisters are very good at what they do; in fact, they do it with enough style and energy to make me feel like something of a sorehead for not letting them make me happy. But the truth is that the Pointer phenomenon provokes in me the alienating sensation that I am stuck in a peculiarly inhospitable time warp.

For those who haven't been following the publicity blitz, the Pointer Sisters, four exuberant black singers from Oakland, California, are being hailed as the seventies' answer to the Boswell Sisters, the Andrews Sisters, the McGuire Sisters, and the Supremes. Their slick nouveau forties sound—a blend of rock, jazz, and traditional pop which emphasizes scatting, complicated rhythms, and close harmonies—comes packaged with an ebullient, not to say manic, stage act and flamboyant threads: forties dresses, huge earrings, butterfly hair ornaments, and other accoutrements of haut-thrift-shop, post-Midler chic. Their sources range from Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross ("Cloudburst") to Willie Dixon ("Wang Dang Doodle"), and they've written songs of their own as well.

The Pointers (they really are sisters; both their parents are preachers, and they learned to sing in church) have already acquired a legend. The beginning of the saga has them unemployed and down-and-out in the South, where they spend their last dime or so to wire producer David Rubinson, who doesn't know them from Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross but agrees never-



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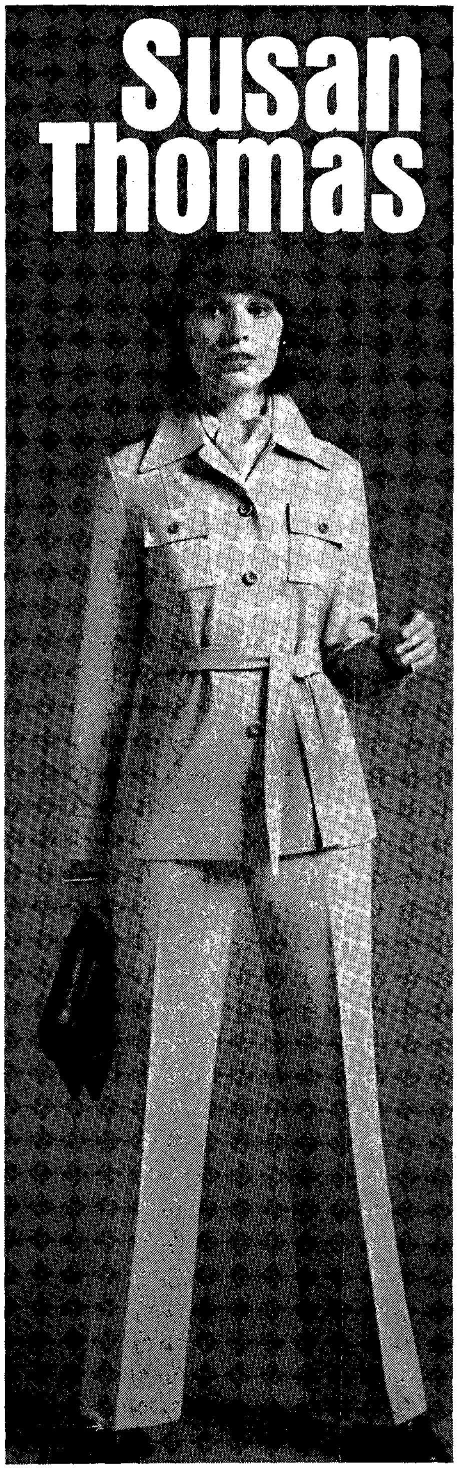

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theless to help them out. After some modest success as a backup group (notably for Taj Mahal) and some modest failure as rhythm-and-blues singers, they get their big chance: an act cancels out of the Troubadour in Los Angeles. They substitute and are an instant sensation. On to Johnny Carson, Helen Reddy, and national acclaim.

Admittedly, I don't know Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross from Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, and the only cultural event of the forties that ever meant much to me was the bubble-gum shortage. But it wasn't sheer narrow-mindedness that made me feel so out of it at the Pointers' Roseland performance. Sitting on the fabled dance floor in the midst of thirtyish Lance Louds, married couples from Brooklyn, black college kids, gold lamé loincloths, and urgent rumors that "Cicely Tyson is here! In the front row!," I felt as if I were crashing some weird parody of Woodstock—as if the crowd were not just an audience but a community that had come to celebrate an anti-rock festival. What these people wanted, and what the Pointer Sisters were ready to give them, was fantasy that didn't risk getting too real; entertainment that could be relied on not to overstep conventional bounds; above all, cheery sexiness and relentless good humor, free from embarrassing undercurrents of pain, anger, or love. As David Rubinson puts it, "we're bringing show business to people who haven't seen anything but rock and roll." Needless to say, I am less convinced than he that that's a good thing. What bothered me most about Roseland, I think, was that so much of the audience was my own age. It's been apparent for some time that there are several generation subgaps in the rock audience, but it felt freaky to look across one at my putative peers.

The Pointer Sisters are bound to be compared to Bette Midler—she is certainly responsible for them in the same sense that Bob Dylan can be said to be responsible for James Taylor—but I think the similarities are less crucial than the differences. Miss M. plays her role in order to transcend it; she knows that masks can reveal as well as hide, that blatant artifice can, in the right circumstances, be poignantly honest, and she expresses the tension between image and inner self that all of us—but especially women—experience. But for the Pointer Sisters the role, the mask, the artifice are the whole point. Their purpose is to insure a safe distance between performers and audience, so that, whatever the enthusiasm on both

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sides, emotional law and order will be maintained. In an introduction to one song, the Pointers announce, "Ladies and gentlemen, children, too, these brown babies gonna boogie for you." Laughs, cheers. Can you imagine any sixties audience feeling comfortable with that greeting? Is this the decadence everybody's been warning me about?

SLADE is my second-favorite seventies British rock band (next to Mott the Hoople), but I was pretty thoroughly turned off by the group's October 6th performance at the Academy of Music. The problem was not the concert itself but Noddy Holder's idiotic attempts to get the audience to sing along. His haranguing, which ranged from the merely irritating to the positively fascistic ("Anybody who doesn't sing is going to get his ass kicked"), reached some sort of apotheosis in a competition between the "fellows" and the "ladies" to see who could sing the loudest. (The fellows won.) All the pump-priming not only inhibited whatever response I might have had to the music but made me want to curl up like an embryo under my seat. I don't know if Holder does this in England or if he just thinks it's what American fans want, but I hope next time he'll have the sense to shut up and sing. —ELLEN WILLIS

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Victoria (N.B.) Times*]

BONN—After a 28-year absence, Adam Leiter's "long-dead" first wife, Ida, has returned from Russia with love.

She also brought with her a married daughter, son-in-law, three grandchildren, a freight car load of pots, pans, furniture and a Moskvich car.

But Adam, when Ida had been declared officially dead after the Second World War, had married Ella in 1952.

Dressed in his best pin-striped suit, Adam was determined to solve the problem. Ida and Ella, both big, well-fed peasant women, took their wiry, little, 64-year-old husband by the arms and walked him along the railroad tracks.

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—Because of a typographical error, an Associated Press profile of Atty. Gen. Elliott Richardson that ran in the Dallas News last Sunday quoted Richardson as saying he thinks often about becoming president.

The quotation should have read: "The only honest answer I can give is that when I've thought about it, which is not often, I don't honestly think I don't want to be president."—*Dallas Morning News.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ON THE OLDPARK ROAD, BELFAST

FAMILIAR from a dream, perhaps, or a film of an occupied town in Europe, 1944, the street is dirty, treeless, lined with small gray-brown terraced houses. At an intersection, there is an empty, melancholy space—the width emphasized by a lack of cars, parked or moving, and a lack of people. The shadow of a solitary man appears, then disappears around a corner. A dog, careless of vehicles or gunfire, ambles across the street, sniffing at litter. Many of the shops are closed, as if because of strict rationing or depopulation. The windows of the corner pub are bricked up, and the building itself appears hazy behind a high wire-mesh fence, one section of which juts out into the road toward a similar fence projecting from the butcher's shop on the other side, a few yards farther along. From a car, weaving through the gap between the fences, slowly negotiating steep asphalt ramps that have been laid in order to make all vehicles slow down, one can see that these buildings have had to be protected. Anyone with a gun or a rocket launcher has a long line of sight down the street. To the left can be seen several streets borrowed from a sepia-tinted textbook illustration of the Industrial Revolution. The streets to the right are a shade less mean. Now come several blitzed sites covered with rubble; a house with its roof gone; houses whose windows are filled with gray cinder blocks; a burned-out factory; an anonymous filling station, its forecourt lacking pumps, weeds sprouting through the shattered concrete. Up ahead, the stranded-whale shape of a derelict cinema. To the left, an open stretch—green fields of an empty municipal sports ground built over former brick fields (shapes of slag heaps like burial mounds) and sloping down to old mill buildings, silhouetted factories, lines of slate-roofed gray houses running southwest, and then, abruptly, only a mile and a half away, a dark wall of hills. One is conscious of being on a patch of the earth roughened to cinders, which can be blown away. One is conscious—a sudden prickly feeling—of being watched. Opposite the sports ground, a British Army observation post has been built, and covered with the gray-green plastic kelp of a camouflage net. It forms a bastion of a larger building, rising behind a sloping wire-mesh fence, and gives the effect of a sort of breakwater covering its ground-floor façade. The observation post is festooned with barbed wire, backed up with corrugated iron and sandbags; the building behind it is a light-gray-painted brick Victorian structure, whose basically sound condition is pointed up by several bullet holes and a crater, six inches deep, gouged from the brick by a rocket. There's a plaque under the gable end, above blacked-out, sandbagged second-floor windows, gold letters on a blue ground: "Finiston Public Elementary School."

At 8:15 A.M., a 1971 Vauxhall sedan jounces slowly over a ramp in front of the observation post and turns off the road: the Oldpark Road, which gives its name to the surrounding Oldpark area of north Belfast, in the way that other streets—Shankill, Antrim, Crumlin, Falls—give theirs to other areas of the city. The Vauxhall parks, the only car on a side street, beyond another Army observation post. And the driver, David Russell, gets out and walks over to be frisked before starting another day as principal of what is now officially called Finiston Primary School.

CHRISTINE LAVERY P-7
Our School

Our school is not very big, and there are not very many people in it. We have soldiers taking over the front of it. Not long ago a rocket hit the side of the building . . . lots of mothers took their children away to another school. . . . There is around 250 at our school that is half the amount that used to be at our school before the trouble started.

WITHIN the corrugated-iron stockade, the Army—A Company, 3rd Battalion, the Parachute Regiment—is to the right, in the old school building. The school has drawn back into a mostly single-story nineteen-thirties structure behind—a square of classrooms, corridors, assembly hall, and washrooms, enclosing a grassed yard. Immediate intimations of normality. Smell of linoleum wax and gravy. Recessed ceilings, reminiscent of a cinema lobby; pastel shades of blue and yellow paint. Prints by Braque, de La Tour, Sisley, and Manet in the main corridor, and, on a table outside the principal's office, a pair of models made by boys in P-7, the school's highest class, mostly eleven-year-olds: cereal boxes, yogurt cartons, and toilet-paper rolls

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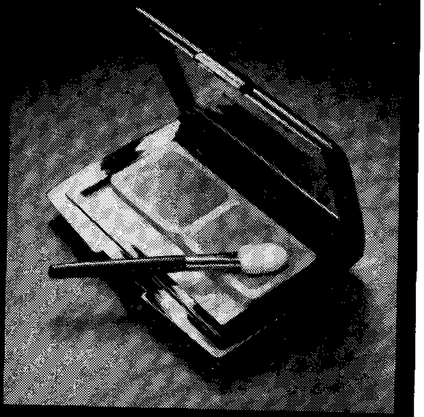

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turned into Harland & Wolff's shipyard, with gantries and dry docks; and an Indian compound, with tepees and campfire and prancing savages. The principal's office is in a bay projecting into the side yard: two desks; a filing cabinet; a jug of pussy willow; a relief map of the world with the Himalayas like a raised blister of burned skin; an electric kettle steaming; Nancy Wallace, the school secretary, wiry and middle-aged, checking the lunch-money accounts; and Russell reading his morning mail.

Russell is fifty-three but looks younger. His talk is full of colloquial references—to Westerns and P.O.W. escape stories, to old Ingrid Bergman and Errol Flynn movies. He is of medium height, with straight gray hair, bushy gray eyebrows, a golfer's tanned face, and, almost always, a smile. He is wearing a well-cut light-gray suit and looks like a cross between John Wayne and Humphrey Bogart. He has been principal of Finiston (which he now and then refers to as "Dodge City Academy") for three years. He has a degree from Trinity College, Dublin. He has taught in private schools and other primary schools, including the nearby Cliftonville School. After the war, he spent two years in Canada, then returned because he missed Ireland. Earlier, he served for six years in the Royal Air Force, ending up in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. "We were flying Blenheims out of Java," he says. "The Japs took our aerodrome just after we'd returned from a fifteen-minute mission over the north coast. We destroyed our planes and got away to the beach in a Chevrolet, but our boat capsized in the surf and the natives turned us in." The P.O.W. camp provided experiences that have served him well ever since. "After that, it's hardly likely that anything that happens on the Oldpark Road is going to worry me."

On the wall behind his desk, and in the hall, are mementos from five British Army units that have previously used part of the school and its grounds as headquarters, barracks, and drill ground: plaques, pennants, and prints from the Royal Regiment of Wales, the Green Howards, the First and Third Light Infantries, and the Queen's Lancashires. Next to the Green Howards' plaque is the inscription "Presented by the Elderly Pupils of C Company who completed their Adult Education at Finiston School in the summer of 1971." A sergeant in the First Light Infantry made its pennant, showing a bugle and two poppies. His

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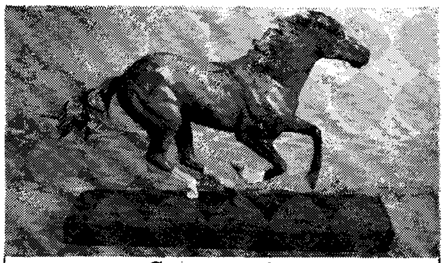

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spelling is not quite perfect: "This flag was flawn continuously over Finiston School by Support Company 1st Battalion the Light Infantry over the period 25 July-24 November 1972." The bugle is the regimental emblem. The poppies commemorate Private Roe and Driver Kitchin, two men of the company who were killed by snipers near the school.

Although Russell's problems now may not compare with the problems he had as a prisoner of war, he has several current worries: the shrinking size of his school population, the difficulty that many of the children have in getting to school, and the possibility of violent extremist reaction to anything he may say. Outspoken moderates are in danger from both sides. He has to talk warily, not just because he has doubts about his own point of view ("As the man sings in 'Gigi,' 'Am I standing up too close, or back too far?' ") but because even the well-intentioned have feelings that are easily hurt by truthful comment. The doctrinaire take cheerfulness for an insult. But Russell is whistling as the hand bell rings in the junior corridor at five past nine, and he walks quickly to the back entrance of the school to welcome the children, some of whom have walked and some of whom have been bused in, for safety's sake, from streets as close as a hundred and fifty yards away.

BEFORE the onset of the most recent "troubles," in 1969, the Oldpark Road formed a fairly effective and peaceful dividing line between working-class Protestants, to the northeast, and working-class Catholics, to the southwest (though for the latter there was almost always less work to be had). On both sides of the Oldpark, many houses have no garden; toilets are in the back yards; paved entries run between the houses; the women seem to wear bedroom slippers all day long. The sort of slums, still common in Belfast, that have been eradicated from just about every other British city. However, what was bad in the Protestant streets was generally a touch worse in the Catholic streets: there was greater poverty, greater despair, and, eventually, a greater potential for violence. The Catholic streets are called the Marrowbone (or Bone), from the shape they form between the Oldpark and Crumlin Roads, bounded on the northwest by the Ardoyne district. The Bone has its own, Catholic schools, the closest of which to the Oldpark Road is St. Colmban's Boys' Primary. Russell often chats with Michael Hannon, the

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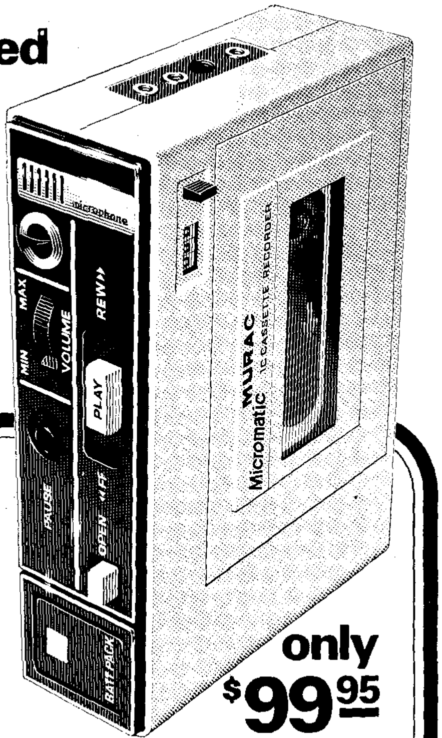

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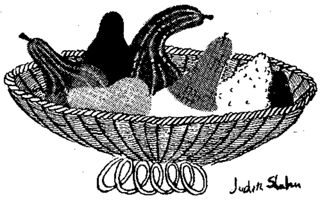
principal of St. Colmban's, about common problems, though nowadays, because of local tension, they talk not face to face but over the telephone.

On both sides of the Oldpark, the troubles have caused families to move away, fleeing out of fear, intimidation, or panic. Many have moved to supposedly safer areas. (Of three hundred houses around Finiston, one hundred are bricked up.) Some families are squatting. Some streets that were once slightly mixed are now firmly segregated, as co-religionists bunch together for mutual protection. Two years ago, after several empty houses were set on fire and burned out, perhaps by vandals, the Protestant population of six small streets not far from Finiston packed up and moved out, and Catholic families from across the Oldpark Road moved in. Houses built for Protestant artisans in the eighteen-nineties were better than the slum dwellings in the Marrowbone. The new Catholic section is now called the Ballybone, since all its streets have the prefix "Bally" (Ballyclare, Ballynure, Ballycastle, Ballymena, Ballymoney, and Ballycarry); the section forms a wedge extending the Catholic ghetto into the staunchly Protestant neighborhood. It is, Russell says, three hundred yards of absolute bitterness. The move breached the so-called Peace Line of the Oldpark Road running between the communities.

For Russell's school, this shift produced one particular problem: it was suddenly difficult for many Finiston children to get to school—just as it was for Catholic children in other parts of Belfast, where similar migrations of Protestants into once Catholic streets had taken place. The journey to school became a trip through alien territory. Traditionally, Protestant children coming to Finiston from Louisa Street, behind the Bone, had always made a slight detour, had not used one passageway, on their way to school. But now, as they came past the Ballybone, bottles and stones were hurled, fights broke out, and children were injured. Small children would be stopped by bigger children, ordered to tell their religion, and, if the answer was "Protestant," beaten up. (The answer "Catholic" might, of course, have provoked a similar response in other sections.) For the children's safety, soldiers began to escort them—sometimes walking with them, sometimes transporting them in Saracen armored personnel carriers, nicknamed Pigs. In various parts of the city, half a dozen soldiers were killed and many injured on such lollipop patrols, as they were called. Since the continued danger to children was one reason his school's parents were moving out, Russell nagged the city corporation to provide buses, which were in short supply at peak times (and were also being frequently blown up, burned, and used in barricades). The Army asked for the buses, too. At last, buses were provided. Fares were charged at first, but many parents couldn't afford them, and the children are now carried free. Thus, at nine in the morning half the children of Finiston are carried to school on two plum-colored double-decker buses (marked "9—Special"), and at two-fifteen they are carried home, on a trip that for some is as short as a quarter of a mile. (School ends an hour earlier than it did, for the buses aren't available later in the afternoon.) Some parents walk to school with their children. A few children walk home to lunch, but Russell tries to discourage that; three small Finiston pupils were nearly hit by rifle fire the other day.



"IF you have information about murder, explosions, intimidation, or acts of terrorism, in complete confidence call Belfast 652155."—Placard on the side of buses.

AT five minutes past nine, a low, buzzing wave of children pours along the corridors, filling the classrooms. Russell welcomes many of the children by name in reply to a hundred greetings of "Good morning, Mr. Russell." His ambitions are simple. "We don't push anybody. Smart schools in better districts have parents with high expectations. We don't have many. Those parents that did have them have generally gone to the new housing developments. We're left with the children of those without much incentive. Some children are like little animals when they first come here. Some aren't house-trained. Some can't talk. They have no vocabulary—no words. No books in their houses, no magazines or papers except the racing news or comics. Some don't get talked to except by the telly. So I try for basic things. Children in this school should be happy, not afraid. They should become small human beings, trusting one another. I go

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on a lot about cleanliness, getting them just to wash their hands and feet. There are very few cases of vermin this year." He turns to a small boy, brings him to a halt. "Now then, Douglas, what have you done to your hand?" He examines a bandaged set of fingers, finds out how they got that way, and sends the child bustling on, grinning. "We go in for a lot of drama. I discovered in prison camp that in any group of several hundred people there will be acting talent. There is here. And almost all kids love singing, reciting, making things up. In the last few years, we've changed our method of religious instruction, turning it into drama. The same with history. They like doing Julius Caesar landing on the Channel beach or Daniel in the lions' den—always lots of volunteers for lions."

ROLL call, and collection of lunch money in the classrooms. In the younger P-1, known as the reception class, the teacher is Mrs. Eleanor Girvan, young, tall, and fashionably dressed, in her first year of teaching. In the older P-1, Miss Roberta McCammon, tall, fine skin—"the best infant teacher in Belfast," says Russell. Mrs. Betty Emery, young and snub-nosed, in P-2. Miss Isabel Kyle, with lovely dark-red hair, in P-2/3. Mrs. Dorothy Elliott, the head of the infant school, in P-3. Mrs. Philippa Hewitt, an experienced older woman, in P-4. Miss Donna Curry, pert and pretty, also in her first year of teaching, in P-4/5. William Pollock, in his late forties, in P-5. The two P-6s are run by youngish men—James Moore (pronounced "Mooer") and Brian Woods, who has a shaggy mustache. P-7 is in the energetic hands of James Hutton, the vice-principal—like Russell, a former R.A.F. pilot (he flew Hurricanes)—who has sandy hair and a small sandy mustache.

Two days a week, the younger children, from P-1, P-2, and P-3, have their own assembly in the hall, which has a small stage, an upright piano, and a row of French windows. Through these there is a view of sandbags and two prefabricated wooden huts, used by the Army as a sergeants' mess and an officers' mess. Gym equipment is pushed back against the walls—horses, climbing bars, ropes, and a trampoline, which the First Light Infantry gave the school (and the soldiers use in after-school hours). Today, Mrs. Elliott, a good-looking, bold-featured woman in her late thirties, wearing a black sweater, a gray-and-white kilt, and elegant black shoes, is in charge of the assem-

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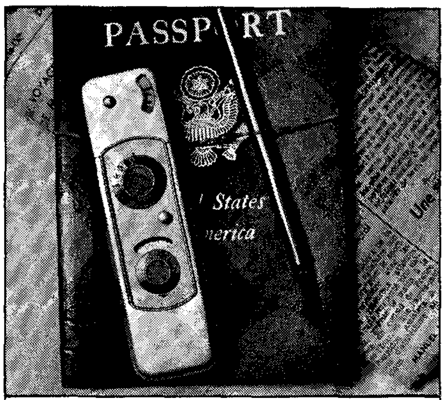
bly. She has a soft voice with a pleasant touch of brogue. The children sit around her on the floor. She tells them how Jesus and his parents made a trip across the desert—a story with occasional interruptions and questions: ". . . So his mummy packed spare clothes for the journey, and extra food. (*And you turn round and behave yourself, Brian!*) Does anyone know why they had to take food? Yes, Patricia?" Patricia, who has her hand up, says, "Because there are no cafés in the desert." "Right," says Mrs. Elliott. "And so they set out . . ." Her story takes the Holy Family with other travellers to the City of David, where they visit a big church and Jesus gets lost. The parents don't discover that he is missing until the trip home. "Joseph and Mary go round the party and ask, 'Did you see my Jesus? Did your wee girl see my Jesus?' No, she hadn't. They were very worried, just as your mummy and daddy would be if they lost you." The parents go back to the city and find Jesus in the church, talking to the ministers. The curtains of *the French windows billow in the* fresh, warm breeze. Mrs. Elliott chooses from the volunteers—not many hands up for being one of the Holy Family, though there's a forest of arms for joining the travelling party. She lines up Jesus, Mary, and Joseph on the stage with twenty companions. At the back of the hall she places "the very important people who were ministers"—half a dozen little boys, one of them Pakistani. And those left over become desert tribesmen or people of the city through which the travellers wend their way to the church, losing their wee Jesus, miming the search for him and his discovery while Mrs. Elliott breaks up a fight between two townspeople ("Allan, will you go and sit far away from Bruce, over *there*"), not raising her voice, and provides spoken continuity: "And—golly!—look who's here. Jesus! Your mummy and daddy have come to find you."

When everyone is sitting down again, two small boys at the back who have been thumping each other are brought forward to lead the singing. Nearly as hard as they have been belting each other, they belt out:

> "Tender shepherd, tender shepherd,
> Lead us to thy morning light."

THE figures as of May, 1973: Since the troubles began in Northern Ireland in 1969, there have been three thousand bomb "outrages" and, as a result of the violence, eight hundred deaths, which include the deaths



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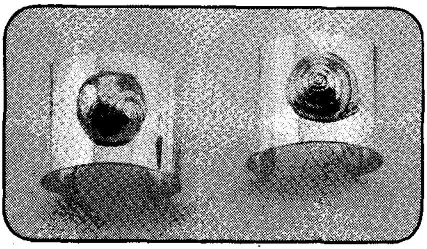

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of roughly two hundred and twenty soldiers. More than a thousand soldiers have been wounded. One death was that of an eight-year-old girl whose itinerant parents were squatting for a time in a house a few doors from Finiston. She was hit by a sniper’s bullet while walking along the Oldpark Road, in front of the school, just before last Christmas. One woman who rushed out with others on hearing the shot said, “Oh, it’s only a gypsy child.”

“IT’S the easiest job in the teaching profession, being principal of a primary school,” Russell says. Certainly he makes it look easy. At some point this morning, he began to cover with clear vinyl plastic a penguin hand-embroidered on cloth-covered cardboard by Karen Bunting, in P-7, which had been on a shelf behind his desk awaiting his attention. There are frequent knocks on the door, and emissaries from the different classes bring in the attendance books and small tobacco tins containing the money for lunch—which here, as in most British schools, is called dinner. Mrs. Wallace dispenses the dinner tickets—yellow for those whose parents can afford the twelvepence, blue for those who can’t and receive them free, pink for half price. “It’s one way of telling what social category your school caters to,” says Russell. Finiston’s last month’s dinner-money returns were, in round numbers, three hundred and fifty paid or partly paid, a thousand free. “We’re lower class.” The telephone rings constantly. Russell chases down a rumor on the phone with an official of the Belfast Education Authority about a neighboring school’s having acquired a nursery class. (Finiston doesn’t have a nursery class, and Russell feels that its recruiting powers have been undermined. Because so many families have moved away, his school has lost two hundred and fifty pupils in the last three years; he fights to keep, or gain, any child in Finiston’s catchment area.) A small boy is brought in, holding out to Russell a gray plastic machine gun, like a three-quarter-size Thompson.

Russell: “Do you know why I’m keeping this?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Why?”

“Becus they’d shoot me.”

An older girl comes in and asks if Russell will turn on the B.B.C. school poetry broadcast for P-7. (His office radio relays to a loudspeaker in every classroom.) “Right, Anita.” Russell says. “That’s Anita Rowntree, the brains

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behind the Oldpark Mafia." Anita gives Russell an old-fashioned smile.

The phone rings, and Russell reassures a mother whose child had suddenly been upset, hadn't wanted to come to school this morning and had been forced to come anyway. He replaces the phone. "We don't usually have that problem. They want to come to school, and they don't want to leave—they'd stay all afternoon if they could. We had one little boy who broke out last month, though. Said he was going to the toilet and then disappeared—got through the sandbags, the Army checkpoint, the barbed wire, and made it home. No, a few children insist on coming back to Finiston though their parents have moved several miles out." (In these cases, he explains, the children take a regular bus or are driven by parents.) He talks to a Church of Ireland minister who is on the school committee and is making an appointment to visit the school next week. The troubles have tended to reduce the number of visits from community figures, few of whom seem quite as eager as they used to be to call on schools in areas like the Oldpark. Even the police from the Royal Ulster Constabulary station up the road find this neighborhood too dangerous, and aren't to be seen on the local streets.

Things go on like this all morning. Russell talks with the secretary of the local cricket club, which is trying to get going again in its vandalized quarters, on the Cliftonville recreation ground. The club can't find its power mower, believes that the Army took it, and hopes that Russell knows how to get it back. After a few calls, Russell discovers that the Army indeed took it, "for its own protection," and now it can't be traced. But Russell gives the club secretary the number of the Army claims office, which—he knows from an experience of his own, when his car hood was damaged as a result of an Army bomb search—gives prompt and generous service.

Russell welcomes into the office a mother who says she's moving to a safer area next autumn; her daughter was stoned on the way to school last week. In five minutes, Russell persuades her to leave her daughter's name on the school's books until September, so that she can change her mind about withdrawing the child. He says, "I can always ring the head of the other school and they'll accept her at once. But things may seem better to you then." It develops that the girl doesn't want to leave Finiston, is in tears at the idea. The mother is talked round.

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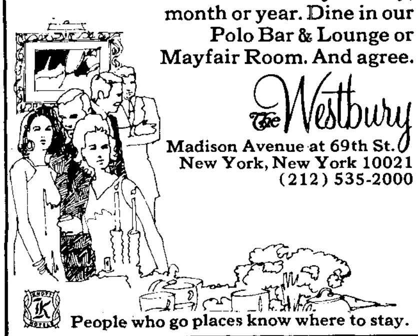

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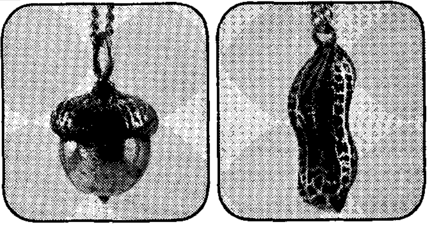

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Russell next confers with a young woman in the local office of the Northern Ireland Community Relations Commission. She seems to think she's talking with a reactionary and rabidly Orange headmaster, for he says, laughing, "Oh, we're not like that—we're just trying to get them to grow up not throwing stones at little Catholics, washing their feet, and not thinking sex is dirty. Drop in sometime—there's always a kettle on the boil."

The kettle is boiling, and Mrs. Wallace makes instant coffee, adding a cup for the major in command of the paras, who drops in looking bleary—he has been on duty all night.

Mrs. Elliott brings in a little girl from the reception class—Patricia, who is five and a half years old. A plump, round-faced child, dressed in a gray long-sleeved sweater, a gray pleated skirt, a shirt, and a wool tie. Visibly the child of someone who means her to be a schoolgirl. "Patricia has written out something lovely," says Mrs. Elliott, holding Patricia's hand. Russell takes a pale-blue exercise book with wide-ruled lines and reads aloud some of Patricia's lines:

> "Here they are in sun
> At the top of the hill
> Mummy Daddy and
> the children all like the sun. . . .
> look says Jane
> I can see the sun on
> the sea."

Patricia's teacher, Mrs. Girvan, has stuck a big red star underneath. Russell finds some change in his jacket pocket and gives it to Patricia as a reward. Asked what she is going to buy with it, Patricia says, "A chocolate biscuit."

SOME Belfast schools have been used as arms dumps, unbeknown to their staffs. The Irish Republican Army has used some Catholic children to carry bombs and ammunition. A five-year-old at another school recently brought her teacher a bag full of detonators and gelignite. "Thank God we haven't had that," Russell says. However, a five-pound bomb was found outside his office during the Easter holidays a year ago. And for several weeks in 1971 the school was in the center of an area under siege by a rioting crowd from the Bone; there was a constant bombardment with bricks and stones, and the factory across the road was set on fire. Bursts of rifle fire now and then hit the old school building. This was before the Army moved in; for a fortnight troops sent up to protect Finiston Primary School slept under their Saracens in the Oldpark Road. A thirty-foot-

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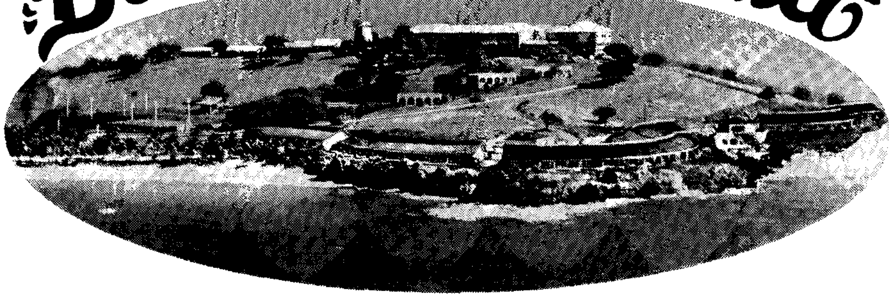

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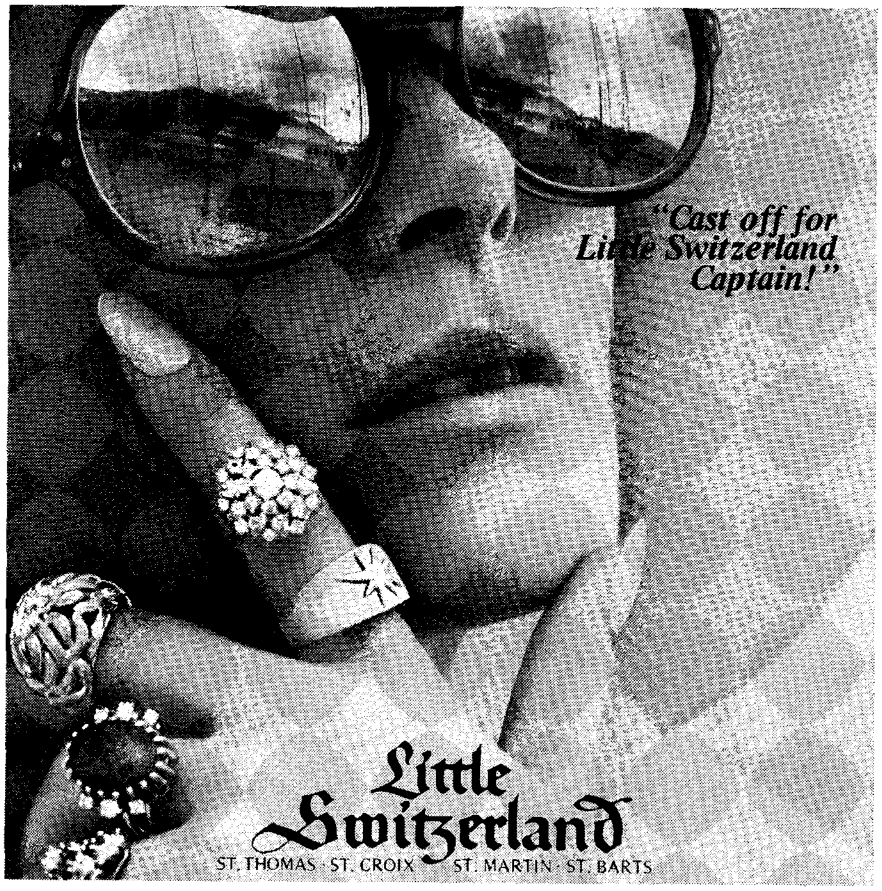

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high sheet-steel-and-wire-mesh fence has since been built alongside the senior playground, and windows are less frequently smashed. The school has been evacuated a dozen times because of bomb scares and excessive shooting. On these occasions, as when the rocket hit, there has been no alarm. Russell has sent word down one corridor and taken it himself down the other for everyone to go to the infants' playground, behind the school. "No panic, just an orderly retreat." But he's of two minds as to whether forming up in the playground (at which no shots have been directed, so far) is safer than staying in the classrooms. Sometimes when firing is heard and a boy says, "Miss, are we going to get shot?" he is told, "You'll get shot if you don't get on with your spelling." And they stay put.

THE personnel of A Company: one major, two captains, three lieutenants, one company sergeant-major, and a hundred and thirty other men. At the moment, the company is halfway through its tour of duty in Northern Ireland, which lasts four months. One of their men was shot in the stomach while patrolling the Oldpark Road, and they don't mean to lose another if they can help it. That means not relaxing for a moment, not letting your guard down, staying on the *qui vive*. On a sunny day, it's easy for even a soldier to be lulled into a feeling that all's right with the world. Then a sniper shot cracks out. So the paras, who strike Russell as super-efficient, even a little chilly in their professionalism, have their reasons for wearing black cork on their faces for patrols, and draping barbed wire on the hoods of their Land-Rovers. In the last year, their battalion has rounded up the leading officers of the I.R.A. company in the area. This morning, as Russell came through the school gate, the young para on guard reported with pride that the night before the paras had uncovered thirteen thousand rounds of ammunition and sundry weapons in a search operation on Wilton Street, off the Shankill Road. Several members of an extremist Protestant group had been arrested.

For four months, except for four days' home leave, the paras are on duty all the time. It is like life on shipboard—watch on and watch off, seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. One platoon mans the observation posts overlooking streets and intersections in the area—two square miles—that the company is responsible for. A second platoon patrols, partly in Land-Rovers but mostly on foot, searching cars, checking anything that arouses suspicion. The third platoon guards the base. No going out to the pubs or taking girls to the pictures. The British Army's role is to help the Royal Ulster Constabulary maintain law and order in a time of extraordinary strife. This means an attempt at complete impartiality—going after both sides' bombers and gunmen, protection racketeers and assassins. It means a stress on impersonality, partly for their own protection, partly to underline the fact that they are here as an arm of British law, trying to stamp out violence and re-establish peaceful conditions, in which perhaps the people of Northern Ireland can work out their future. The difficulty of their task is expressed in military maps of the city, where the Catholic streets are shaded in lime green and the streets of Protestants in an orangey beige.

Soldiers are now in parts of two Belfast primary schools besides Finiston. Schools have the advantage of being mostly empty during weekends and holidays, and they possess facilities—showers, kitchens, parking lots, and recreation areas—that a large body of men requires. Schools tend to be situated at focal points in a community. In Belfast, moreover, the school population has been shrinking (from roughly forty-seven thousand in 1963 to forty-two thousand now), so the schools have had some room to spare for the Army. In the Oldpark area, the soldiers were first based at St. Colmban's School, on Glenview Street, in the Bone. But, once early gratitude for the Army's presence died away, there was a greater hostility toward the British soldiers in the Bone than there was in the Protestant streets of the adjoining area. The St. Colmban's staff members say, "The locals felt better about attacking the soldiers up at Finiston than here at their own school." And the paras say they are happy at Finiston. Their company commander spent his last Belfast tour, two years ago, in a bombed-out factory on the Shankill. He and his men now have the use of the older part of the school, and they also use the hall, for gym in after-school hours; the staff room, for Sunday church services, including Mass; and the central courtyard, to train for tug-of-war competitions without being sniped at. One of the best things about being at Finiston, the paras' major feels, is that after patrolling the sullen neighborhood they come back and hear normal sounds of children, bells ringing, plates clattering at lunch, the noise of play. He says, "It's really a tonic."

Serving in Belfast is a strange job for a soldier. Some of the paras are Ulstermen, some are Catholics, some are blacks. The flow of recruits into the Army has dropped off, apparently because of the Northern Ireland situation, but the paras' morale seems high; many of them intend to sign on again, and feel they are accomplishing the most significant military job available at the moment. However, there remains a good deal of puzzlement. The background of the troubles is tortuous even for historians and political scientists. Anyone taking a really long view, casting a cool, almost anthropological eye on the migrations of Celts, Picts, Irish, Welsh, Scots, Britons, and English from one side of the Irish Sea to the other, back and forth at numerous times in the last few thousand years, may well wonder what the devil the descendants of the migratory waves are going on about. It's hard to keep in mind the present, miserable conditions of existence that—coupled with several generations of oligarchical misgovernment—give that fanaticism some support. The paras see their friends wounded or killed, and it isn't war. The enemy is elusive. He is, the soldiers feel, overprotected by the law. They say, "We know where the gunmen are, and if Mr. Whitelaw, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, cleared out for a few days and let us go to work, we'd clean them up." They feel the resentment on some of the streets; they're never sure who is friend and who is foe. The sight of a paratrooper's red beret makes some Belfast citizens imagine all sorts of brutality, and though the paras are not young thugs, they are young, strong men who now and then get fed up with the hanging around; their feeling that they'd like to have a bash at the bastards who are causing all this becomes overpoweringly strong. It is necessary for them to keep telling themselves—and for the officers to keep telling their men—that many people are in fact reassured by their presence, and the pres-

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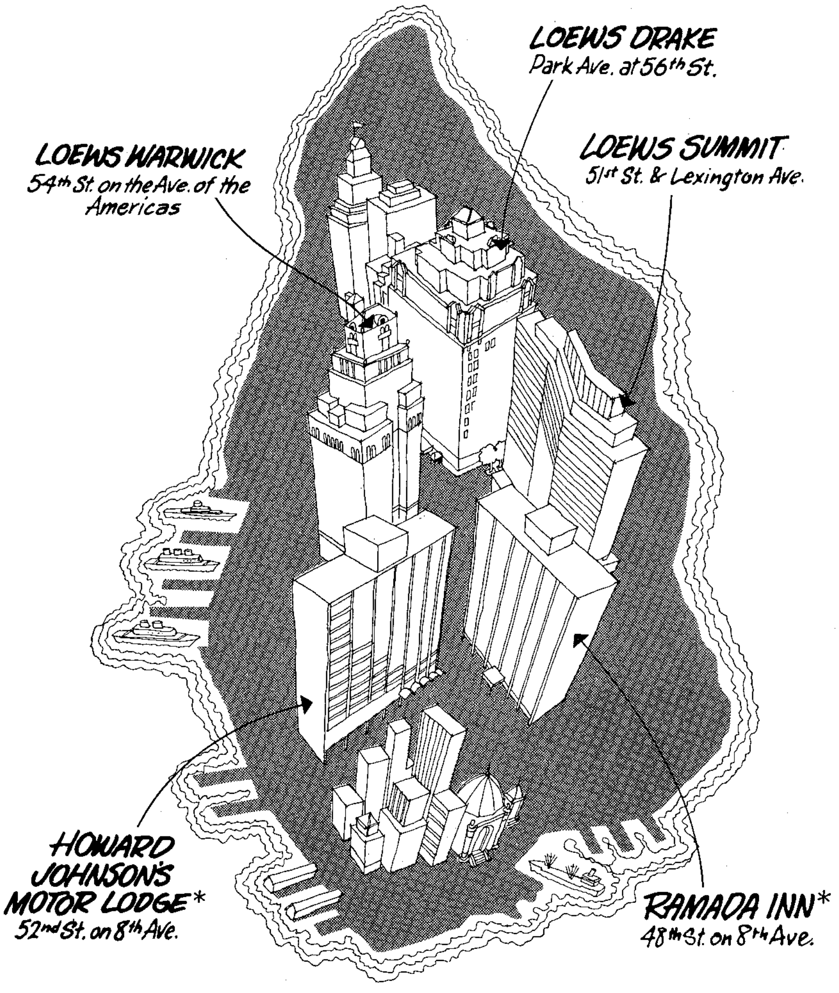

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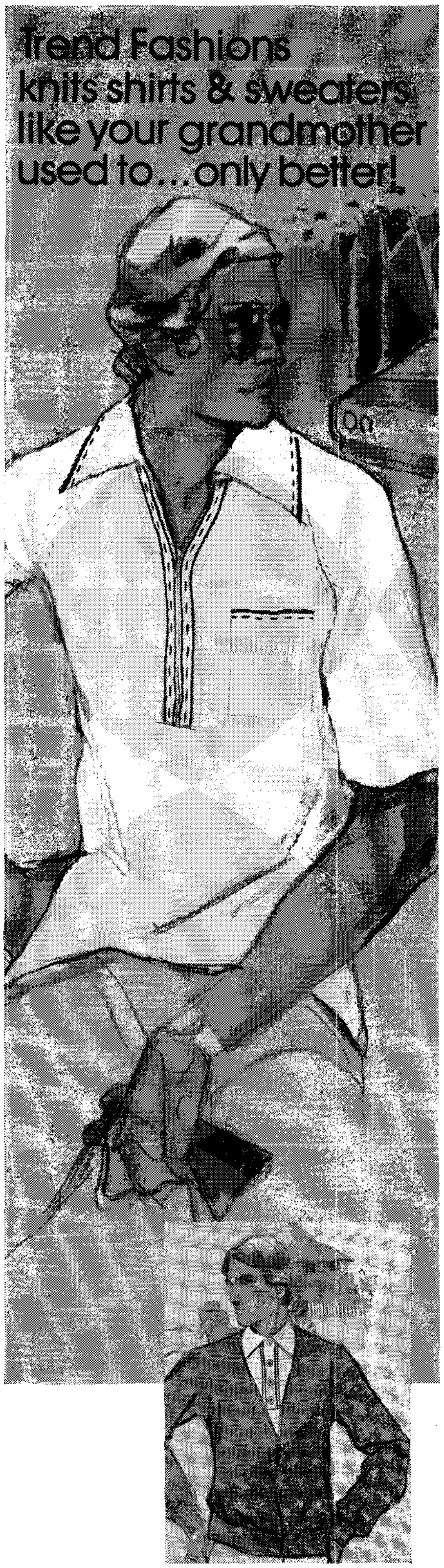
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ence of other military units, in the streets. There are sudden flashes of hospitality—cups of tea for a search party, an offer of payment to the Army carpenter who comes round to repair a kicked-in door. A woman will pause while hurling bottles and abuse to whisper, "We're only doing this because the boys are watching. Don't take it to heart." The soldiers attempt to steer a middle course while seeking out the murderers who find employment on both sides. They are occasionally rewarded by detecting a wanted man, despite his aliases, or by uncovering a cache of arms. They try to do what in normal times a local policeman might do for those who need help—call an ambulance, write a letter, help solve community problems, as they did in pressing for buses to ferry the children to school. They can also perhaps take credit for the fact that things have been quieter in the Oldpark since they've been here.

The soldiers of A Company have done their best to domesticate the old Finiston building. Classrooms serve as dormitories for the three platoons, with double-decker bunks instead of desks, the rooms dark for around-the-clock sleeping instead of sunlit for schoolwork. The tall, clerical Victorian windows are partly blocked with sandbags, and the remaining glass is covered with crisscrossed tape and gray paint. High up in the plaster, a bullet hole or two can be seen, where sniper fire has penetrated. Some men are always sacked out, while others clean their boots or read paperback Westerns. It is a fort. Upstairs, hall and staircase windows are bricked up. The soldiers have used a hundred tons of sand since they arrived, improving sandbag walls that form staggered, mazelike approaches to ground-floor doors and windows. The downstairs corridors have been partitioned with hardboard to make a company office, quartermaster's stores, and a military-operations room. Ammunition cases serve as shelves and filing cabinets. There are *Penthouse* nudes on one wall, looking prissy, and a photograph on the opposite wall of Princess Alexandra, who is patron of the regiment, smiling primly. A "Wanted for Murder" poster. Jokey notices and photographs with added captions ("Take a shower with your platoon sergeant," says Tired & Lonely).

Officers and men share the same washrooms and eat the same food—better food than they get at home, so some of them say. There is a room containing battered armchairs, a color TV, and a snack bar, which is presided

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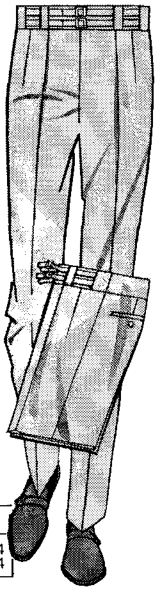

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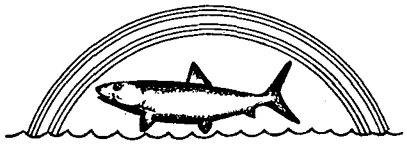

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over by two amiable Pakistani caterers; one of them knew the company commander in Cyprus, before the major rose from the ranks. A few bookshelves hold fifty crumpled paperbacks. Two movies are shown every week; this week's are "Ned Kelly" and "Shaft." The paras no longer have to polish their brass or blanco their webbing, as British soldiers did until a few years ago. The paras, in fact, darken their badges, so they won't reflect the sun. The paras maintain their own equipment and semi-automatic rifles. They check out the tools required for a search party—jimmy, pick, shovel, hammer, screwdriver, and wire-cutting pliers—from the quartermaster's stores. They wear berets, camouflage parkas, and gray-green flakproof waistcoats, and as they go out to the observation posts, known by the Hindustani word "*sangars*," or to patrol the streets of the Oldpark, they say to one another, "Keep your head down."

"I RECOMMEND those people who are loyalists not to employ Roman Catholics."—Viscount Brookeborough (then Minister of Agriculture in Northern Ireland, later Prime Minister of Northern Ireland), March, 1934.

WHEN the soldiers first came to Finiston, the children couldn't take their eyes off them. The eleven-year-old girls in P-7 giggled at the sight of all the young men. The boys soon talked familiarly of Saracens, *sangars*, and "aggro" ("aggression," or riotous confrontation). Now, though the children aren't allowed in the old building, the soldiers occasionally drift through the school. Russell found A Company's cook teaching P-2 the other day while Mrs. Emery (who felt ill) had a rest. "He was working on one group with their reading and had another group practicing their handwriting." The para medical orderly uses Russell's office in the evenings to study for O-level examinations (the "O" standing for "ordinary"), which qualify a young person for various jobs or for further education, and which he didn't take in secondary school. He also bandages children's cuts, and hands out medicine to local women. Officers come in to talk to classes about skiing or about their tour in Germany. One Welsh soldier (known as Twenty-six, because he shared the surname Jones with half his company and the last digits of his Army serial number were 26) used to draw Batman and Dracula for small boys, and, though

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he often expressed a desire to get out of bloody Ireland and back to Wales as soon as possible, once told a teacher that he would like to send his children to Finiston. The medic in the First Light Infantry, a Scotsman, spent a lot of time in the hall at dinner teaching one child how to hold a knife and fork. The soldiers make friends with the children easily, perhaps partly because they feel that children aren't yet biassed and that they themselves aren't showing bias in being friendly with kids. They know how to joke with children, and quite fondly tease the little girls. They bring in boxes of chocolate biscuits to share around a class. They run football games after school or during holidays, organizing matches between the top of the street and the bottom of the street. At Christmas, they give integrated parties for local children. One led some of the children in physical-training classes in the hall during his four months. Another hung curtains in the French windows in the hall, and painted its walls.

At midmorning break in the infants' playground, two small boys start a fight. New drainpipes are being laid on loose stones in a ditch along Torrens Avenue, and some of these stones are thrown. A head is cut open. One child is sent off for medical attention. The offenders are chastised and dispatched to the senior playground, with a threat from Russell: "If there's any more of that stuff, I'll send you both to Eton." (The children seem to think that Eton is a junior version of Long Kesh, the local Alcatraz.) Some Belfast teachers, including those at St. Colmban's, say that in the past couple of years there has been a pronounced decline in disciplinary standards. Some secondary schools have a great problem with violence and vandalism, particularly in out-of-school hours. Psychologists are worried about the permanent effect that constant adult violence may have on Belfast children. Yet one local teacher, G. H. Slevin, has written in the first issue of *Community Forum*, a magazine put out by the Northern Ireland Community Relations Commission, that he is convinced the symptoms of violence "will disappear as quickly as they appeared." He added, "If the violence were to stop, the so-called scars on children's personalities would be shown up as no more significant than those sustained during ordinary play."

Russell says that ninety-nine per cent of the Finiston pupils behave well at school, eighty per cent out of it—

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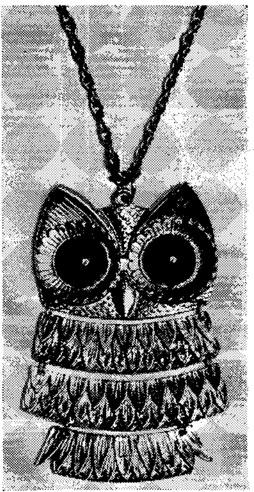

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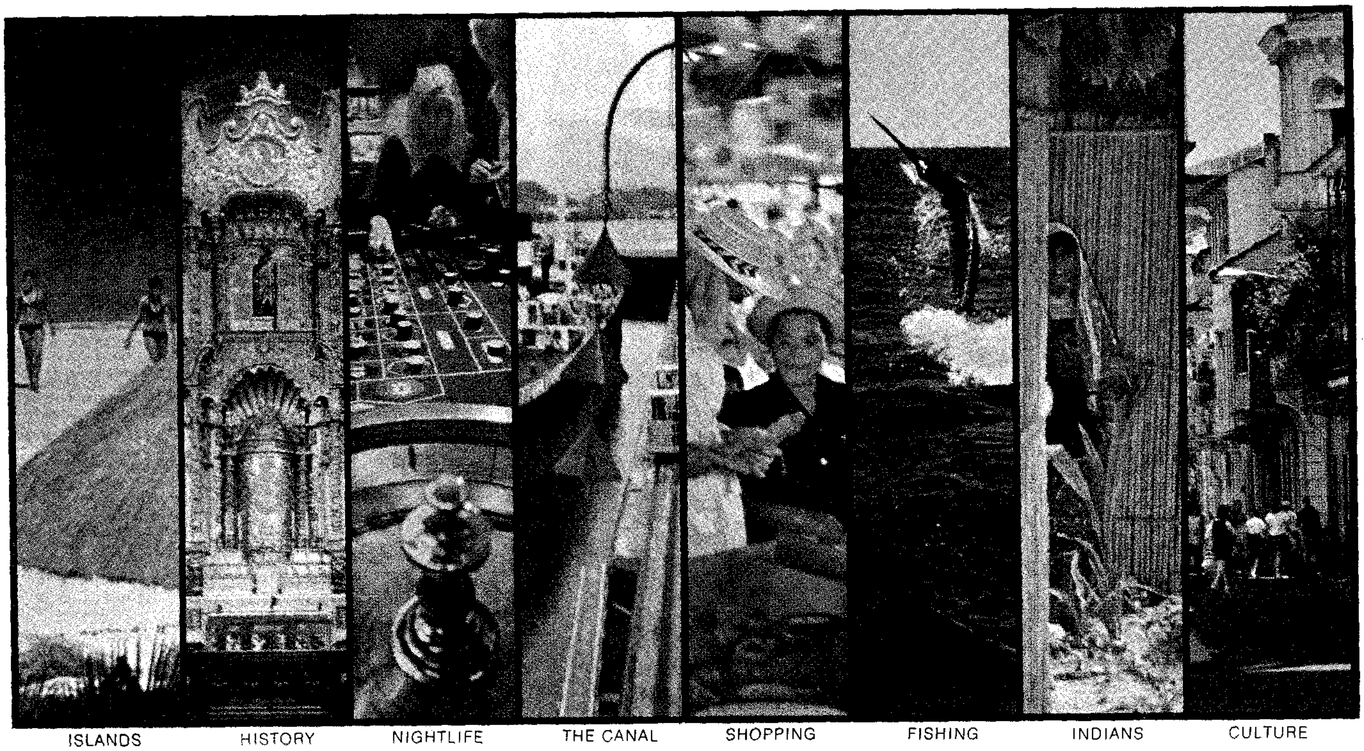

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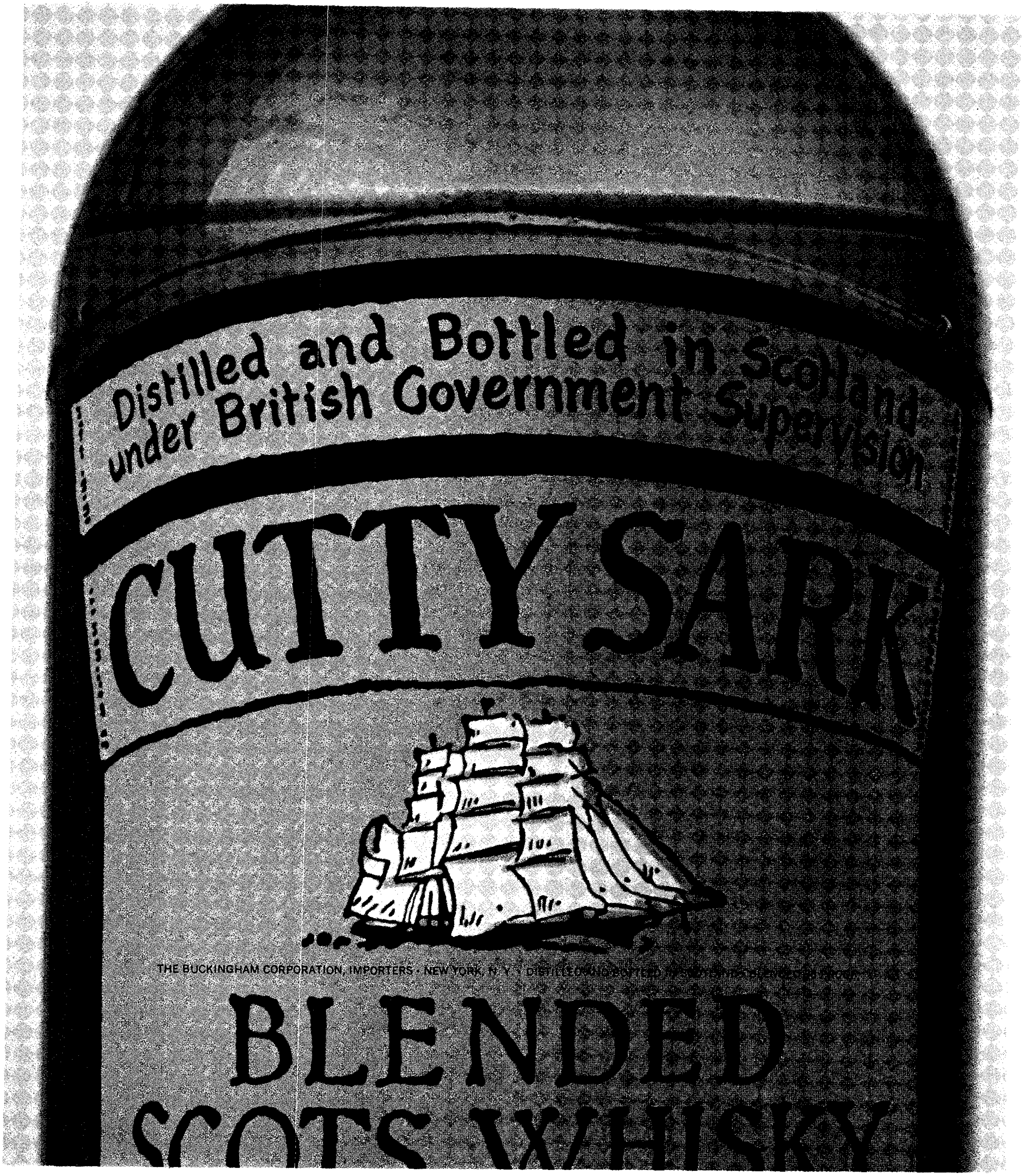
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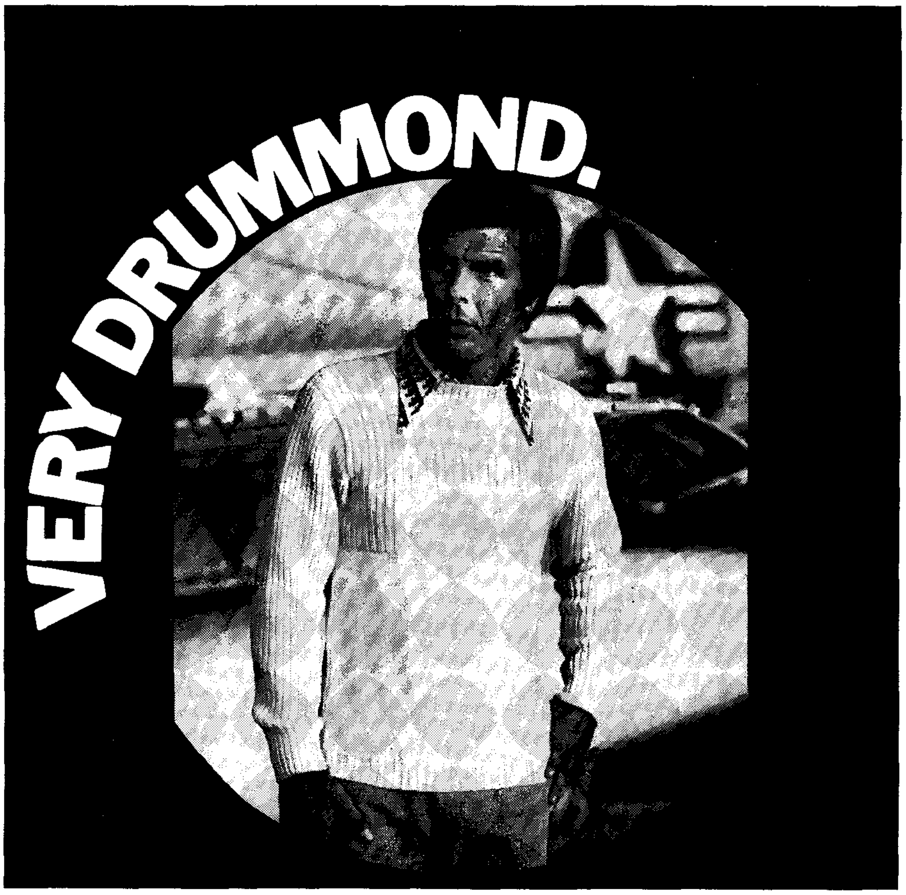
those who go home to care and affection. There's the occasional playground fight, but he sees no evidence of viciousness or of increase in fear—no sudden stammering, nail-biting, bed-wetting, or shaking. In Northern Ireland, standards of literacy are generally higher than in Southern Ireland; children are generally more vocal and articulate than in the United States; the percentage of passes in O- and A-level (for "advanced") examinations (A-levels are usually taken two years after completion of O-levels, and most universities require two A-level examinations before admission) continues to go up despite the troubles, gradually catching up with the percentage in England and Wales. Russell acknowledges a slight waning in class concentration and scholastic achievement at Finiston in the last few years. With the school day an hour shorter than it was last year, before the buses were laid on, much time has been lost. The brighter children—generally those of more ambitious parents—have been taken away to safer areas. But this has meant smaller classes, so teachers are able to give more attention to the slower children who remain. Russell believes, moreover, that school is a refuge from the reality of the streets. Some of the boys now and then draw a picture of a Saracen or a Land-Rover, but the troubles aren't much in evidence in the children's work. Mrs. Elliott says, "In most drawings, it's still Nazi warplanes bombing American convoys. Little girls draw little girls skipping between apple trees in front of houses with smoke curling up out of the chimneys." Russell says, "Away from school, the children witness things no child should see, but by some miracle a protective mental shell forms." A good proportion of the children are already at home in the midst of violence, illness, poverty, and cruelty. Many go to bed at eleven, when their fathers come home from the pubs. These children watch late-night thrillers on TV. On the other hand, many of the children have never had so much attention. They are taken on trips and excursions by the Army and by teacher-training colleges. English societies invite them over for holidays. Russell and his vice-principal, Hutton, take groups to Liverpool and Edinburgh, though it is sometimes hard to persuade the parents to let their children go. Many parents believe that their children are highly strung—"have wee nerves," as they say in Belfast. But Russell finds very few children at Finiston who don't love to sing, act, and recite, who don't want to show



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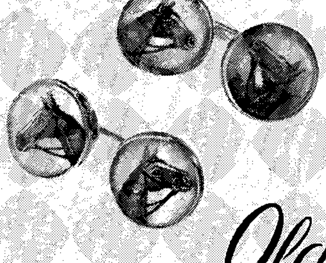

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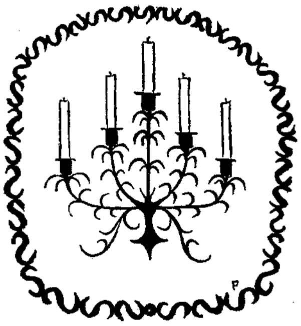
you with pride what they've learned or made. "Resilience" is a word quite a few people use in Belfast, and Russell uses it, too: "These kids are resilient."

The Irish Question: "I'm a British subject and proud of it," says an education official in Belfast. "But in France if someone asks me where I come from I say Ireland. We're all Irish here."

The Belfast *Telegraph* carries the Killarney race results. St. Patrick's Day is a school holiday throughout Northern Ireland. The Irish Rugby team has players from both North and South. Russell spends his holidays in Donegal, in the Republic. His daughter is married to a clergyman of the Protestant Church of Ireland and lives in Dublin.



In the middle of Belfast, a prominent sign directs drivers to the motorway with the word "DUBLIN."

A good many Northerners feel that Southerners pay lip service to unification but that in fact Southerners are apprehensive that if the border should be removed Northerners would soon be running the whole country. All that Presbyterian industriousness.

A good many Southerners are hoping for the success of a plan put forth earlier this year by Conor Cruise O'Brien, the Irish Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, for the North to watch Eire television and the South to watch the B.B.C.

"Ireland's my country," says one Belfast teacher. "And yet when I go into a hotel in the South and see all those priests drinking and laughing and acting as if they owned the place, I have the horrors. Popery! Clerical dominance! It's a real worry."

A remark attributed to a nineteenth-century British politician: "Just when you begin to understand the Irish question, the Irish change the question."

THE children are coming in from midmorning break, carrying skipping ropes and plastic footballs back to classroom cupboards. The classroom doors and walls are covered with the children's maps, charts, pictures, and graphs. In P-2, the story of the potato. In P-7, a colorful diagram of columns climbing up, up, up—1970, 1971, 1972: "Fatalities in N. Ireland." In P-7, Jeffrey Haddock is sitting at his desk in the front row looking at a page about sets in his maths workbook with a vacant gaze; Hutton had told me that Jeffrey's dog died yesterday. In P-3, small groups are reading out loud, helping one another. In P-6, there's much activity with Modroc, the up-to-date construction material for model-making, which seems to have replaced plaster of Paris and "paper-mash," which is what papier-mâché is called here. In P-1, there are little satchels on the floor, potato chips on the windowsill, a crate of empty milk bottles. In all the classes, some children are tidily dressed; some wear things that are too big or too small, wrists and ankles showing; some are in clothes from corner shops; and some are in hand-me-downs of good quality, which Russell collects from better-off schools and keeps in a cupboard, to be passed out to children who seem to need them. The children do a lot of work in project books, compiling essays, pictures, maps, and photographs on subjects that interest them: Florence Nightingale, Finiston Primary School, the shipyards of Belfast. Russell says, "Many of the children don't know the date of Waterloo, or even the name of the Prime Minister, but they can tell you what a medieval Japanese costume looked like, because they've just finished a project on Japan." There's still an official primary-school curriculum: "Religious Education, English, Mathematics, Geography, Nature Study, History, Music, Physical Education, Arts and Crafts, Needlework, and [in a few schools] Irish." In P-7, Hutton has pinned up a traditional-looking timetable allotting various hours to various subjects, but he treats this as a very rough guide. More often than not, one group in his class will be studying sets while another is model-making, another is writing poetry, and another is working on a project connected with a trip to Scotland. Lectures by the teacher and textbooks have been a good deal replaced by "discovery methods"—groups working on joint activities that may bring aspects of traditional subjects together in various ways, with each of the children pursuing his own strongest interests. Russell says, "I haven't completely made up my mind yet about all this. I don't think all the old methods will be thrown away. Some children need strict bounds within which to work. The new methods leave some teachers pretty much at sea, too. There's a lot of dabbling that goes on in the name of innovation. In one Belfast school, they've taken the doors off all the classrooms."

AT eleven-fifteen, the school assembles in the central hall for an anti-smoking lecture, given for the Belfast Health Department by a genial Seventh-Day Adventist. His visual aids are a cartoon film, featuring the Devil as Old Nick O'Tine, and a ventriloquist's dummy. Five of the Finiston teachers smoke. Russell has taken it up again after quitting several years ago, but says he's giving it up during his next holidays. Some of the questions the children ask the lecturer are "How many days does it take to stop smoking?" "Is cancer worse than any other disease?" "How long does it take to die of cancer?" and "How do you know if your mother and father are going to die of cancer?"

HEADLINES and subheads from the Belfast *Telegraph*, May 17, 1973:

WOMAN HIT IN BELFAST SHOOTING
TRIPLE KILLING—EIRE DRAMA
AIRPORT BOMB CHECK
MURDER BID: OFFICER FOR TRIAL
FATHER AND SON ON GUNS CHARGE
HOAX HALTS TRAFFIC
MAN INTIMIDATED RUC MAN—
SENTENCED
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MURDER BID: YOUTH CHARGED
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REPUBLICAN PRISONERS
"NO LET UP IN WAR ON TERRORISTS"
"MONEY FROM U.S. GETTING INTO
WRONG HANDS"
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IN THREAT CASE
TWO WHO FOUND GUN AND KEPT
IT JAILED
FOUR GET ONE-YEAR SENTENCE
ON GUNS CHARGE
BOYS HAD HOME-MADE GUN
REMAND ON ARMS CHARGES
"SICK" MAN STOPPED TAXI
BEFORE MURDER
INQUEST TOLD HOW MAN WAS SHOT
IN FRONT OF HIS WIFE
"I WAS ON IRA DEATH LIST"
MAN CLEARED OF BLOWING UP
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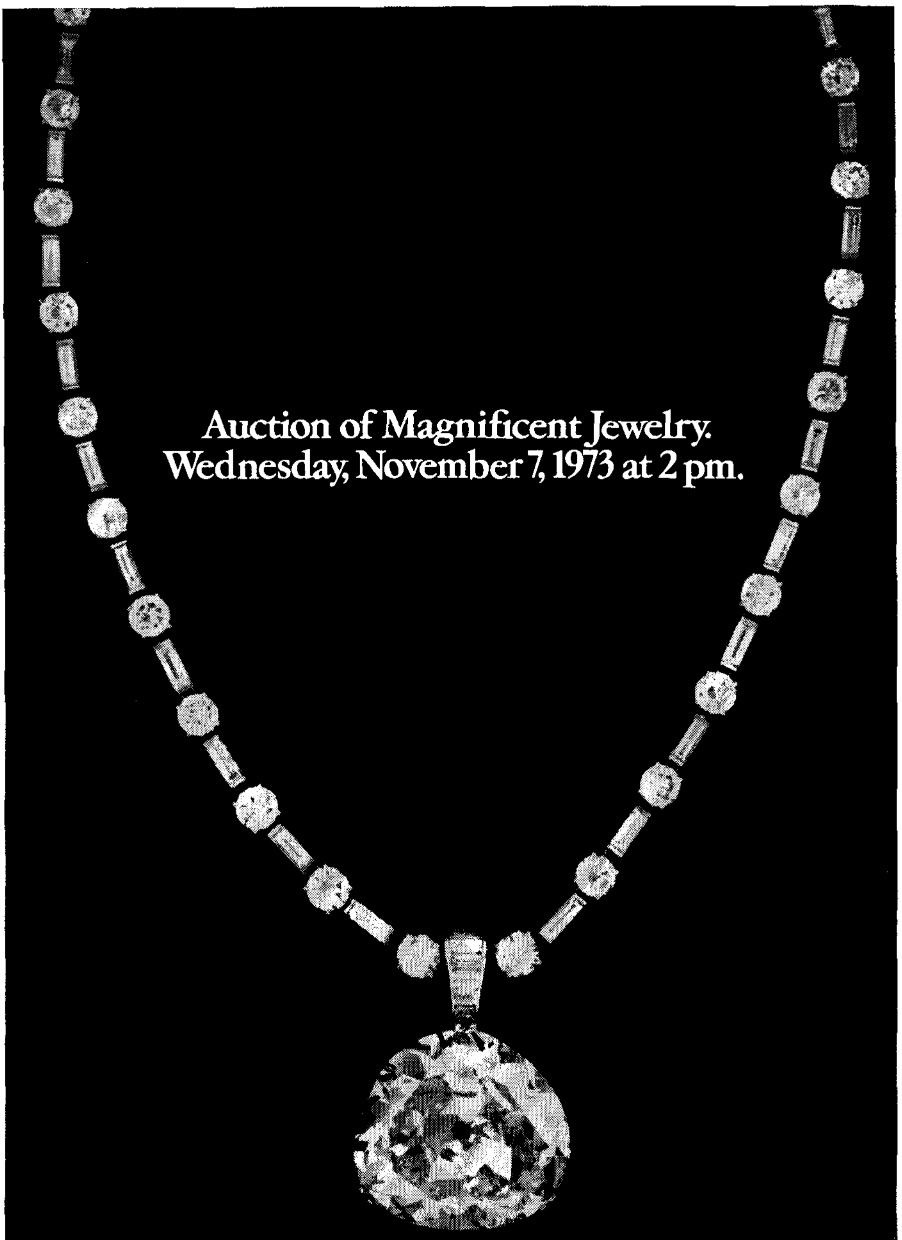
"IT would be nice to know why the Ulster schools are still segregated," one Army officer said. At the beginning of the term, fifteen furious mothers stormed into Russell's office and demanded their children's leaving cards. They understood, mistakenly, that Russell was allowing a large number of Catholic children to attend Finiston School. Russell straightened this



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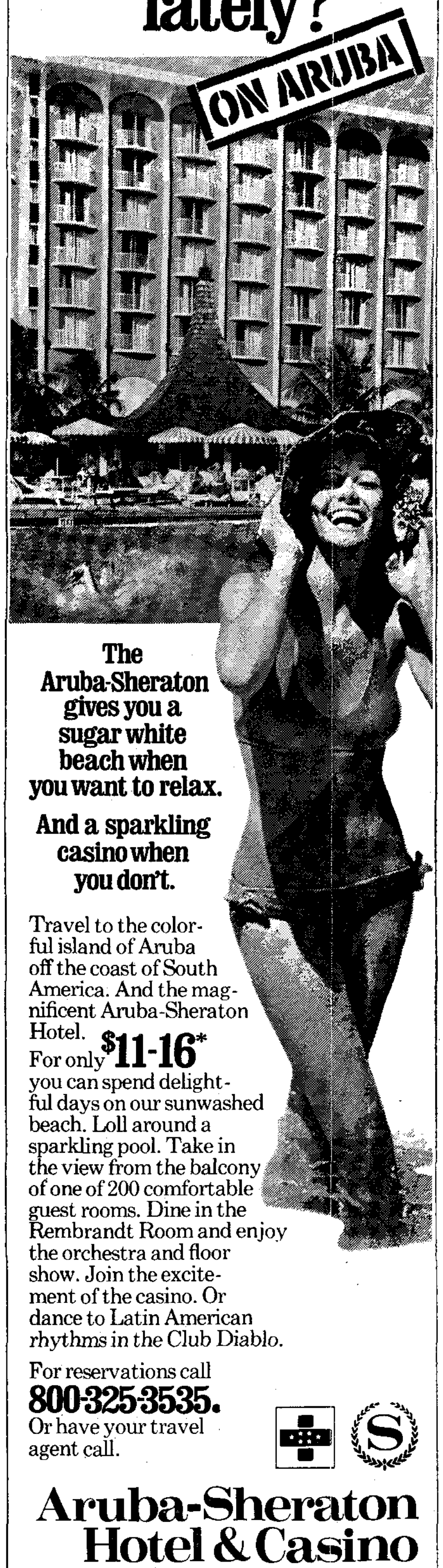

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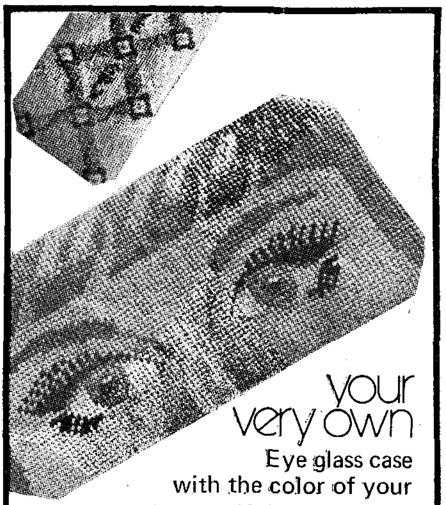
out. A month or so later, Russell asked another group of mothers what they would think if twenty Catholic children did in fact turn up at Finiston next term. (He can't be sure that they won't, if Catholic families decide to move into some of the empty houses near the school.) The mothers surprised him by saying, "It's the only answer."

In 1830, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare said, "I do not know any measures which would prepare the way for a better feeling in Ireland than uniting children at an early age, and bringing them up in the same school." The 1923 Education Act (Northern Ireland) decreed that education was to be the secular responsibility of local school committees; there was to be no religious discrimination. This provision united the various Ulster denominations in opposition to the act. The March, 1973, Constitutional Proposals for Northern Ireland, put forward by the British government and well received by middle-of-the-road opinion in Ulster, say in regard to education, "If the tragic events of recent times are not to recur, means must be found to create a greater sense of community in the minds of the rising generation. One of the obvious factors in the situation is the high degree of educational segregation. . . . While . . . *it is the Roman Catholic Church which* maintains a separate system, it is by no means to be assumed that, in practice, all Protestant parents would be happy to see a completely integrated school system, involving as it would the teaching of Protestant children by Roman Catholic teachers, some of them members of religious orders."

The gulf here between Protestant and Catholic has some obvious causes. For a long time, the Catholics were gerrymandered out of adequate political representation. They have borne the brunt of unemployment. And the Protestants, because they know that the Catholics—who form a third of the population of Northern Ireland—have indeed had good reason for deep dissatisfaction with the State of Ulster, are terrified of Catholic cohesion: the unity established among the Catholics by their Church, their schools, and the injustices done them. The Protestants reply with flagstaffs bearing the Union Jack or the St. Andrew's Cross, Orange parades, and paintings on the gable ends of their houses showing King Billy on his white horse—King William of Orange, who in 1690 led the forces that defeated James II and



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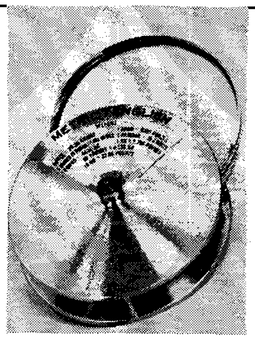

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his Catholic army at the Battle of the Boyne. This gulf has in other ways been deepened and exploited by generations of Ulster politicians, who have found great personal benefit in maintaining what has been, to all intents and purposes, an intermittent working-class civil war. They have encouraged the belief of Catholics and Protestants that they are fundamentally different from one another. (Catholic children ask their parents, "What does a Protestant look like?" Some Protestants will tell you that Catholics do look different—have "definite racial characteristics, such as smaller eyes.") Both sides take their religion seriously. Most people in Northern Ireland still go to church. On either side, many want to believe the worst about each other. Protestants are sure the Catholics have plans to take over certain areas of the city. Catholics believe that the Orange lodges are lending money to Protestants for buying houses when neither side can get conventional mortgage loans. Protestants say that Catholics get most of the houses in the new building projects.

Now and then, the gulf has been bridged. In 1932, the Protestant unemployed rioted in support of the Catholic unemployed. In 1969, Prime Minister Terence O'Neill said, "It is frightfully hard to explain to Protestants that if you give Roman Catholics a good job and a good house they will live like Protestants." No one has tried very hard to make that explanation until recent years. Now many on the two sides would like to get together, but militants make it dangerously difficult. There is some integration in sports and art; youth orchestras, for instance, have Catholic and Protestant members. And in education, at least at the very top and at the very bottom, one can clutch at a few straws of hope. The five new Education Area Boards include representatives of both Protestant and Catholic schools. Of forty play groups for preschool children so far started in Northern Ireland, two (sponsored by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children) are integrated. After that, the educational divide begins, and it ends only at the university level. The Roman Catholics have two teacher-training colleges of their own, one for each sex, but last January their students got together with those of the coeducational, officially nondenominational (but actually Protestant) Stranmillis College of Education to debate the question of segregated schools. At the moment, fewer than two per cent of the Catholic

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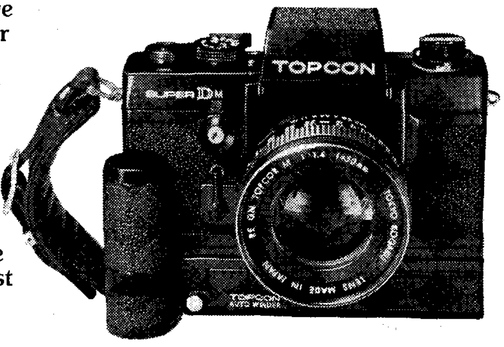

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children in Northern Ireland attend the state schools; the number of Protestant pupils who cross the line into Catholic schools is even smaller. Catholic schools are "maintained" by the state to the extent of receiving their *running costs and eighty per cent* of their capital expenditure from the public purse. Of a total of fifteen hundred schools in Ulster, only half a dozen are making significant attempts at integration. However, circumstances have led to integration in a few cases—as at Vere Foster, a Belfast primary school in the Ballymurphy area, two or three miles from Finiston. There, suddenly, the surrounding streets became Catholic. Once a school with an almost totally Protestant population, Vere Foster now has a majority of Catholic pupils. The teaching staff has been quietly adjusted to suit—a stroke of good fortune for Catholic teachers, who don't usually stand much chance of getting jobs in state schools. (The change at Vere Foster doesn't seem to have impressed the I.R.A., which recently fired a rocket at an Army post in the school.) For the time being, educational authorities don't feel that integrated schools can be forced on Northern Ireland. If they come about naturally, fine; otherwise, it's best to take advantage of any positive interplay between the two school systems.

Now and then in the past, there has been a Catholic child at Finiston, though there isn't now. Last year, Finiston had five brothers who had previously attended a Catholic school, but their mother has moved on, taking them with her. Russell himself is not sure that the time is right for any ostentatious attempt at educational bridge-building in the Oldpark area. Though there's no great difference between the people on one side and the people on the other, they believe there is; tension remains strong. Sometimes the children meet on holidays, at sponsored games or parties, but then they go back to school and the iron curtain descends again. They think they have to fight each other. However, as Russell came to school the other day he saw three Finiston children waiting at a bus stop on one side of the Oldpark Road and three little Catholic children walking past the Catholic church on the other. These children had all been brought together recently in a Community Relations Commission holiday scheme, but Russell assumed that there might well be a confrontation, and stopped just beyond them to watch. One of the three small Catholic boys looked up and down the road to see if anyone he knew

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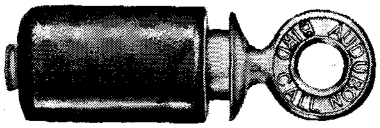

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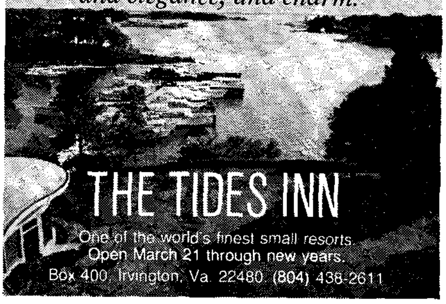

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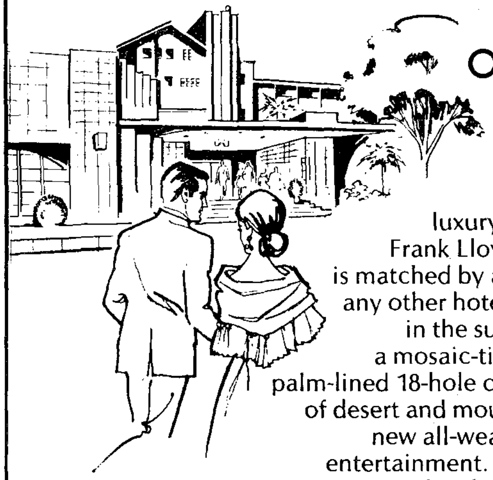
was watching, and then called out, "How are you, Bruce?" Bruce called back, "Hello, Seamus!"

OF the Finiston parents, it's the colorful or desperate minority who attract attention: the women with trim curtains in well-washed front windows who follow Mrs. Warren's profession; the men who fight and march for the ultra-loyalist Ulster Defense Association; mothers who die of malnutrition, leaving the kids to cope with drunken fathers. But the majority, though moderately fond of bingo, booze, and TV, are responsible and law-abiding, and see that the children get to school. Most of the men are employed, holding such jobs as lorry drivers, pipe fitters, and roofers.

AT twelve-ten, it's time to inspect hands for cleanliness, dispense the dinner tickets, march to the hall. Hutton looks in on the hall briefly to see that the queue at the serving tables is orderly. He chats with Mrs. Maginnis, one of the ladies dishing out, and learns from her that the mother of a particular child who hasn't come to school today is ill; Mrs. Maginnis knows the neighborhood. The food is brought in hot, having been cooked at another school. Today, it's meat pie, ice-cream scoops of mashed potatoes, spring greens (generally declined), and gravy; for dessert, jam roly-poly and custard. The children eating lunches they've brought with them sit at some adjacent tables; there are cheese sandwiches and oranges, and lots of packages of potato chips and cans of soda. Hutton says, "Many mothers spend more on this sort of lunch than they would on school dinners. They're not good economists."

NONE of the teachers eat the school dinner. They eat sandwiches and drink from thermoses of soup in the staff room, above the principal's office. One of the young women teachers generally makes instant coffee or a pot of tea for everyone. The chairs are tatty, the wallpaper was up to date in 1935, and there are two watercolor landscapes over the gas fire which are thoroughly banal, but the atmosphere is merry. Mrs. Elliott discusses tactics for handling the clergyman's visit next week. "We'll take him to your class first, Roberta, so he can see the drawings they've done of birds and butterflies. He'll ask the children, 'Who made the birds and butterflies?' They'll say, 'God did,' and then Clarke Brolly, if I know him, will pipe up with 'Where



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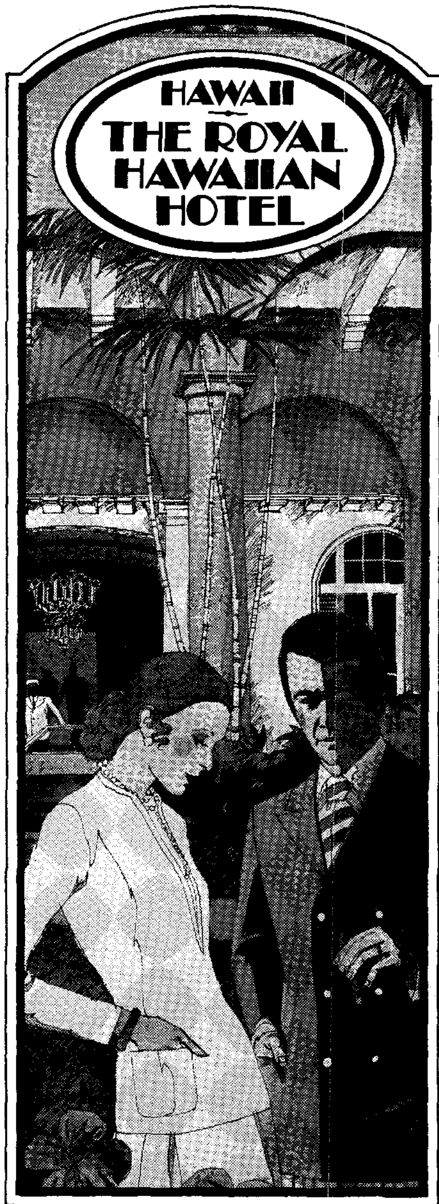
did He get the butter?' " As she talks, there's a dull, back-of-the-ear thud, like a door being slammed against pressure. "That's a bomb," says Russell, and there's a moment of contemplation—where it went off (probably the Ardoyne), what damage has been done, the mind flicking quickly over shattered glass, shattered limbs—before conversation resumes. A few of the younger women talk about a pair of shoes Mrs. Girvan bought in London; one of the men asks Russell if he has had any news of some stage-lighting equipment that has been on order from the Education Authority now for six months. "Not a word," says Russell. "I think they're waiting to see if we sink or swim." He looks particularly buoyant as he speaks.

One thing that Russell is proud of is the way his staff has stood up to the troubles. One woman teacher left two years ago, the stoning, shooting, and bottle-throwing coming on top of great personal troubles—a sick husband, a child injured in a car crash. The other teachers—four men, seven women—are clearly enthusiastic about Finiston and its principal. Russell complains that the teacher-training colleges won't send him student teachers, because they think the Oldpark is too dangerous. He personally recruited Mrs. Girvan and Donna Curry last year, when they graduated; both of them were in tears when Russell told them that, because of Finiston's shrinking numbers, the Education Authority considered them redundant and they would have to be transferred elsewhere.

All the teachers live in suburbs or safer, middle-class sections of Belfast, and getting to school has been a problem for them. Several, waiting at bus stops, have had stones and bottles thrown at them, or, walking up the Oldpark Road, they have been harassed and abused. Now they drive or get a lift in a colleague's car. But driving isn't always easy. Mrs. Elliott was stuck in a long line of traffic on the way to school the other morning; every car was being searched at an Army checkpoint. She had the radio on, and the B.B.C. announcer was warning London drivers about slow conditions on the Kingston Bypass. She thought, The Kingston Bypass—another world! When Mrs. Girvan was in London, she went into a store on Oxford Street and automatically opened her shopping bag to the view of the first man inside the door; then she realized that no one in London was checking to see if there were bombs in bags. "There was a period when we were pretty weary," says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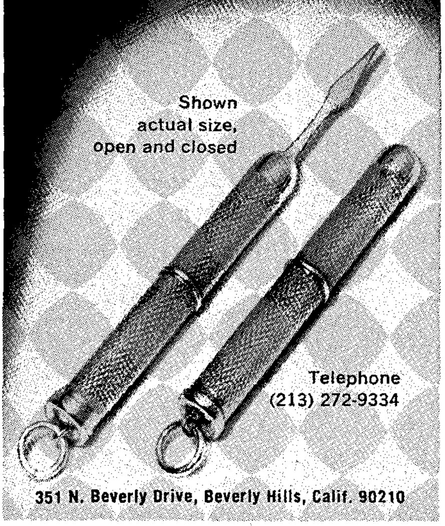
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Hutton. "Every day, you could hear bullets, and there were wee bomb scares. It took an effort to carry on. Now we're used to it, we're cheerful, but I think it has got to us. It seems never-ending. We all suffer from battle fatigue. We don't plan far ahead. We do things at the last minute. And we're a wee bit jumpy." Mrs. Elliott went on holiday to Majorca. In the hotel, there was a loud noise during the night—a door slammed, perhaps—and she was halfway down the hall, heading for the back playground, before she realized where she was. Some teachers have received threatening phone calls.

Yet, whereas many schools, such as St. Colmban's, across the way, have had difficulty acquiring a staff and hanging on to it, Finiston has not. Its teachers all want to stay. They enjoy the smaller classes. They like the children, deprived and backward though some of them may be, Mrs. Elliott says, "It's something visitors notice but we now take for granted—that this school is full of very pretty children." A hundred and thirty-three are boys, ninety girls—a figure that can be explained by the old belief that more boys are born in times of war or by assuming that more parents of girls move out of the Oldpark. Russell has left the staff room—his laughter can be heard at the foot of the stairs—and Hutton says, "David keeps this place going. He's built into it a great feeling, which he's got us all to share. I'm convinced the school would have folded without him."

BELFAST was once a town of distinguished character. For a time in the eighteenth century, it had a reputation for radical, egalitarian thought. Now this city of three hundred and ninety thousand human beings is a place of memorials and landmarks. "That's where McGurk's Bar stood," and "That's where the Abercorn Restaurant blast occurred," and "Down there is Farrington Gardens, a whole street of houses burned out." Reminders everywhere of loss, death, mutilation, blindness, pain, individual agony and family grief, not easily wiped away. With so much flattened, burned out, or in ruins, it is a city perfectly ripe for planners, redevelopment, motorways, ring roads, giant housing projects. Many of the walls left standing are covered with the graffiti of violence. For new arrivals, it's a shock to halt at a street crossing and stare into the muzzle of a semi-automatic, held by a soldier in a Land-Rover waiting for the

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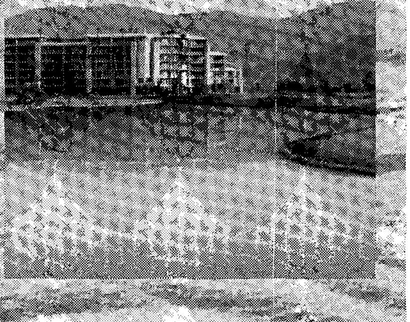

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light to change. Pairs of armed vehicles patrol the streets. Soldiers on foot patrol the sidewalks. Admittance to all the side streets of the city center is controlled by steel fences topped with barbed wire, which have gates through which pedestrians enter for inspection and turnstiles through which they come out. Wider gates have to be unlocked for those cars that have reason for access, and the cars are thoroughly searched. One effect of this arrangement is to produce de-facto pedestrian precincts, in which people can walk without fear of traffic. Moreover, in the main downtown streets the parking of unattended cars is everywhere prohibited—because bombs have been left in parked cars. Parking meters have been removed. A few important buildings reinforce the ban with rows of concrete-filled oil drums in the former parking spaces by the curb. Main-street traffic flows smoothly. In the evening, however, the center streets are almost empty. There is an unnatural lack of population on the streets at that time of day, as if plague were keeping people indoors, and the emptiness makes the few who do have an errand feel edgy and suspect. As it is, most banks, offices, and shops have had to take off-putting precautions. Their windows are now either fitted with toughened, opaque glass or crisscrossed with tape to prevent splinters in a blast. The doors are generally locked ("Please knock and wait"), or guarded by men who inspect women's bags and frisk the men. Porters in hotels don't rush to take the suitcase of a stranger until he has identified himself at the desk. People hasten past a car momentarily parked for unloading and give the driver sharp looks. No one delivers consignments quite as fast as Belfast salesmen. For all that, trade is picking up again. One student's mother works in a Belfast department store, and she is annoyed that she has been taken off commission and put on salary; business has since picked up, and she would be making more money under the other arrangement. Bartenders, saleswomen, waitresses, cashiers, and booksellers are immensely helpful and friendly, perhaps because it's good for business or perhaps from genuine pleasure in their job. The camaraderie of the blitz is often real. An old man walking down a nearly deserted side street at 6:30 P.M. nods good evening to a total stranger walking past him, and then cocks his head at a sudden sound and says, passing on the news, "Bullets."

AT 1:30 P.M., the mail is brought into Russell's office by a paratrooper. Russell looks through the open window at the sun bouncing off the corrugated-iron fence three feet away and says, "It's a gorgeous day." He has just heard on the phone that there will be five unexpected new pupils next year—their mother is moving into an empty house up the street. He has covered Karen Bunting's penguin with vinyl and is now searching for a suitable edging material. From a transistor radio in the front yard, where a para mechanic is working on a Land-Rover, comes B.B.C. 1 pop music—"Cecilia, you're breaking my heart." (In spite of all this, Russell often forgets the Army is here in his school.) In the mail are a few responses to a survey of the neighborhood he is helping to make in order to find out whether people who have moved out will be willing to move back when the Oldpark settles down. One says maybe. One says no. Some families are squatting in empty houses, which the owners refuse to re-let but are willing to sell. Since people can't get mortgages for property in the Oldpark area, Russell hopes that the Northern Ireland Housing Executive will buy the houses and rent them out. He is working at holding the community together, because he needs the children for the school and because he feels that the school can provide social cement. He has persuaded a number of local women to donate their time to the school—helping with meals, serving tea, clearing up—and has encouraged community meetings and group parties at the school in the evenings. But the Oldpark is blacked out around the school at night, and when the senior classes recently put on a play, "The Other Children," people could be lured in for only one evening performance—although, Russell says, the play was good enough to run a week.

Out in the paras' yard now, there is a click of bolts as a patrol comes in and rifle chambers are cleared. The transistor is sending forth a song—about peace and coming together. A bunch of young paras start kicking a football around; the ball is chased by a small black-and-white mongrel that has adopted them. Russell is on the phone again, sorting out a foulup in arrangements for buses taking children to a city sports ground; though the Oldpark playing fields are just across the Oldpark Road, Finiston children were attacked on them, and the Catholic schools alone now use them.

The attendance officer arrives, breezily asking Russell, "Anything for me to do?"

Russell mentions a family that has been troubling him. "His mother just isn't sending him to school. We've held our fire, because a youngster broke a bottle over his head, but his mother has gone on exploiting this. They need a scare thrown into them."

Although the attendance officer has the power to bring children to Juvenile Court or the parents before a magistrate, he does either only as a last resort. He more often acts as a welfare officer, recommending that children with problems see the educational psychologist. Last week, the attendance officer did take a child to Juvenile Court, ostensibly for truancy but in fact to get the child away from complete neglect at home—no food, no heat.

"Now, look like a Catholic," says Russell, with a laugh, as the attendance officer sets off for some calls on Catholic streets. The attendance officer smiles wryly; a Catholic welfare officer was shot dead a few weeks ago. He says, "I don't feel like dying for school attendance."

THERE were thirty-five children in P-7 last year, and now there are twenty-seven—the smallest class that Hutton has ever had. The short school afternoon goes quickly. One boy is working on the class newspaper, writing a report of last week's soccer match between Linfield and Coleraine: ". . . Then the Coleraine goalkeeper got edgy." Two boys are using Modroc to make mountains, a watershed, and a reservoir. The father of one of them—the boy who made the Harland & Wolff shipyard model in the corridor outside Russell's office—is a professional model-maker at Harland & Wolff. A boy neatly dressed in blazer and gray flannels is looking at a book about the United States. He has a bad stammer; he loves ballroom dancing (won a junior cha-cha competition last month); his family is emigrating to California in the autumn. The boy sitting next to him is tracing a personnel carrier from an infantry recruiting pamphlet; he means to join the Army when he's older. "Too dangerous," says another lad. "No, it isn't," says the would-be soldier. "If you join the Royal Irish Rangers, they send you to Germany." None of them seem optimistic about the troubles' ending;

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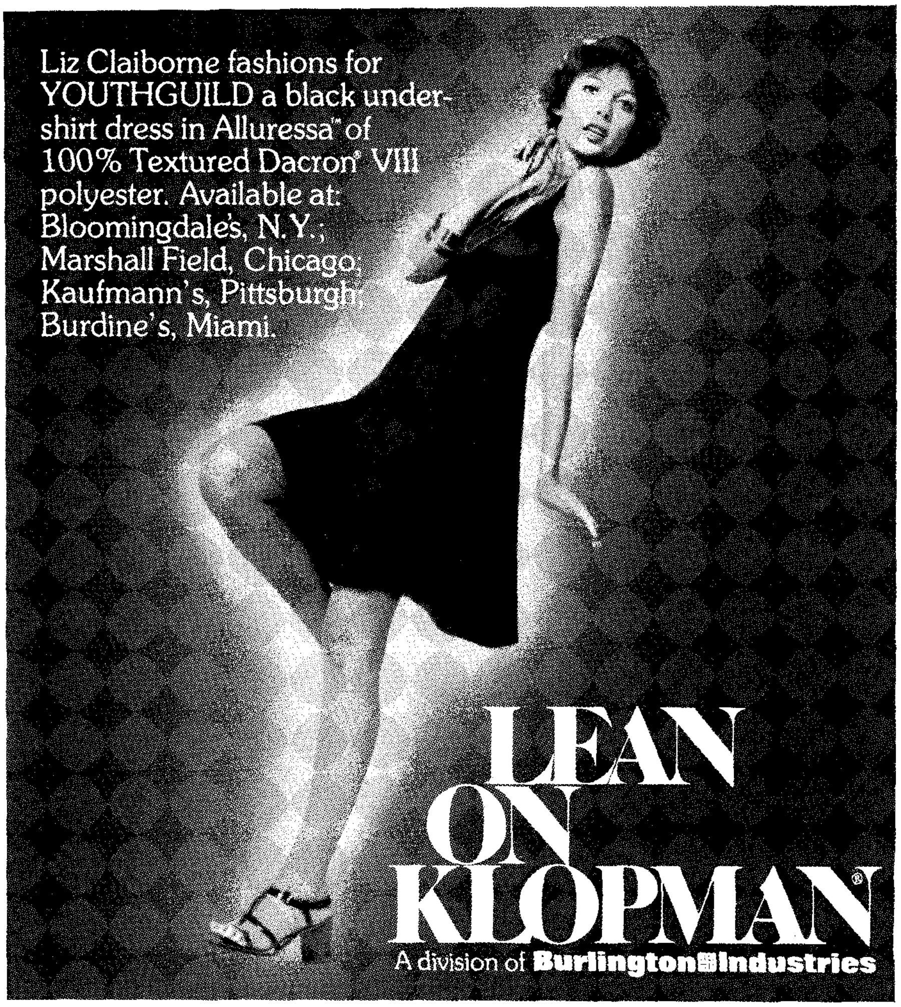
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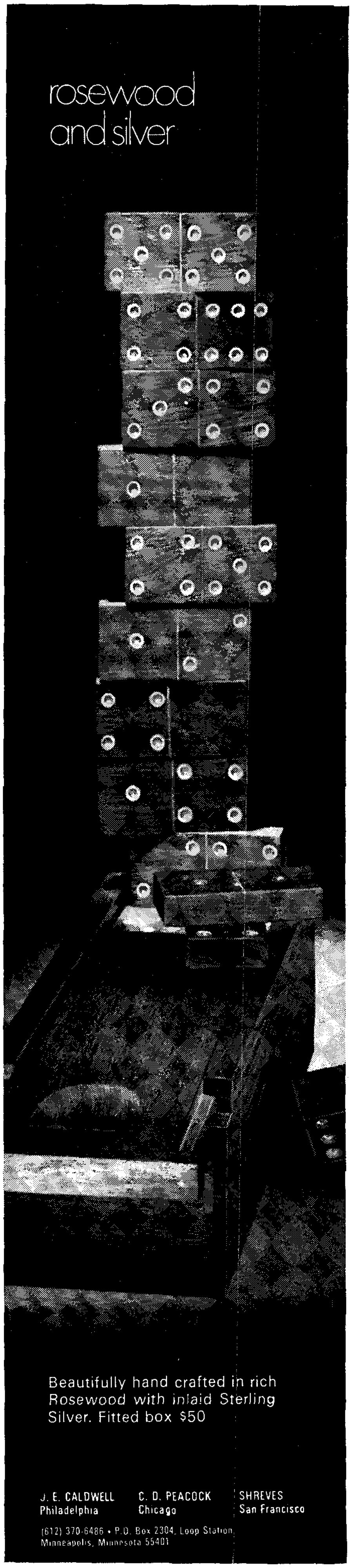

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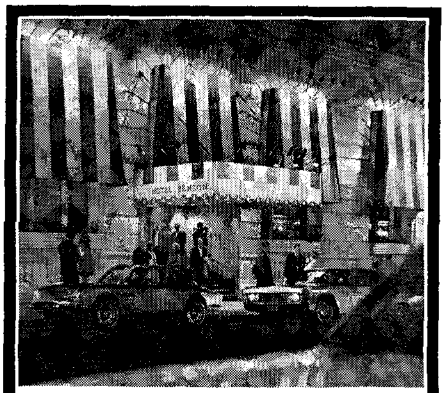
when you're eleven, four years is a good deal of your life. The shooting is a result of "politics," and "it's all stupid." They have various solutions. The boy who wants to join the Army says, "Put a soldier in every house." His neighbor says, "See what they want. They always want something different." The troubles are constantly around them. Sometimes the children are playing in the street and a bullet cracks by. They take cover—run behind a wall, or scamper to a nearby door and knock. Most people let them in. Sometimes they get searched by the Army. Now and then, there's an adventure for one of the P-7 children—a trip downtown to sit in Russell's car while he delivers some papers. The car can't be left unattended or the Army might force open the doors to look for bombs. One boy woke up the other night to see armed men in his room: paras, who searched the house and took his father away for questioning. But none of them have yet acquired quite the glory of Clarke Brolly, in P-2. He not long ago managed to get into the Oldpark cinema, which is supposed to be boarded up, and dropped a light bulb out onto the road. It exploded, and the Army opened fire. Clarke yelled out, "Stop! I'm only a little boy."

Hutton encourages singing and poetry; he says, "The boys and girls prefer writing poems to writing prose." Half a dozen of them take turns singing or reading in front of the class. One pale little girl, Phyllis, does all the housework at home; her mother died last year. She has black hair, and wears a red dress with a white collar. She recites part of a poem she has written:

"Bin lids Clatter! Clatter
Screams and Shouts
People running
Whistle blows
The crack of a gun
The army stop and look for some-
  where
Safe to hide
Gates creak. Soldiers run
Men shout evil words."

IN Mrs. Girvan's P-1, the children are getting ready to tidy up for the end of the day. Margaret is sitting with a doll on her lap, and when she is told it's time to pack up she comes and holds Mrs. Girvan's hand, clasping it tightly. "Tell me about your dream again, Margaret," says Mrs. Girvan, who is wearing big round sunglasses. Margaret, in a low voice, tells about a monster that came to the bedroom and took the wee baby—a rambling, scarcely audible account of her nightmare,



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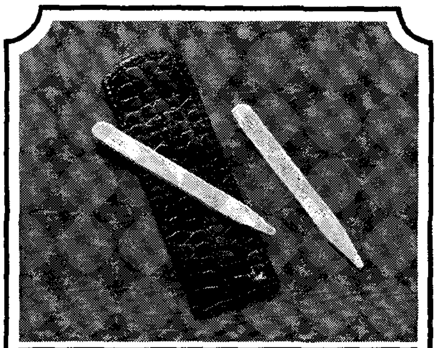

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The children have frightening dreams, Mrs. Girvan says. They draw disturbing things now and then, such as blood coming out of the mouth of a baby. Family background is probably more to blame than these particular troubles. Margaret is another child whose mother died last year—as a result of malnutrition—and her father is down and out. (There is no heat in the house during the winter, and the welfare officer is hoping to take her into care.) The father of Ian, a small boy in a brown sweater by the blackboard, is up on an arms charge. Mrs. Girvan asked the children on her first day at Finiston what their fathers did. Ian stood up and proudly said, "My father fights the Fenians up the Oldpark Road."

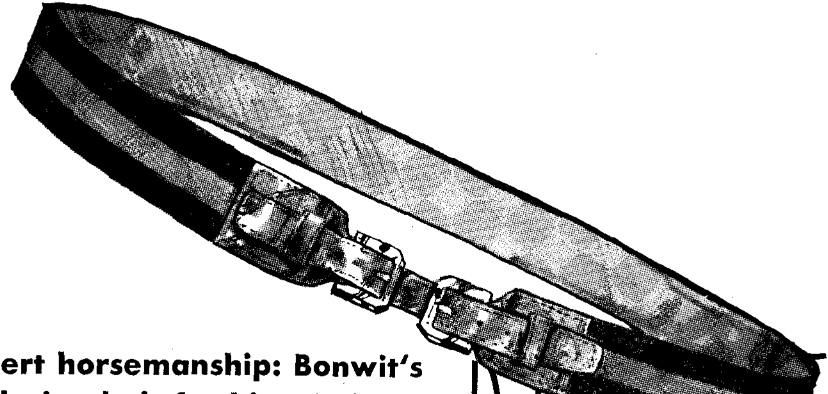
Mrs. Girvan isn't without hope that the troubles will end, but she's afraid that the last few years have recharged the savage virus that the Irish have in their blood; they won't easily get it out. "It was curious being in England on holiday, and having no one ask what religion you were. Here it will be fifty years before they have integrated schools. The extremists are alike on both sides, and share a profound ignorance of one another. *Ian*—stop putting that chalk on Mary's neck!"

Mary doesn't seem to mind, but Ian is brought before the class to demonstrate Mrs. Girvan's point that some children know extremist Protestant songs at least as well as they know nursery rhymes. He sings "The Sash My Father Wore," beginning, "It was old, but it was beautiful . . ."

"It's been marvellous here at Finiston—I'll hate leaving," Mrs. Girvan says. "I went to various schools for interviews, and they had cold atmospheres compared to this. Of course, I'm lucky having just eleven in the class. I can let them talk *and* give them some discipline. This is the only place some of them are ever going to get it."

The children line up by the door, bags in hand or satchels over their shoulders. They wait for Mrs. Girvan's word before filing out into the corridor toward the waiting buses. Ian kisses Mrs. Girvan and says, like a lover leaving, "See you tomorrow."

BACK from seeing the children off, Russell sits in his office with Hutton and Mrs. Elliott. They are sharing



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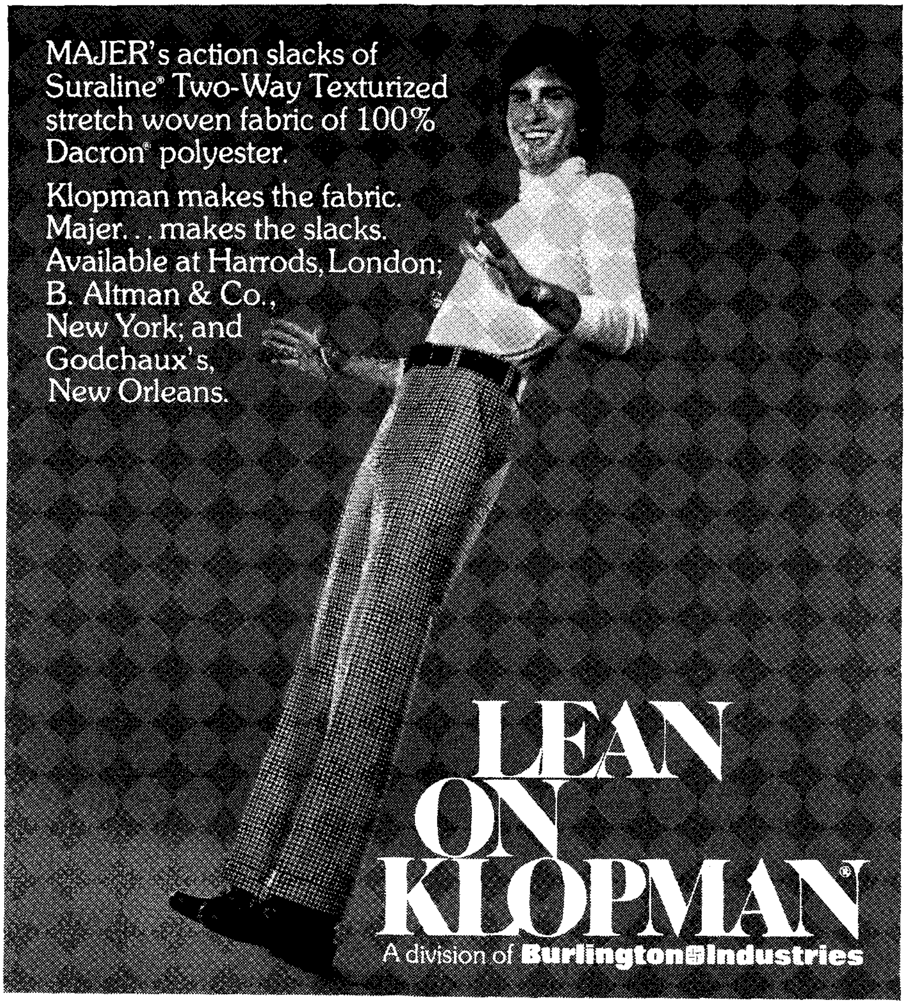

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(NYer 10/29)

a package of potato chips—every schoolchild's favorite snack—while they discuss which hymns and other songs will be sung at Friday-morning assembly, and work out how two boys who have stayed after school to practice their cricket in the inner courtyard are to get home. The troubles have made it necessary to warn parents several days in advance when children have to stay after school for any reason; if the children usually go home by bus, arrangements have to be made for the parents to collect them or for teachers to give them a lift. Not many children walk home past shops now—a change that has been bad for the local sweetshops' business (and perhaps good for the children's teeth). The troubles have restricted the area in which local children can play; they complain that there's barbed wire everywhere in the park by the reservoir. There is a swimming pool on the Falls Road, a Catholic area, but it is no longer safe for them to use.

Russell feels changes in himself brought on by the troubles. Not only has he started smoking again but he has got down off the political fence and started working for the new, moderate, nonsectarian Alliance Party. However, handing out first-aid leaflets to the staff and pinning up bomb-warning posters alongside road-safety posters, where the children will see them, he occasionally feels less generous about mankind. "People ask me do I think human beings could behave like this elsewhere—for instance, start shooting one another in Birmingham. My answer is yes, they can. From what I've seen here, I believe that if you scratch any of us you'll find an animal underneath."

Russell goes to the open office window and yells out, "Hey, Ella! How about some for us?" Ella, a vivacious woman in her forties, is handing out cake and cups of tea to the paras in the yard.

"You look happy," Russell says when she comes into the office and dispenses tea and cake there.

"Ah," she says, smiling, "it's all those young men, keeping me young." Ella helps run the recently started neighborhood social evening, held on Thursday nights at the school.

Hutton has been looking at a framed photograph of Russell handing a silver tray to an Army major, and he recalls the ceremony when the First Light Infantry departed. There was a sherry party in the staff room, and afterward an assembly in the hall, attended by the troops, at which the children sang

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"Amazing Grace." Some of the teachers were near tears and some soldiers, too. Then, with several hundred people watching in the street outside, the soldiers formed up in full battle equipment, packs and arms, ready to march out. Their major made a brief speech to the men, saying that he would like them to remember the two young men they were leaving here, dead. The bugler played the last post. The company's flag was lowered and presented to Russell for the school to keep, and Russell, who is rarely at a loss for words, was for a few moments too moved to speak.

OUTSIDE in the paras' yard, two lads from P-7 who live on an adjacent street are helping to fill sandbags. A few paras wander through the school, chatting with the cleaning women. Russell puts down the phone after a call from a member of the Primary Principals' Forum, a group he helped organize to promote interest in primary schools. (In recent years, secondary schools have been getting more government money.) Russell says that most men who are going to get a principal's job have one before they're forty. Several years ago, he had felt that his easygoing attitude toward the teaching of religion and his irregular church attendance had harmed him with the clerical members of the school committees, which pick principals, and he had just about given up hope of such a post; he had begun to study law, with the idea of becoming a barrister. Then, after seven years at Cliftonville Primary School, he got this job, at the age of fifty. He now earns three thousand eighty-nine pounds—about seventy-five hundred dollars—a year ("Modest for a golfer like me," he says), but he loves what he is doing, and the family gets by. His salary worries him less than the disparity between the rewards of his profession and those of other responsible ones. "I have a friend who used to fly a full bomb load over Germany and, like me at the time, thought himself lucky to be getting fifteen shillings and threepence a day. Now he's earning eleven thousand pounds as an airline pilot, and his union wants more."

AT 4 P.M., most of the school is quiet; the classrooms are empty. The afternoon sun angles down onto the desks, and, in the leaning columns of light, bright specks of dust stirred up by the departed cleaners continue to spin. In Russell's office, the para medical orderly and the local Community Relations Commission officer,

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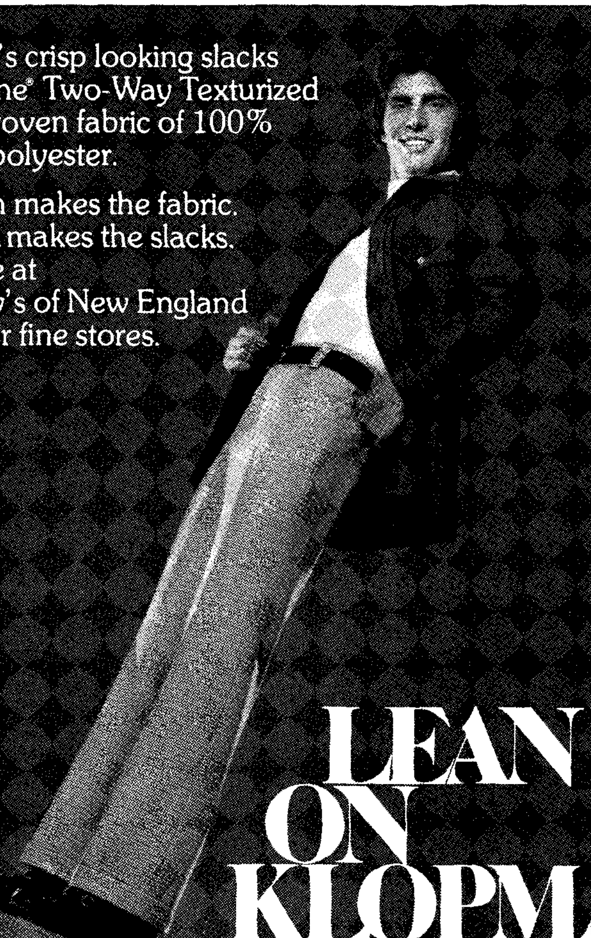

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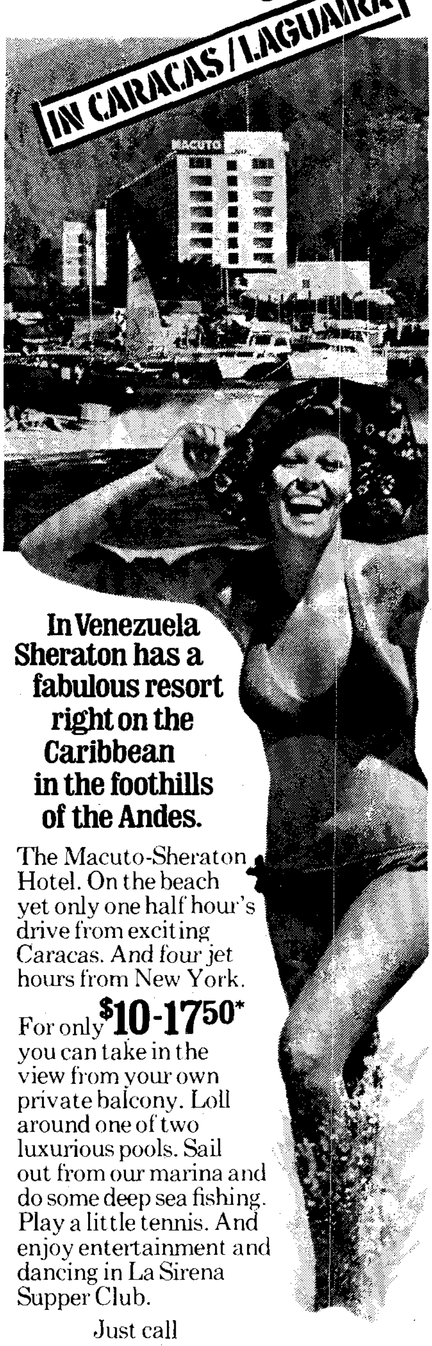

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who is a Catholic, are having a discussion that is somewhat at cross-purposes. Russell is wondering if it will turn into an argument.

"You don't realize the pressure these people are under," says Brendan Henry, the Community Relations Commission officer—a big young man with black hair, huge eyebrows, and broad, strong features. "Not just ordinary intimidation but environmental intimidation. Those Catholic families who moved into the Ballybone moved from streets that weren't just unsafe—they were unfit to live in. The families were looking for something secure and something simply better than what they had—something no government of Northern Ireland has ever provided or given them a chance of getting."

"I've had three friends killed in the streets of Belfast, and five wounded," says the medical orderly, who has a squirrelly face and wears glasses. "And all for nothing. No one minds dying for a cause, but there's no cause here."

"The government has never built anything here," says Henry, who taught at St. Colmban's several years ago. "A million-pound sports complex has gone up near Queen's University, in South Belfast—not on the Falls or the Shankill. Here, no clinic, no community center. There's one social worker. I'm the only contact most people have with the administration, apart from the dole and the welfare. To most people in the Bone, the Army is just another aspect of government power. They don't appreciate the searches, the frisking. And now, on top of everything else, they're threatened with plans for redevelopment and ring roads. The planners ask *me* what people down here want. I tell them to come and open a local office for a few months and find out—let people have a chance to meet them, tell them."

"You know yourself that ninety-eight per cent of the Catholics in the Ardoyne say they want peace," says the medic. "But they go on sheltering these terrorists—Communists, some of them—who want to destroy the country. And then a soldier is shot in the stomach, out in the street, and the women stand there and laugh." He is furious.

"One thing," says Henry. "The troubles have produced working-class people who are doing something for themselves, for the first time—like getting into community organizations, starting the Bone Enterprises, to make playground equipment and lobster pots. They're not apathetic, the way they used to be. They realize the inequalities. And

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now, with proportional representation, the local elections, and elections for the new Assembly, people can start to concentrate on real problems, like housing, and industrial development, for jobs—not unreal problems, like the border."

"It's the level of hate that is surprising," says the medic. "On my last tour here, I worked in the hospital, and sometimes you'd get people refusing to lend a hand when a blown-up person was brought in and he wasn't the same religion they were."

"Oh, people have sunk low here," says Henry. "That's a basic fact you have to face."

For the last few minutes, Russell has been loudly turning the key in his desk drawer, conspicuously locking up for the night. This moment of semi-agreement seems to him a good moment to break into the conversation—which, in one form or other, he has heard before. He knows both sides, understands the frustrations of both sides, and knows that a willingness to listen is a way of keeping the peace. He says, "Brendan, it took only two or three particular families' moving out of our streets for it to be quiet. It's pretty happy right now. How many would it take to move out of the Ballybone?"

"Oh, the same—two or three. A hard core. The rest follow the leaders."

Russell stands up. He puts the penguin sampler made by Karen Bunting on the mantelpiece. During this discussion, he has framed it with blue masking tape. He drives home to have tea before going out to spend the evening canvassing for the Alliance Party.

IN the Bone, some of the houses are sixteen bricks wide. Unemployment has been as high as forty per cent. The average family has six children. On winter afternoons, when it gets dark early, there is a terrible feeling of being shut in, of hopelessness. It was a phrase in history books—"the Irish poor." They still exist. But perhaps the vicious circle in which they play a crucial part, providing momentum for cause and effect, cause and effect, can be broken up into segments, each to be tackled with good will, cheerfulness, and, God, what patience. Russell hopes so.

ON Friday morning, the whole of Finiston School assembles in the hall. The children march in to the African hymn "Kumbaya." Russell stands on the stage with a local minister, who leads the prayers. Mrs. Emery plays the piano to accompany the children and the staff as they sing "The

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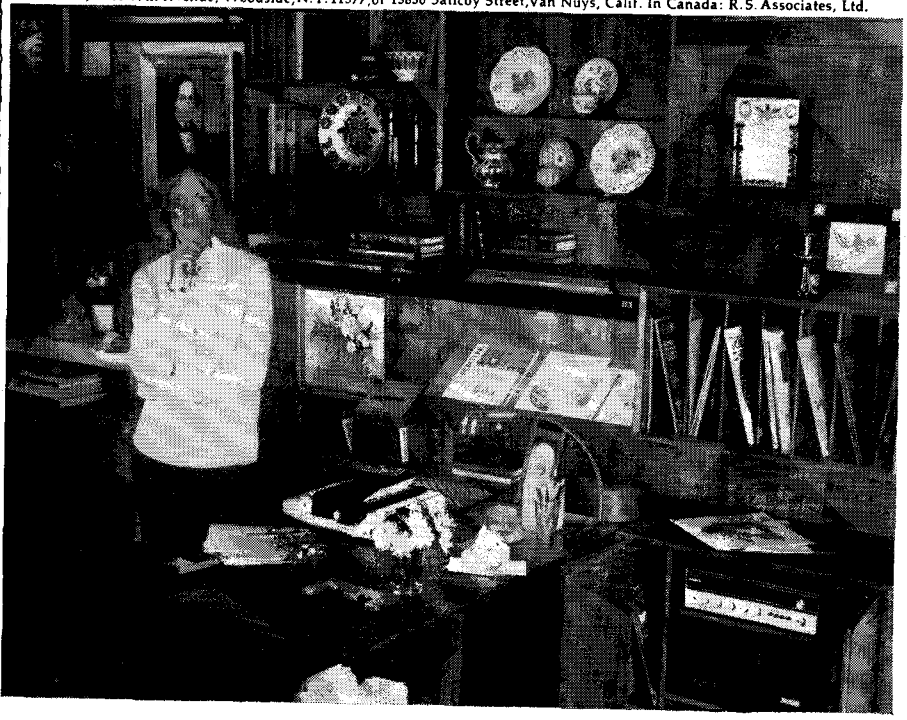

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Old Rugged Cross" and "Lord of the Dance." Two girls from P-6 come to the front to sing a song from "Fiddler on the Roof," "Sunrise, Sunset." In this there is an allusion to a betrothal, which leads Russell to tell about a Jewish wedding he went to in Montreal when he was living in Canada. At the end of the wedding, the bride and groom smashed their wineglasses. He asks the school, since he has often wondered about it, if anyone knows why they did this. No one does. But the unanswered question and the suggestion of smashing things leads him naturally to something else he wants to mention. Yesterday, two boys in the infants' playground were throwing rocks and stones. One boy had to have a cut stitched up. "Now," says Russell, "is rock-throwing allowed at Finiston School?"

There is a loud chorus: "No, Mr. Russell."

"Is there going to be any more rock-throwing at Finiston?"

Louder still: "No, Mr. Russell."

They sing the old round "One man went to mow, went to mow a meadow" as, under Russell's eye, they leave the hall, a class at a time, each accompanied by its teacher. And when the sound of singing is dispersed throughout the school, and the last child has left the hall, Russell jumps down from the stage and goes out singing, too.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

•

The way a horse is decorated and the effect produced depends entirely on two elements: the imagination and ingenuity of the occupant, and the amount of money at his disposal.—*Toronto Telegram.*

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Last week, for example, there was an automobile parking in a no parking zone along Martine Avenue with a note on it saying "dead battery." After sitting in the same spot for three days, a meter maid wrote out a traffic ticket and placed it beside the note.—*White Plains Reporter Dispatch.*

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•

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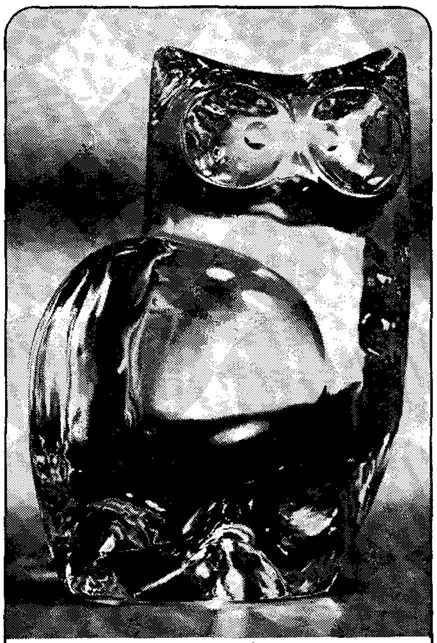
[*From "The Looking Glass War," by John Le Carré*]

He pushed his hands into his pockets, discovered cigarettes and a lighter. The budgerigar was singing.

"The war rules. You smoke?" He gave himself a cigarette and lit it, his hands cupped around the flame as if there were a high wind. He dropped the match on the floor for someone else to pick up.



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FOOTBALL

Tale of Two Cities

UPSTATE New York was in its bright autumnal dress, and there was a stir in its central cluster of towns with the classic names—Rome and Homer and Syracuse and Ithaca—because on Saturday last a triad of large and unconquered teams (most likely the best the East can muster this season) were in the neighborhood: Penn State at Syracuse, Harvard and Cornell at Ithaca. It was not an afternoon for the home guardsmen—Penn State 49, Syracuse 6, and Harvard 21, Cornell 15. Nor for Colgate, which dwells in nearby, unclassic Hamilton—Princeton 37, Colgate 21. Aside from the presence of Penn State in town, the interest at Syracuse was academic—a word that, if one pauses to ponder, becomes less and less apt for the uniformed young men who represent our universities at play. Syracuse has had labor-management difficulties for a few years now, and they show. Some of us who did not attend Saturday's match got a reprise that evening on a tape that had not been sequestered in the ears-only file of John Stennis—a tape to prove that luck likes a winner: Penn State's Taylor makes a fine run until he meets a Syracuse encounter group; then the ball pops out of his hands, but only into the paws of a conveniently located friend, who runs upward of half a mile for a touchdown. At Ithaca, quite the other way: Cornell, sporting a runner, Fanelli, who could become another Marinaro, and Allen, a quarterback whose skill at getting the ball where he wants it to go is unprecedented in his town, was a most reluctant dragon, and Harvard had to block a punt and snaffle (after, perhaps, inducing) a couple of fumbles before it could be sure of coming out on top. Well, there was also that business of keeping Fanelli in close quarters, and of tailgating Allen, and of fiercely (sometimes too fiercely) covering his catchers. Allen was at his best on Saturday; he and Colgate's Parr are as good as we will see hereabouts this fall, and Lally, a Cornell linebacker, had another successful outing. Stoeckel, the Harvard quarterback, appeared to have come down with a trifling attack of nerves (Cornell may have been his

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Good evening.
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again because you
liked it so much
last time.

He said:
How did you
remember that?

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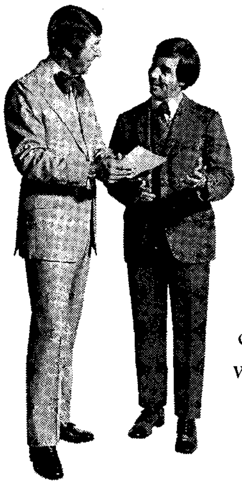

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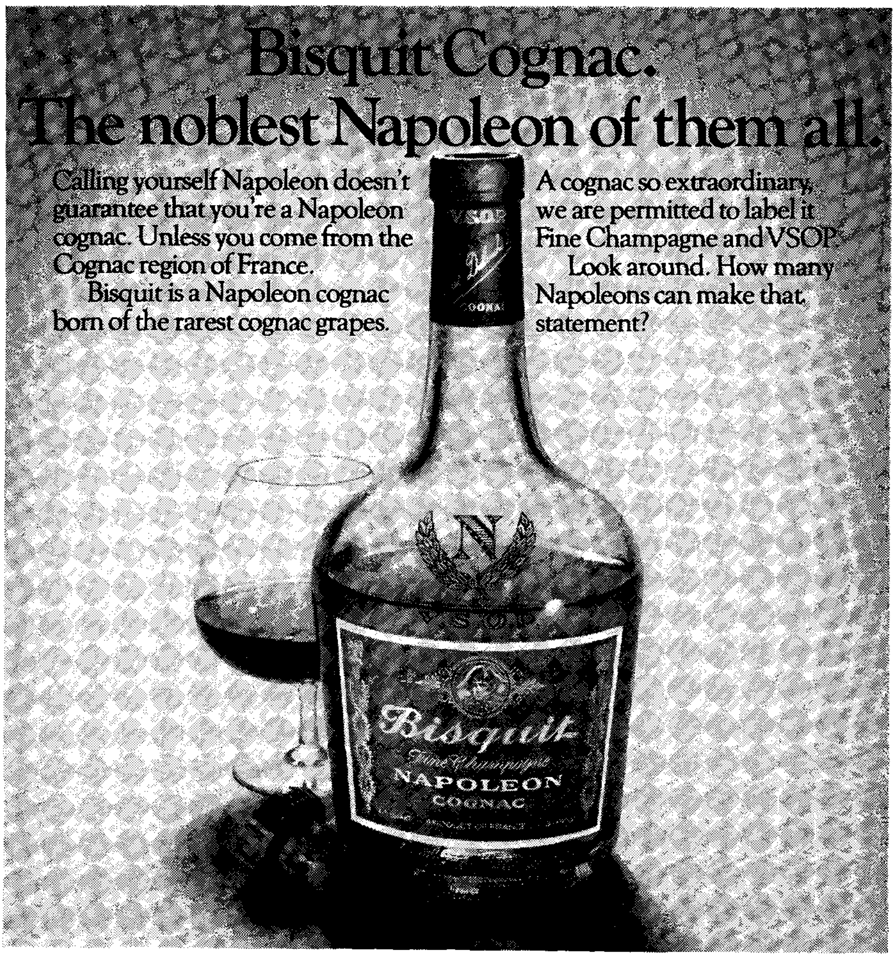

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most nervous-making assignment), but he steadied after a while; Miller, a co-worker in his backfield, suddenly blossomed as a real up-the-middle runner, and McInally, a co-working end, was his customary (as of this fall, anyway) splendid self.

Navy, which had finally come to life the week before to whop Syracuse, put away cocky Air Force, 42–6, on Saturday—Air Force, a Colorado institution of learning, or whatever it is, whose turnover of personnel is among the wonders of the technological world. Haynie, its quarterback, who has survived a couple of academic clearance sales (one gets the impression that Air Force is a Rocky Mountain St. Trinian's), is a showy sort, but last Saturday was not for him. What Army, our third service team, went up against that same day was quite different—Notre Dame, in one of its infrequent appearances out East. Weight and speed, a quick shifting of gears, all devoted to simple, workmanlike, invincible football—five yards up the middle, five yards on a flank, five yards up the middle, ad infinitum. It was Notre Dame 62, Army 3, and Army, which ended the afternoon with a lot of men on the damaged list, has nearly nowhere to go in the obstacle course it has been assigned this fall. Witheril began as quarterback for Army; then he and Fink took turns, to no avail. Toward the end, Notre Dame was letting Army punts roll instead of running them back—a small enough easing of the pain. Fanning, Notre Dame's two-hundred-and-fifty-four-pound defensive lineman, caught the eye as well as several Army runners.

Other regrettable damages removed Jurgensen from his post as guide of the Redskins (Kilmer did well indeed, though, against the Cardinals, 31–13, on Sunday), and took out the Jets' Boozer, for whom Bjorklund, who is playing professional football under an unwillingly assumed name (he was *announced* "B-york-lund," *correctly*, when he played for Princeton, but is announced "B-jork-lund" when he plays for the Jets), substituted admirably the same afternoon, though in a losing cause: Steelers 26, Jets 14. Dartmouth got over *its* bruises and at last won a game—Dartmouth 28, a nevertheless much improved Brown 16. The story goes that Coleman, a transfer from Arizona Western, who spells Beatrice at quarterback, has made the difference (and there *is* one) for Brown. Now all hands unite to repair Columbia, which went down hard again, 29–0, to Yale on Saturday.

—J. W. L.

photo: Arthur Todd

hat: Don Anderson

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

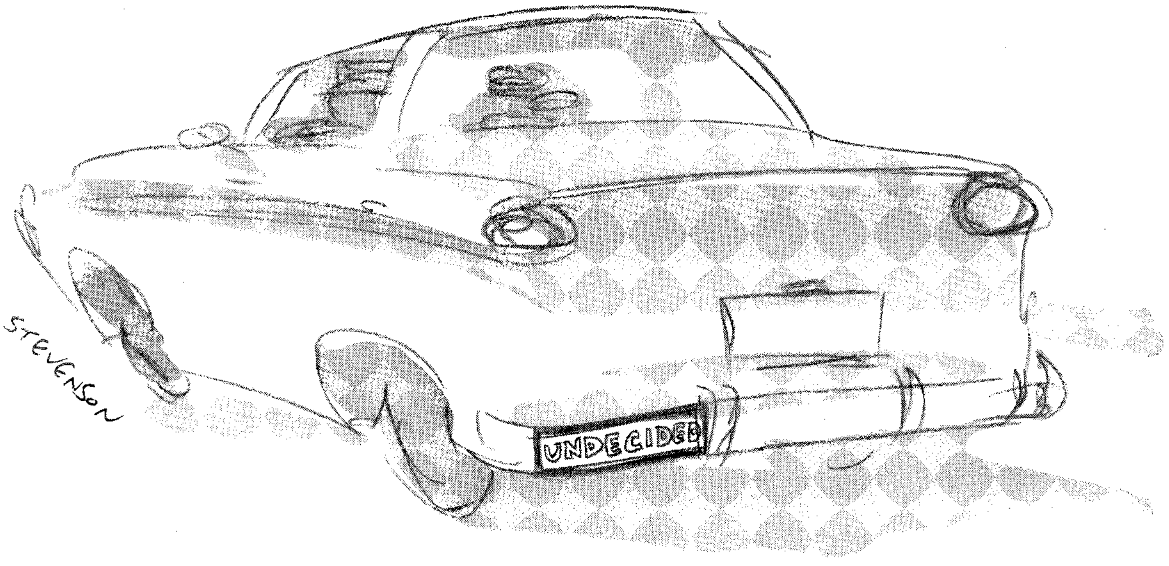
Un-People

JOHN HOUSEMAN once remarked, "Nobody can really like an actor"—a comment one can easily imagine issuing from the star faculty member of the Harvard Law School, Professor Kingsfield, played by Houseman, in "The Paper Chase." The movie, written and directed by James Bridges, from a novel by John Jay Osborn, Jr., is a job of manufacture—a modern commercial version of a problem play-*cum*-Socratic dialogue—but at its center Houseman, who carries the weight of his years and the stiff elegance of his personal authority, brings the picture his own authenticity. He has an indefinable air of eminence. I am not sure what it comes from—having as a child (when I was more sensitive than I am now) vomited after seeing a play he directed—but it certainly doesn't come from the context that Bridges supplies him. Houseman shines because he's the only one in the movie who suggests that he was formed by experience.

Timothy Bottoms, miscast, I suspect, and meticulously tousled for the camera, is Hart, an eager first-year law student; he's a zealot about the legal profession, and he idolizes Kingsfield, but after meeting Kingsfield's daughter Susan (Lindsay Wagner), who is negative and derisive about almost everything, he becomes uncertain whether the gruelling discipline of law school is worth it. (And it's really hysterically gruelling in this movie; cracking a book seems to be like walking into enemy gunfire.) Hart discovers that he doesn't know what his zeal is about or "who he is"—to use the cant phrase that the movie implies. Since the picture never defines Hart's goal, we are left to identify it with the showy tyrannical processing that Kingsfield imposes on his students. Kingsfield challenges his intimidated students, jousts with them, and demonstrates his arrogant superiority; these fancy contests in the lecture hall appear to be here for "drama," but the director equates his own dramatic device with the study of the law. It's as if he were to whip up a kindergarten situation in which a splendid ogre of a self-dramatizing teacher cowed the admiring but terrified little kids, and then went on to use this entertaining example of theatrical know-how as a serious demonstration that education was corrupt and dehumanizing. The movie never indicates that there might be ways of learning law which don't involve being humiliated—which don't even involve all this competitive combat—and the study of law is presented not in terms of what the law means in this society but only in terms of the martinet Kingsfield. Hart's alternatives are to be shaped into a pseudo-Kingsfield and become part of the establishment or to throw it all over. Is it possible for a complex technological society to function democratically—at any level—without a complex legal system? If it isn't possible, then there are sound reasons for studying law. But the movie never indicates the existence of the lawyers who have served as draft counsellors, or worked with the poor or for civil liberties or with Ralph Nader, or who function as a judicial check on the other branches of government; it lumps the study of law with the establishment, so that Hart's confusion about what it's all for flatters the young movie audience.

It isn't that "The Paper Chase" is deliberately dishonest but that it's basically mindless. Bridges isn't a revolutionary making an assault on the American legal system. He's just trying to turn out a movie that will "say something" and entertain audiences, too, and he has nothing to say. He doesn't seem any more aware of what he's got into here than he did in his last "Meet Pamela," "The Baby Maker." James Bridges isn't really a movie director in the sense that many of the new young directors are; he's a theatrical telegrapher, whose only means of expression is by signal. Every shot makes a point, even though the target is fuzzy. How are we to interpret Hart's obsession with Kingsfield, or his penchant for breaking into campus buildings? Is he meant to be unstable, or is his erratic behavior just for cuteness—to add a little color to the academic setting? With Timothy Bottoms trying to be the brainy, charismatic Hart, the viewer can't tell what's going on. Bottoms is essentially a vague, wondering actor; there's a blur at his center, and when he tosses his thick, unruly mane he looks like a romantic anarchist who's lost his bombs. Bridges tries to do something more thoughtful and "provocative" than the usual industry product, and he has some skill, but movies have already gone far beyond the way he works. Bottoms somehow eludes him (Bottoms eludes us, too), but Bridges turns the other actors who appear as law students into clockwork performers. You can tick off the nuances.

"The Paper Chase" isn't a terrible movie, but its preconceptions are all wrong: it's about an un-situation and un-people. Look at Susan, the patrician professor's daughter. Lindsay Wagner is well matched physically to Houseman; she has the requisite stature, and even the faint sneer, and you can't decide whether she's hateful-looking or beautiful or both simultaneously. But why is that old contrivance the professor's daughter turning up in this movie? Susan isn't really a character. We have no idea what she does with her life, besides pick up her father's law students and castrate them of their ambitions and ideals. We don't know whether her contempt for the law is meant to be resentment of her father (and, if so, why) or whether it's supposed to be part of a realistic appraisal



of the society. She exists only because the movie needs someone to undermine Hart's beliefs and precipitate his crisis, and because the movie needs sex. Hart isn't a character, either, but at least he has the dignity of being the protagonist. Susan is modern and neurotic-looking, but that's only a cosmetic difference: like generations of movie women before her, she's waiting and worrying on the sidelines. Essentially, Susan is no different from the ingénue in an old adventure film who just happened to be around because she was the daughter of the scientist on the expedition, or the daughter of the missionary stranded in a remote outpost, or (daring) the widow of someone lost on safari, or the murdered rancher's niece. Those women never got anywhere under their own steam, and that's true of Kingsfield's daughter. In movies, the kooks and prosties and pushovers seem to be the only ones who do get out on their own.

USING women (and not only women) as plot functions may be a clue to the shallowness of many movies, even of much better movies—"American Graffiti," for example. The audience at "American Graffiti" appears to be ecstatically happy condescending toward its own past—how cute we were at seventeen, how funny, how lost—but for women the end of the picture is a cold slap. Set in 1962, "American Graffiti" compresses into *one night* the events from high-school graduation to the opening of college in the fall. At the close, it jumps to the present and wraps up the fates of the four principal male characters—as if lives were set ten years after high school!—and it ignores the women characters. This is one of those bizarre omissions that tell you what really goes on in men filmmakers' heads and what women—who are now, for the first time in movie history, half the moviegoing audience—bitterly (or unconsciously) swallow. Cindy Williams plays that hard little number Laurie the cheerleader with such tight intensity that she almost camouflages the fact that Laurie's I-can't-wait routine is there just to keep the plot contrasts functioning by holding the equally contrived Steve (Ronny Howard) in town. He's like the all-American-soda-jerk hero of the forties, but we're meant to believe in him and care about his future, while she is dropped into limbo. And it turns out that the baby daredevil Carol (twelve-year-old Mackenzie Phillips), the most entertaining character in the movie, is there for the jokes, like the precocious-brat young-

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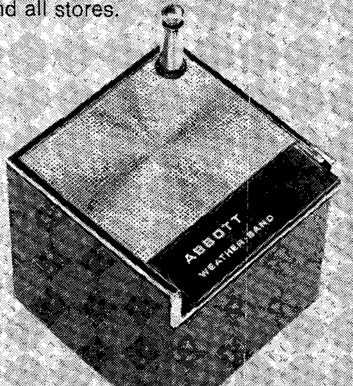

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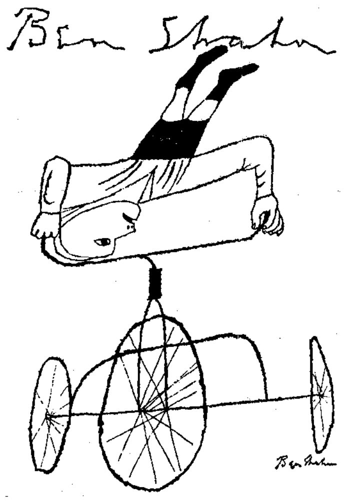

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er sisters that Diana Lynn used to play, while the stock adolescent creep Terry the Toad (whose experiences are the cheapest and worst-staged in the movie) is actually meant to be taken seriously—we are informed that he was reported missing in Vietnam.

Because of the energy of the performers, Laurie and Carol stay in the memory more vividly than the boys, but that chilling omission at the end is indicative of the limited male imagination of the picture. I don't think the director, George Lucas, who also worked on the script, ever wondered whether Laurie, who wants her boyman Steve so fiercely and wants nothing else, could sustain the giving over of herself or whether her intensity would sour into neurosis. Was Steve really enough for her, and could he stand being her everything? These questions arise because of the shrill vibes in Cindy Williams' performance, not because of the context; the garish, overdrawn blond swinger Debbie (Candy Clark), who comes out of the comic strips, is probably meant to be as believable as Laurie. The facile wrap-up of the men's lives (so like the brisk, neat finishes of old movies—everything in place) is consistent with the naïve seriousness of the film which audiences find so appealing. I like the look of "American Graffiti," and the feel of it. Lucas has a sensual understanding of film which James Bridges doesn't have; Lucas is a real filmmaker. But "American Graffiti" fails to be anything more than a warm, nice, draggy comedy, because there's nothing to back up the style. The images aren't as visually striking as they would be if only there were a mind at work behind them; the movie has no resonance except from the jukebox sound and the eerie, nocturnal jukebox look. And I don't like the pop narcissism of it—the way it invites the audience to share in a fond, jokey view of its own adolescence. Mel's Drive-In has replaced the old soda fountain, and a good rock score has been added, but "American Graffiti" isn't much more than an updating of Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" and those high-school comedy-romances with Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, and June Preisser—and, yes, of the Mickey Rooney pictures, too.

The audiences allow the fifties jukebox tunes on the track to define their early lives for them. I think they can laugh so easily because the shared recognitions are all external; it's the giggle you get from looking at a false image of yourself. Though done with style,

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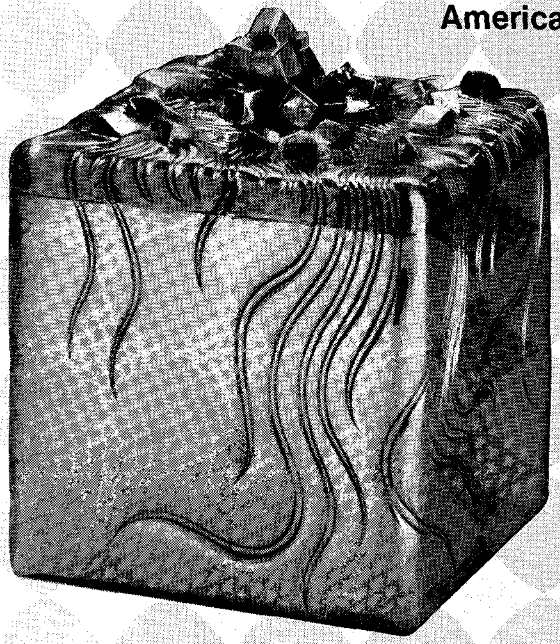

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this is fake folk art, and the kids are stock characters. Andy Hardy had all these boys' troubles: he was the runt (the buck-toothed, bespectacled Toad), the popular freckle-face (Steve), the rash driver (John), and the introspective protagonist (Curt). Scared innocence (male division) is standard stuff, and there's no reason Andy Hardy shouldn't be divvied up and set to rock, but has pop gone so far in dominating the experience of growing up that people in the audience who are now heading for thirty are justified in taking these ancient adolescent tribal rites for the sum of their experience? Every few years, there seems to be a new movie that young audiences say is the story of their lives; they said it of "Rebel Without a Cause" and again of "Easy Rider," and, even without awarding those pictures any laurels, one could see why. One can also see why they're saying it of "American Graffiti." But they're demeaning their own lives when they do; they're responding to a national trivia show for youth. It's the peer-group view of life, and audiences still respond as a peer group when they laugh at the picture and then say, "That's just what it was like." "American Graffiti" makes it possible for them to enjoy the pop culture of their past while feeling how banal and limited it was, yet the movie never gets at the part of them that knew it then. It sticks to stereotypes—to adolescents who exist to be laughed at. The picture throws in everything: forty platters and a thousand old-movie shticks, including a car race and that sure-fire old laugh-getter, smashing up a police car. For whom was it "just like that," I wonder. Not for women, not for blacks or Orientals or Puerto Ricans, not for homosexuals, not for the poor. Only for white middle-class boys whose memories have turned into pop.

The protagonists of "The Paper Chase" and "American Graffiti" (both titles seem to be wearing elevator shoes) *don't know what they want*; they're searching. The girls in both movies want nothing but men. I raise this point not to make a feminist issue of it (though that's implicit) but to make an aesthetic one: mechanical people, including searching young men, are a blight on the movies—evidence that the filmmakers aren't thinking freshly, that they're resorting to the stockpile.

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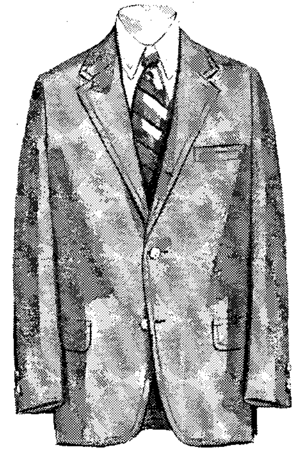

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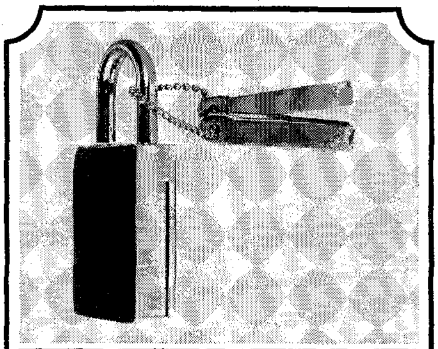

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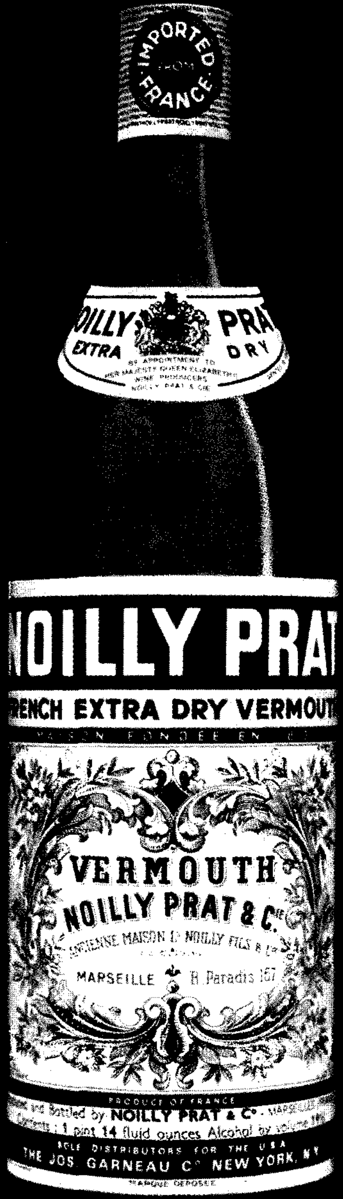
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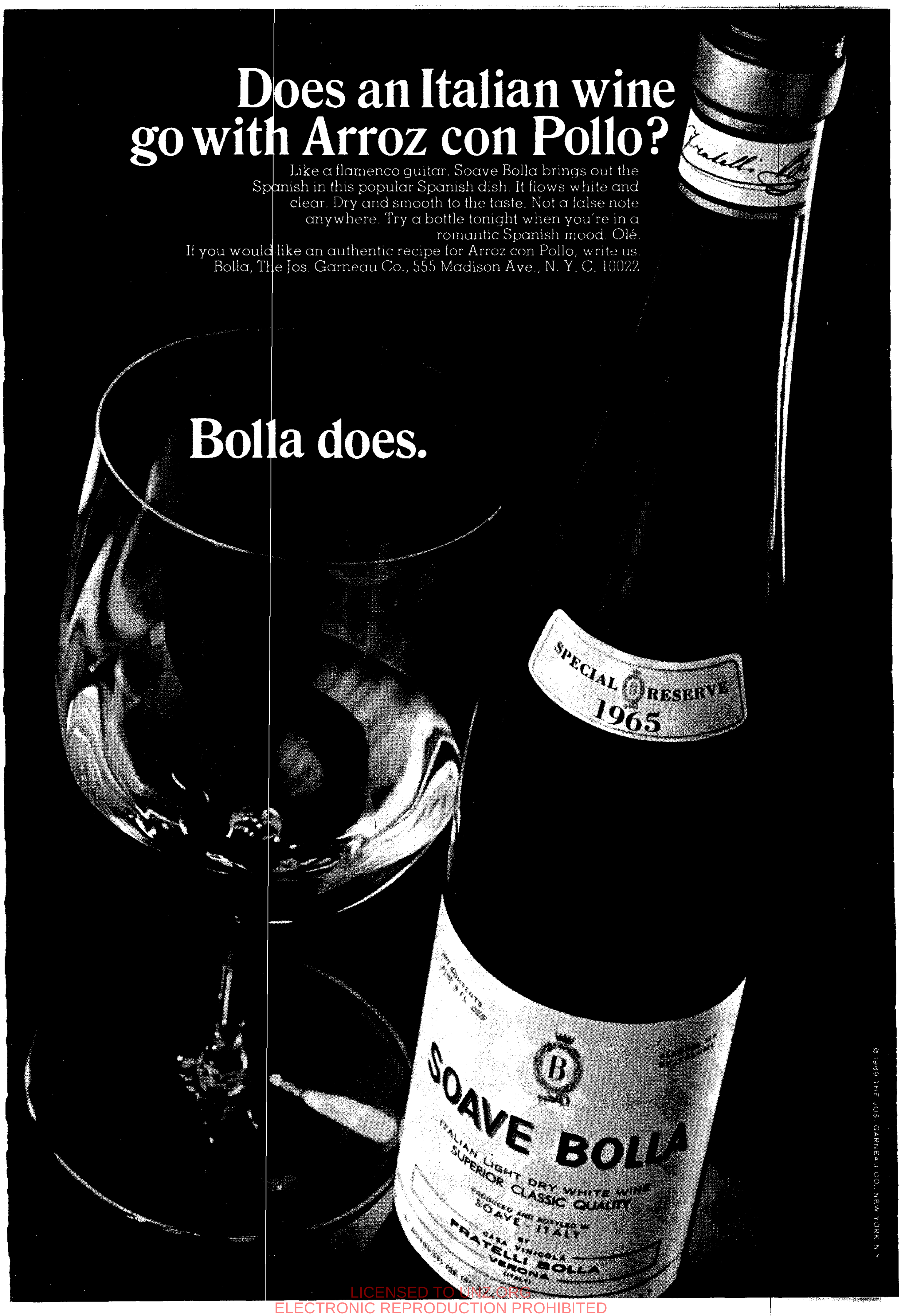
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limp technique doesn't seem to matter to the people who want their gratuitous gore. The movie supplies it, but why is there so much gratuitous dumbness, too? The director, Brian De Palma (who made "Greetings"), can do flaked-out humor, as in the TV-game-show parody at the beginning, and he can do high-pitched demented knife-slashings (if that's your idea of a good time). But he can't get two people talking in order to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. "Sisters" is enough like old movies to pass for a send-up, but in many scenes ineptitude and send-up mingle. The director's control is so desultory that I couldn't tell whether the girl detective-reporter (Jennifer Salt) was intended to be a complete goosey dum-dum or whether that was partly the result of the actress's logy girlishness and her lack of skill. Enough imbecility was written into the role, however, to raise this question: why is it that the siren, with her delish crazed grin (Margot Kidder, who has a demon-slut's curly lips and knows how to turn on the sexiness with a witch's precision), is smart and appealing in a new-style way, while the girl reporter is the nitwit meddler as before? She's so dumb she makes Priscilla Lane seem like Mary McCarthy, and the picture would be better—both as horror film and as comedy—if she were at least as smart as James Stewart in "Rear Window." The facetious dialogue is a wet blanket, and De Palma's technique isn't up to his apparent intention, which is to provide cheap thrills that are also a parody of old corn. But he manages the thrills, and the audiences seem to be so turned on to the trashiness and so freaked out by Bernard Herrmann's music, with its old radio-play throb and zing, that they're happily crazy-scared. The crudeness of this movie—it's zero on atmosphere—obviously works for some people, but you probably have to be highly impressionable, with a very active, very gaudy fantasy life, to fall for it.

—PAULINE KAEL

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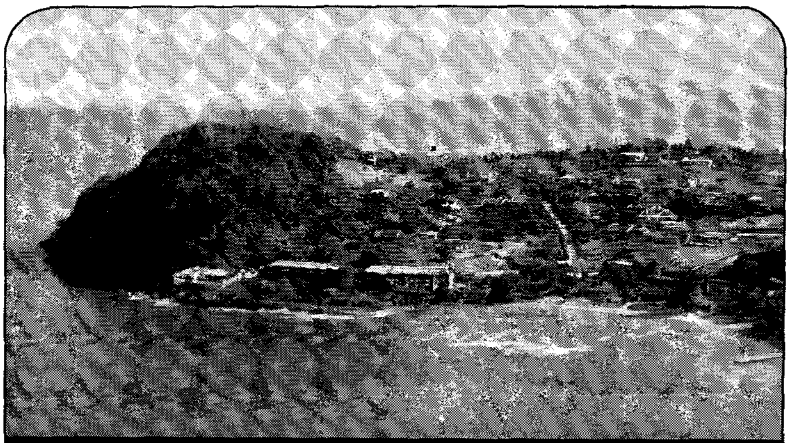

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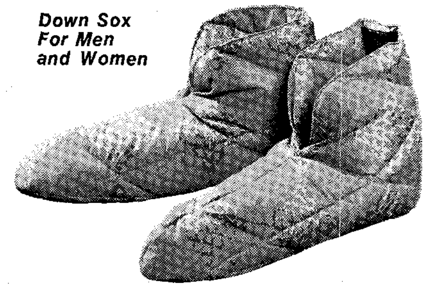

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THE RACE TRACK

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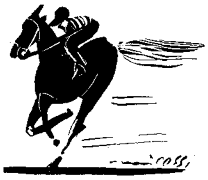
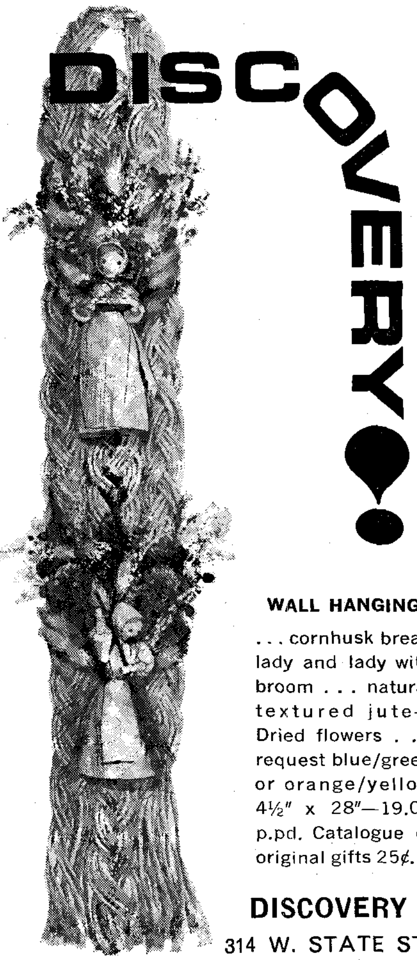


THE Meadow Stable's Riva Ridge likes to hear his heels rattle on a fast track. Coming out on opening day at Aqueduct last week in the Stuyvesant Handicap, a race won by Man o' War fifty-three years ago, he stepped the mile and an eighth in 1:47, a new track record, carrying 130 pounds and giving up to twenty pounds to the eight other runners. Forage, who was in front at the turn for home, was three lengths behind at the end. True Knight was third. When Man o' War won the Stuyvesant, its distance was a mile, and he did it in 1:41⅗; Riva Ridge passed that pole in 1:34⅖. His next start will be in the Jockey Club Gold Cup (he was third in it last year) at Aqueduct on Saturday—the day before Secretariat, his stablemate, runs his last race, in the Canadian International Championship Stakes at Toronto's Woodbine.

STEP NICELY did just that at the Big A last Saturday in the one-mile Jerome Handicap—a race that goes back to 1866, the year before the Belmont Stakes was inaugurated. Running just off the heels of Linda's Chief until Cordero, his rider, turned him loose, the slight bay son of Watch Your Step went on to beat Forego by a head on the post. Linda's Chief finished third, three lengths away. The time was 1:34, the fastest on record for the race. It was another score for the horses of Jack Dreyfus, Jr., and for the training of Allen Jerkens. Step Nicely has had his problems, but on Saturday he showed no disposition to wheel and dump his rider or run off-course, a couple of his old tricks.

THE experiment to see if a lower tax on betting would bring relief to the strained financial condition of the New York Racing Association tracks began with Aqueduct's fall opening, the State Legislature having authorized a rollback of the take from the pari-mutuel pools from seventeen per cent to fourteen until the season ends, on December 29th. Needless to say, racecourse managements all over the country, also plagued with minus signs, are watching its progress. It would be premature to venture, on the basis of what happened last week, an



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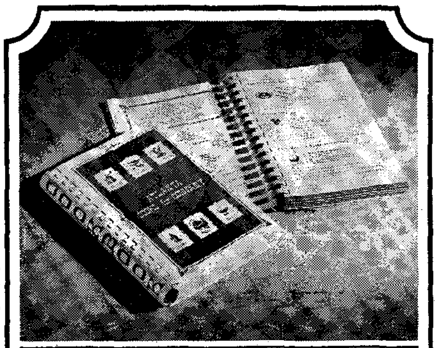

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opinion on how the experiment will turn out. I can say, though, that betting was up seventeen per cent over the same week last year, with a four-million-dollar day on Saturday; it was nothing approaching what it had been before the coming of OTB, however. More encouraging was the six-per-cent increase in attendance. A crowd of only 22,550 came out on opening day—many to see Riva Ridge, no doubt—and on three occasions later in the week there were crowds of little more than 17,000, which in the old days would have been the nadir, but Saturday's gate was 30,234. What helped the handle more than the reduction of the take was a betting gimmick called the triple, even though the take from its pool is an inordinate twenty-five per cent. The bet is placed on the ninth race, which usually brings out the worst lot of horses of the afternoon, and you pick three to finish in the order you name. If they do, the payoff can be in boxcar numbers. The triple gained a lot of followers a week ago Thursday when Rex Reneged, Sig, and Sacred Soul ran one-two-three, and a $2 ticket on them paid $19,759. The daily double was invented to bring people to the track early and get them into action. At Aqueduct, horseplayers have been going home in droves after the eighth race; the triple will keep them there for another spin of the wheel.

HERE are two books. "The Encyclopedia of the Horse" (Viking, $22.50) has almost everything you'd want to know about the animal—his evolution, his many breeds, and their characteristics, ailments, and activities. Compiled by G. N. Jackson and the late Lieutenant Colonel C. E. G. Hope, British experts, and William Steinkraus, former captain of the United States Equestrian Team, and illustrated with more than three hundred black-and-white prints and thirty-two full-color plates, it's the ticket. The other is "Classic Lives: The Education of a Racehorse," by Caroline Silver (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.50). This is an unusual book about horses. It describes three years in the lives of four colts and three fillies bred by Lord Derby for the British classics. Miss Silver, who did her two-a-day (English stable slang for grooming and galloping two horses) at Stanley House, the Earl's training establishment at Newmarket, sympathetically traces their progress from their birth through their baby year, their breaking-in and preparation for racing, and their racing as two- and three-year-olds.

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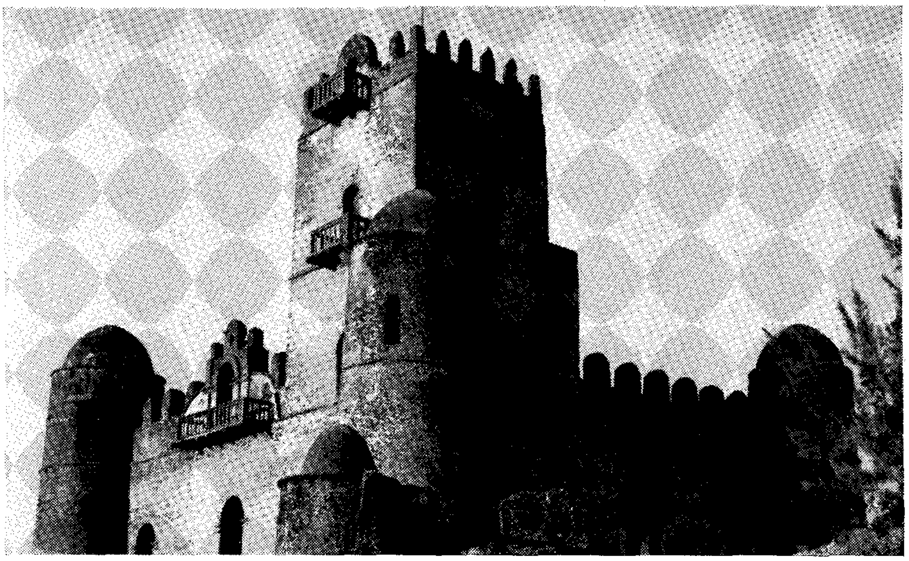

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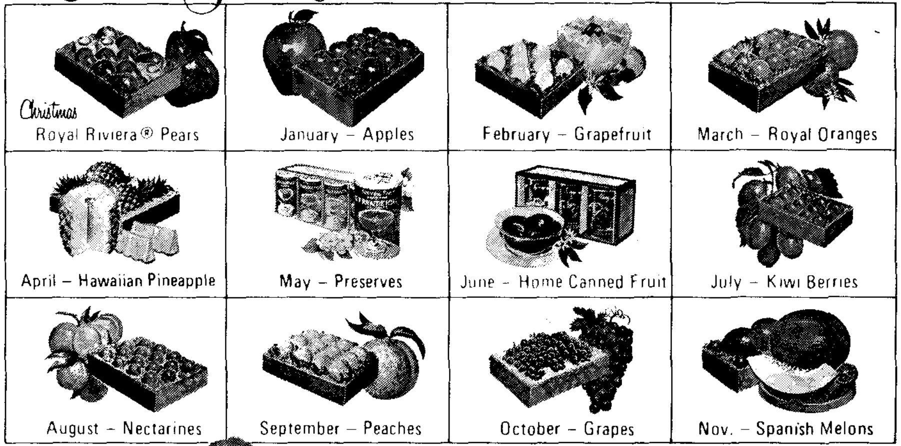

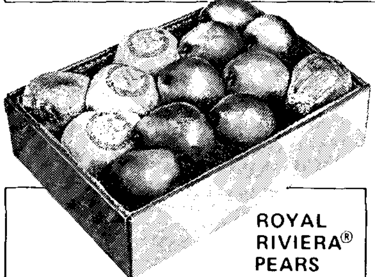

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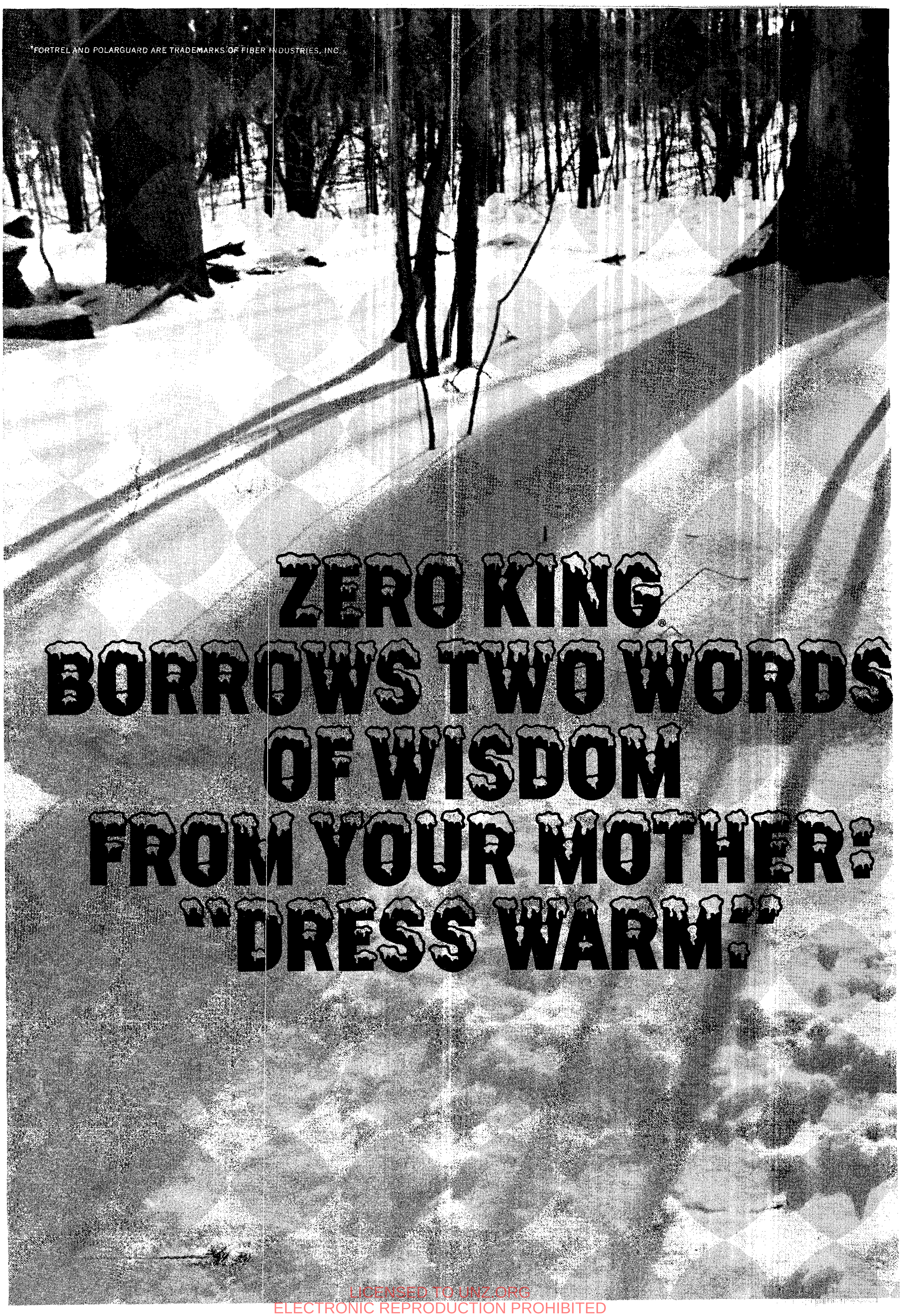
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As its name indicates, "Deuce Coupe" is a vehicle for two companies, and as a joint presentation of Twyla Tharp's company and the City Center Joffrey Ballet it was the hit of the entire spring season. Now it's back, in repertory, with much the same cast as before (a very smiley Nancy Ichino has gone in for Starr Danias, and there are one or two other minor replacements) and in even better performance condition. The audience loves it; I love it. But "Deuce Coupe" is more than a big hit, more than the best thing the Joffrey Ballet has ever done—it's the outstanding accomplishment to date of the ballet year.

For excitement and originality, none of the new works by major choreographers compares with it—not George Balanchine's "Cortège Hongrois" and not Jerome Robbins' "An Evening's Waltzes," which were both produced last spring by the New York City Ballet, and not even Merce Cunningham's "Changing Steps," which was included in a series of "Events" given last March at the Brooklyn Academy. I say "not even Cunningham" not to imply that his latest work is superior to the latest works of Balanchine and Robbins (although I think it is) but to suggest the faint possibility of a genealogical linkage between him and Twyla Tharp. I won't attempt to trace Twyla Tharp's line of descent—she seems to have absorbed something from nearly everybody who moves well—but, like Cunningham, she is routinely classified as an "avant-garde" choreographer, and only a few years ago she was one of those choreographers who were working without music and in nontheatrical and open spaces—either out-of-doors or in museums and gyms. The only element that she did not eliminate was dancing itself, and in this she was unique—defying the exponents of non-dance and anti-dance. The way she danced was unique, too. The open-space movement in choreography goes on, and Twyla Tharp now has her imitators, but at that time nothing like her had ever been seen before. The finest of the post-Cunningham generation of choreographers, up until "Deuce Coupe" she was thought to be also the most forbiddingly idiosyncratic. Even when, with her own small company, she started choreographing in more conventional surroundings to eighteenth-century music and to jazz, the burn of her intensely personal style didn't wear off, and her dancers seemed to be moved by a form of private communication which made them unlike any other dancers that one could see. I believe that the dances she has done for them—especially the great jazz ballets "Eight Jelly Rolls" and "The Bix Pieces" and "The Raggedy Dances"—are her best work. But "Deuce Coupe" is a good work, too. It isn't a great ballet, but it fills to abundance every need it was meant to fill, and, as far as ballet audiences are concerned, nothing like *it* has ever been seen before, either.

"Deuce Coupe" is a pop ballet and a great gift to the Joffrey company. Since 1968, when Robert Joffrey put his company on the cover of *Time* with a mixed-media/rock ballet called "Astarte," it has been polishing its reputation as America's great swinging company. This is one half of the Joffrey company's Janus profile; the other is the image of custodian of modern-day classics from the international repertory. But the Joffrey's dual policy stretched the capacities of its dancers too far and broke them. Dancers live and progress on roles that are created for them. All those slick, empty, and violent ballets by Gerald Arpino that slammed the audience with the Dionysian ecstasy of dance or appealed to the audience's political convictions and hunger for "relevance" certainly did contribute to the shaping of a style, but it was a style that rendered Joffrey dancers unfit for anything better. As classical dancers, the Joffreys have no touch; they look squat, badly placed, hectic, and unmusical. When Joffrey, who has excellent taste in non-Joffrey ballets, imports a classic Danish ballet like "Konservatoriet," his dancers can hardly get through it. At the moment, they are having serious problems with a new production of Frederick Ashton's "The Dream." (What dream is this? Their tendency to broaden and coarsen is like a bad dream of American ballet.) After seven years in residence at the City Center, the company had grown so unattractive that serious dance lovers stopped attending everything but the classic revivals—the choices were always interesting, even if the actual performances were not. What this withdrawal of attention meant was that the structure by which

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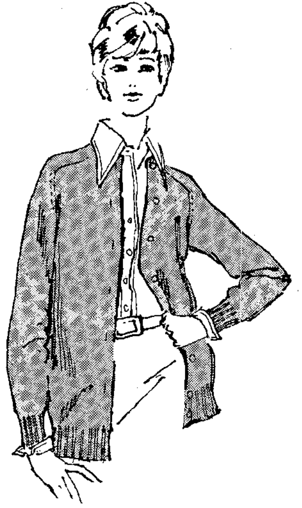

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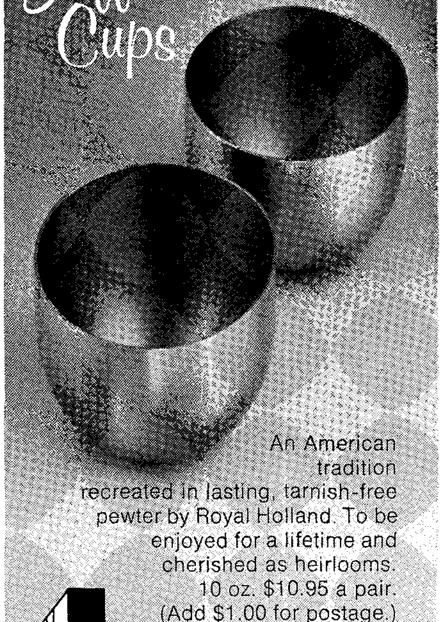
the company made its dancers grow was dead. Generally speaking, you can't feed dancers on imports and revivals. Imports and revivals please audiences; they seldom help the dancer, who can't be at his best in somebody else's old part.

It would be too much to claim that "Deuce Coupe" has saved the Joffrey, but it does give the dancers something genuine to respond to—something that's exactly suited to their talents—and it tidies up the company's self-image. It's just as if Twyla Tharp had said, "So you want pop? I'll give you pop," but what she has given the Joffrey is so close to the real thing that part of the audience—the part that takes pride in knowing what contemporary, orgiastic, youth-spirited, with-it ballet looks like—is taken by surprise. "Deuce Coupe" astounds by the utter unfamiliarity of familiar things. Its music is a tape collage of fourteen Beach Boys hits, starting with "Little Deuce Coupe" and ending with "Cuddle Up"—probably the last jukebox pop that *was* pop, and not Pop Art. Its décor is spray-can graffiti applied to a rolling backcloth while the ballet is in progress. And its dancing—that which gives it life and joy—is a peculiar Tharpian combination of classical ballet and the juvenile social dancing of the past decade. The ballet steps are like a primitive's-eye view of classical style, fascinating in their plainness and angularity, and the social dances are rich with crazy, campily corny suggestion. Neither type of dancing is what it would be in the hands of any other choreographer, and yet neither is what it ordinarily appears to be in its raw state—in the classroom, or in school gyms, ballrooms, and discothèques. Whatever the Tharp eye sees, it changes. (Even the graffiti, with their characteristic stilted lines, curly serifs, and locked edges, look as if they were intended for "Deuce Coupe." And, oh, New York! Isn't it nice to see the stuff in a place where it belongs?) As a result, the whole ballet has this low-contrast choreographic weave that knits its separate scenes together, but there's so much action going on, and the action is so complicated and delicately timed, that the effect is never one of monotony. (There is one moment when the ballet seems to slump. At the end of "Don't Go Near the Water," we get one more roiling group instead of something we haven't seen before.) This complexity and delicacy can be undervalued. Most of the time in "Deuce Coupe," the dancers appear to be behaving with such realism that we could believe they were making it up



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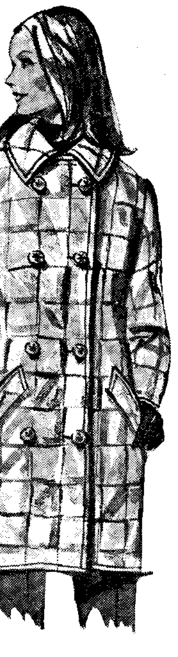

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as they went along. People who don't often go to the ballet might recognize the validity of these dances at once and wonder why such a fuss was being made over them. People who go more regularly fall into the trap of their expectations, and "Deuce Coupe" looks formless to them—just taken off the street and thrown onto the stage. Actually, no one has put contemporary American popular dancing of quite this intensity and freedom on the stage before, and I am sure no one but Twyla Tharp would have known how to make these dances legible in the theatre. A hundred kids going berserk at a school prom is a powerful but not necessarily a theatrical spectacle. To be realized on the stage, such potency has to be objectified; the material has to be changed and heightened. In the process, it becomes beautiful, but "beauty" isn't the choreographer's object—clarity is. And Twyla Tharp does something that people dancing for recreation don't do: she makes a theatrical translation of the music. In "How She Boogalooed It," she doesn't give us the Boogaloo—she gives us something that looks more like snake dancing at top speed. "Alley Oop," "Take a Load Off Your Feet," "Long Tall Texan," and "Catch a Wave" are based as much on the lyrics as on the music, and include several obvious, Broadway-style jokes. In "Papa Ooh Mau Mau," the dancers mime smoking pot and freaking out. When the music isn't interesting enough, it's speeded up or two tracks are run side by side. We do get a long way from the school prom. The spontaneity and naturalness of the dances are a marvellous illusion, a secret of professional style. Everyone has had the experience in the theatre of the happy occurrence—some fantastically accurate inflection or bit of punctuation, so like a moment in life we think it couldn't happen again. Twyla Tharp's choreography is full of such moments that do happen again. In "Deuce Coupe," I think of Nina Wiener's freak-out or Glenn White landing in fifth position right on the *pow!* of the downbeat in "Wouldn't It Be Nice." (The surprise is partly that you hadn't seen him jump.)

"Deuce Coupe" makes rather a special point of ballet versus pop dancing. In this, it's an extension of "The Bix Pieces," which was composed two years ago for the Tharp company's formal Paris début. (Its most recent performances took place this past summer at Jacob's Pillow and a few weeks ago on the C.B.S. Sunday-morning program "Camera Three.") "The Bix Pieces,"

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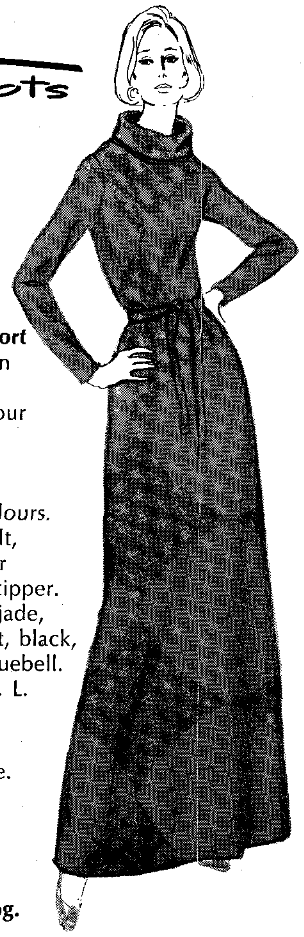

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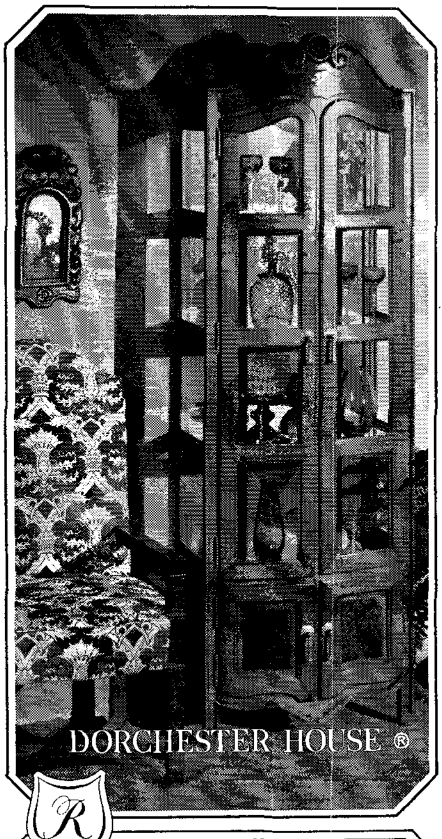
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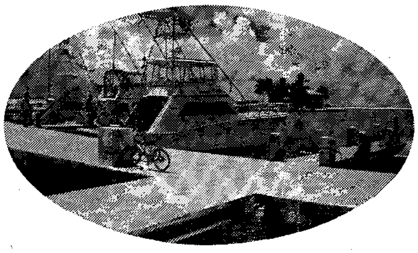
named for Bix Beiderbecke, is based on jazz-band dance music of the nineteen-twenties. The dancing is a moody synthesis of the tap-toe-baton-acrobatic routines that millions of American children have been heirs to, and in the course of the work a narrator informs us, "The fundamental concepts of dance are few, but the stylistic appraisal of these concepts can produce infinite combinations and appearances. For example, 'slap, ball, change' is 'chassé' in ballet, or 'slap' ('tendu'), 'ball' ('piqué'), 'change' ('plié')." This is demonstrated, and the narrator goes on to say, "So, you see, all things can be profoundly and invisibly related, exactly and not at all the same." "Deuce Coupe" deals in a similar technical paradox—sometimes at too great a length. For example, it has a ballerina (Erika Goodman) performing a classical solo virtually all through the piece. Sometimes she's alone onstage and sometimes she's the eye of the hurricane, but she never stops dancing, and since there are other ballet dancers on the stage, I have sometimes wondered why she's there. She is eternal, the others are temporal? But I have never wished Miss Goodman off the stage while watching her on it. I like what she does, and she's doing it this season with unusual beauty. Erika Goodman is chubby and neckless, with big legs that wave in disproportionately high extensions. With her large-scale gesture and demonstrative warmth, she's becoming a baby Struchkova. But, like most of the Joffrey girls, she lacks something as a classical stylist, and her role—a taxing one, which consists of the ballet vocabulary performed alphabetically—is so Tharpian in conception that it really doesn't resemble classical ballet enchaînements at all. What we see in her random provocative movements is a parallel to the dislocated, familiar-unfamiliar movements that dominate the main action of the ballet. The two dance forms—ballet and popular—remain technically distinguishable but become stylistically fused. It's a Tharpian fusion, and the didactic point of "The Bix Pieces" disappears. All things are no longer so invisibly related.

There's a sense in which "Deuce Coupe" would be better if the Joffrey members of the cast were better classical dancers. Twyla Tharp has asked a lyricism of them, and a precision of épaulement, that they can't consistently supply. Yet in "Wouldn't It Be Nice," the most exhilarating of the Beach Boys' songs, the steps are entirely classical, and this is the number I love best. From the opening port de bras to the

The unhurried uncrowded holiday



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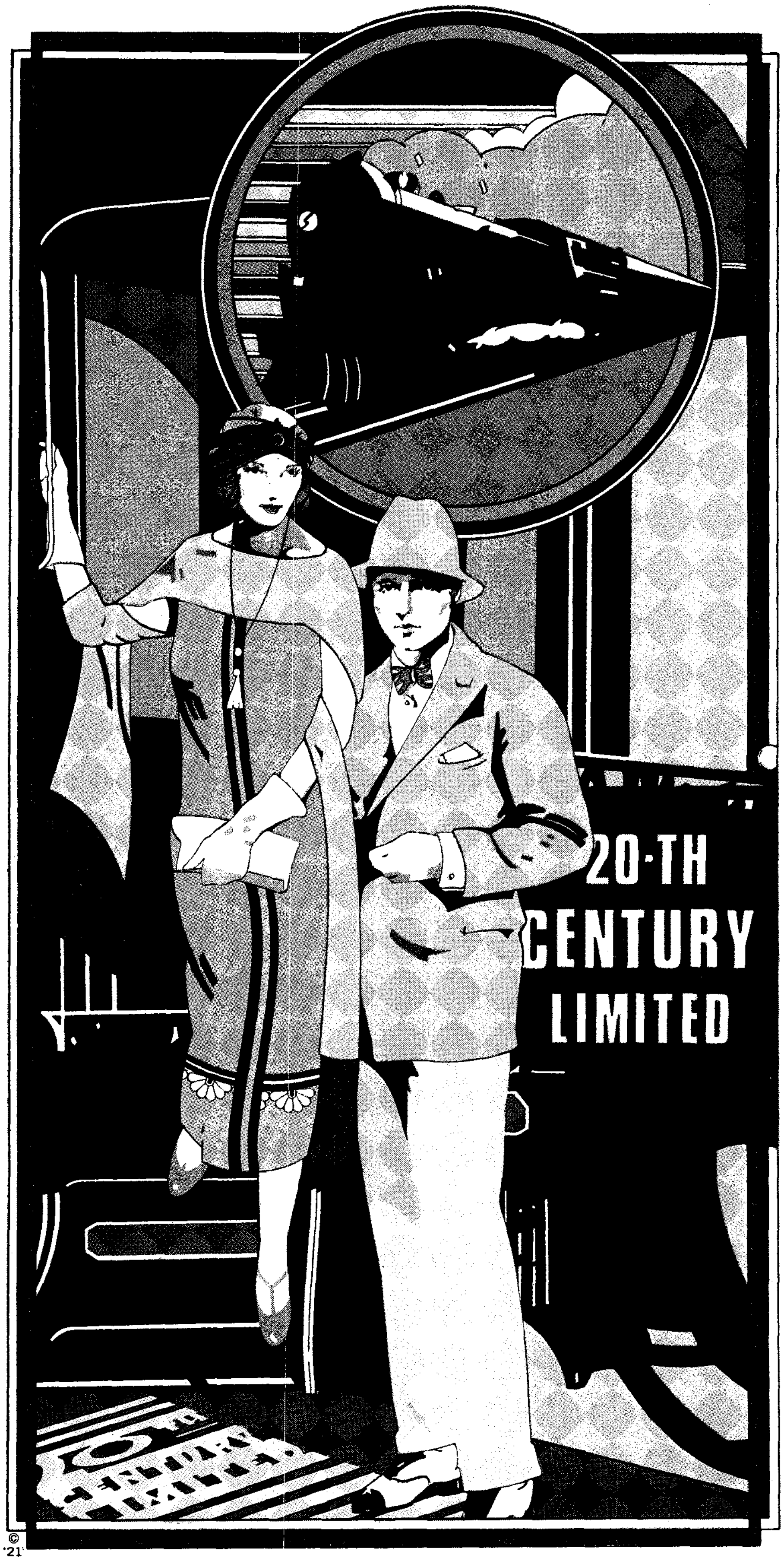
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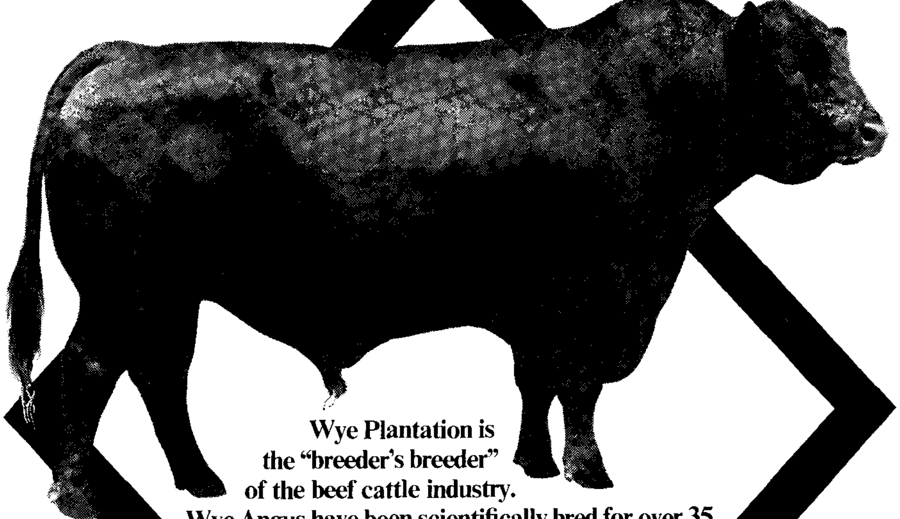
quietly held preparations in fifth—held so long that when the jetés into attitude-front start popping like molecules around the stage the pressure appears to blow them into the air—there is a tender mystery to the dancing which seems equal to the best of "The Bix Pieces" and to the best classical ballet I know. "Deuce Coupe" makes the Joffrey dancers look human (at the first performance I had trouble recognizing most of them); it rescues them from the curse of pseudo ballet and gives them back their natural grace of movement. They look very much as they might have looked as children—which is right for the pre-teen, pre-sexual world that the ballet invokes—and they are magically divested of their customary hard-sell performing style. Besides Miss Goodman and Mr. White, the Joffrey dancers who shine most vividly in this new light are (in order of their appearance): Rebecca Wright, William Whitener, Beatriz Rodriguez, Larry Grenier, Gary Chryst, Donna Cowen, and Eileen Brady.

As for the Tharp dancers, they always do what comes naturally. Their stage personalities are so alive that we can follow them from ballet to ballet like characters in the Sunday comics. Twyla Tharp herself, with her sorrowful-baleful semi-hallucinated stare, is the Krazy Kat of the bunch. Sara Rudner is the Mysterious Lady (her "Deuce Coupe" solo "Got to Know the Woman" is ironically seductive, like an adolescent's vision of sexuality), and Rose Marie Wright, the "Long Tall Texan," has an instantaneous impact on the audience—it applauds her on sight. Kenneth Rinker, the lone male, is a brotherly, somewhat taciturn corduroy-cap type, and the two other girls, Isabel García-Lorca and Nina Wiener, have a fashion-model elegance. The group dancing of the Tharp company suggests a federation of individuals, and you can see the same kind of freedom in the group dancing of "Deuce Coupe." But the restlessness and pain of American children are in it, too. The end of the ballet—the long, slow crescendo of tossing arms, lunges in plié, and backward bourrées on point, with here and there a fall to the floor—is half truth, half myth. It sums up a kind of schmaltzy romanticism that young people love to wrap themselves in, and it is absolutely true to our experience of their world. The crescendo is ingeniously stage-managed, gaining might not by mass but by intensity, like a hum that gets louder, and it ends in a masterstroke—a freeze-pose blackout into silhouette. The cliché is



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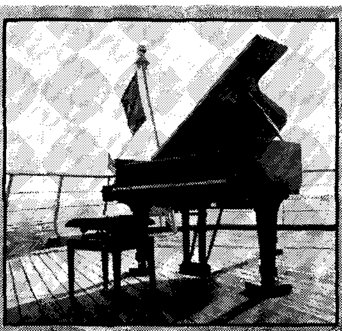

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the only possible schmaltz-climax. Then, gradually, it loosens, Miss Goodman takes a few hops forward, and "Deuce Coupe" continues somewhere in space as the curtain falls.

"Deuce Coupe" is fresh and exciting because it is closer to its source in popular culture than most pop or "jazz" ballets ever care to be. The music is the kind of music for which a dance idiom already exists. The choreography is in part a parody of that idiom, but it is authentic. In two other ballets in the Joffrey repertory, Eliot Feld's "Jive" and Arpino's "Trinity," the music is concert-hall jazz and evangelical rock, respectively, two forms for which the dancing has to be invented, and in both ballets the choreography is more synthetic than the music. "Jive" is set to Morton Gould's "Derivations for Clarinet and Jazz Band"—the same score that Balanchine used for a piece called "Clarinade," which is remembered solely because it was the first ballet he created at Lincoln Center. The music doesn't work any better for Feld, who transforms it into a tight, cheerless, and ambivalent pastiche of the fifties, the period of Jerome Robbins wearing sneakers. It ends with the dancers lurching at the audience and crying "Jive!" "Jive" (a forties title) represents a good choreographer working below his form. "Trinity" represents a bad choreographer working at the very top of *his*. The work is all big jumps and running lifts, and it is consumed with the fake piety of the beads-and-amulets era. At the end, the dancers place peace candles all over the stage. In the context of these two ballets, and of the Joffrey repertory generally, "Deuce Coupe" is a masterpiece. Not only is it musically sound and poetically convincing—its emotions are the kind that make civilized contact in the theatre possible. It doesn't bludgeon us for a response; when it throws out a manipulative net, it does so with a grin. It doesn't pretend that we share the life it depicts, or make us feel that we should. It is completely objective, but, beyond that ("Jive" is objective, too, and dead), it respects its material. "Deuce Coupe" is an adult ballet about kids.

—Arlene Croce

•

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The sun rose in Denver at 6:17 a.m.; the sun sets at 7:48.

'Tis a Privilege to Live in Colorado
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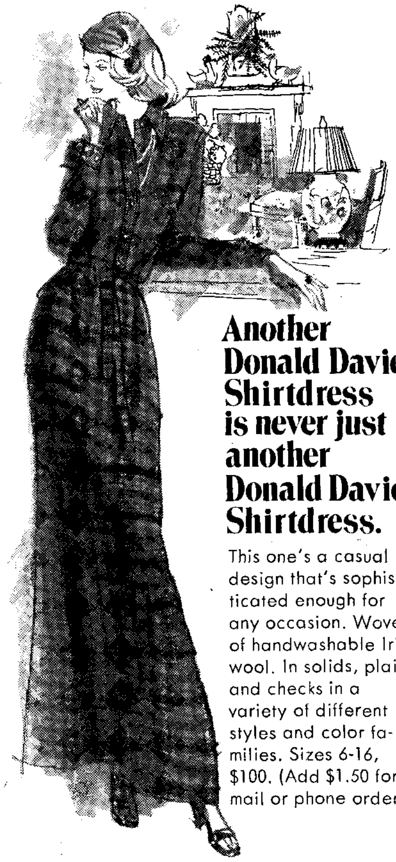

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Confessions of Orlando

THE time is 1920 and the place is England. In the depths of the Kentish countryside, a young woman is lying prone upon a patch of green bracken bright with little yellow and magenta wild flowers whose names she doesn't know. (This is curious and worth remarking, because she is an impassioned gardener.) It is a perfect midsummer's afternoon. Behind her is a hazel wood, before her a wheat field. A breeze makes the ripe ears of wheat rustle like silk; there is no other sound save that of her pencil racing across the pages of a notebook. She has been, she writes, in a black temper all day, but the sunlight and the shadows of the ears of wheat dancing over her words as she sets them down have helped soothe the blackness. She mentions that her personality has yielded to that of Demeter, goddess of the fruitful soil. Nevertheless, she dares not obliterate herself entirely. She must go on writing, because for her it is the means of keeping mind and body whole. The pain of guilt and the greater pain of a remorse that she ought to feel and doesn't feel have prompted her to lie here face-down upon the earth, pouring out a confession. The speed with which her pencil covers the cheap paper is a sign of how useful a therapy words are to her; it is also a sign that Clio, Muse of History, hovers as insistently upon the shimmering air as Demeter does. For in attempting to examine her life for her soul's sake, the young woman is attempting the further feat of leaving behind an accurate report of that examination. Though she writes in secret and though what she writes will remain a secret until her death, over forty years later, she pursues the agonizing truth almost as much for others as for herself. She counts on having readers in the future, to whom she offers the assurance that nothing she tells them will have been arranged for the purpose of improving it as art, much less for the purpose of protecting her reputation. ("I hate writing this, but I must, I must. When I began this I swore I would shirk nothing.") She sees herself as unquestionably a very strange person indeed, and yet she suspects that she may be less rare in her strangeness than the conventions of the time have led her and her family and friends to suppose. She feels what amounts to a duty to stand up and bear witness; at the very least she will serve as an example to all those who in later generations find themselves implicated in sexual and domestic misadventures as extreme and seemingly as insoluble as her own. Whoever her readers may prove to be—and she might not have liked us much in real life: she was a fearful snob—she will offer them from the grave Whitman's grand and consolatory "I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there." And the gender of that "I" will give her, in the grave, a rueful satisfaction; she had always longed to be a man.

It is an irony of which the young woman herself was well aware that if we had encountered her for the first time on that drowsy afternoon in Kent we would have assumed that she was the most fortunate and least troubled of mortals. She was twenty-eight, tall, full-breasted, and good-looking in the horse-faced way that is a sign of breeding in England. She had a handsome, wellborn husband, who was beginning to make a name for himself as a diplomat. He was tenderhearted and witty and, like her, a gifted writer. They were the parents of two pretty and amiable little boys. She was the descendant of a family mentioned in the Domesday Book; in *Burke's Peerage* the family tree had long since come to be impenetrably pleached with dukes, earls, and lords. One of her ancestors had written the first English tragedy; another had helped to lose the Battle of Saratoga. She had been brought up in an ancient, enchanting country house—one that was said to contain as many rooms as there are days in the year and that even in her childhood was the largest house in England remaining in private hands. Her mother was celebrated for her beauty and vivacity and deserved to be celebrated for getting whatever she wanted; she was the illegitimate daughter of a Spanish dancer and a milord, and as a virgin in her early twenties was

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proposed to by no less a person than the President of the United States. Instead, she took care to marry her father's nephew and heir, which is to say her first cousin, and thus she became a lady in her own right. Later, she accepted as an admirer a jolly fat man of immeasurable wealth, who left her a fortune upon his death. It was thanks to an allowance from the income of that fortune that the young woman by the wheat field could afford to live in a charming old house (remodelled by a world-famous architect, also to be numbered among her mother's admirers), there to write and garden and pour tea and be the very model of an imperturbable, countrified English aristocrat.

Now, everything in the preceding paragraph is true, and it is not the truth. For the young woman, whose maiden name was Vita Sackville-West and who with reluctance consented in marriage to be known as Mrs. Harold Nicolson (and later, with greater reluctance, consented glaringly to be known as Lady Nicolson), had two aspects to her nature, and she was far from considering them of equal importance. A basilisk crouched in the country matron, heraldic, unbeautiful, with poison in its sting. On being reproached for having a Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde personality, she at once agreed; "that is the whole crux of the matter," she wrote in the notebook, "and I see now that my whole curse has been a duality with which I was too weak and too self-indulgent to struggle." Not so, though it may have been necessary for her to insist on it for the time being—the repeated "whole" is significant—in order to get on to the next stage of her confession. For it is obvious that she chose not to struggle against her duality; if she *had* struggled, she would surely have ended by embracing Hyde and abandoning Dr. Jekyll. Every word of the notebook lets us measure how much she preferred the harsh, aggressive, masculine Hyde in her to the conventionally "nice" and feminine Dr. Jekyll. Nor need we take seriously her reference to a curse—she was a romantic, to whom the notion of damnation on some high Faustian level was very attractive. In fantasy, she saw herself as a swashbuckling seventeenth-century swordsman-brigand of noble birth, who simultaneously abases and protects women; and here she was in tender Kent, a decorous young mother writing, her family hoped, nothing more serious than poems. The anomaly of her divided selves fascinated her, and it was partly in order to be able to face both selves with candor that she set about filling her notebook. She

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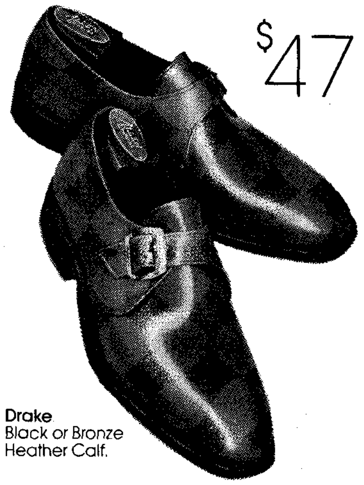

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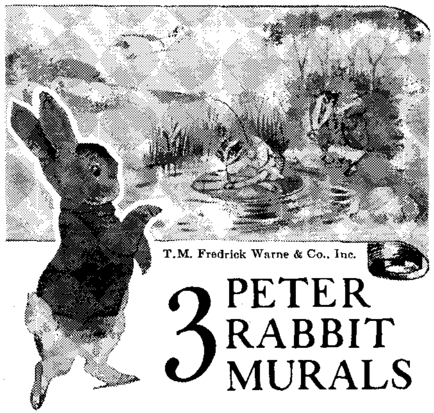

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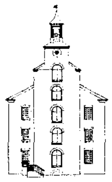

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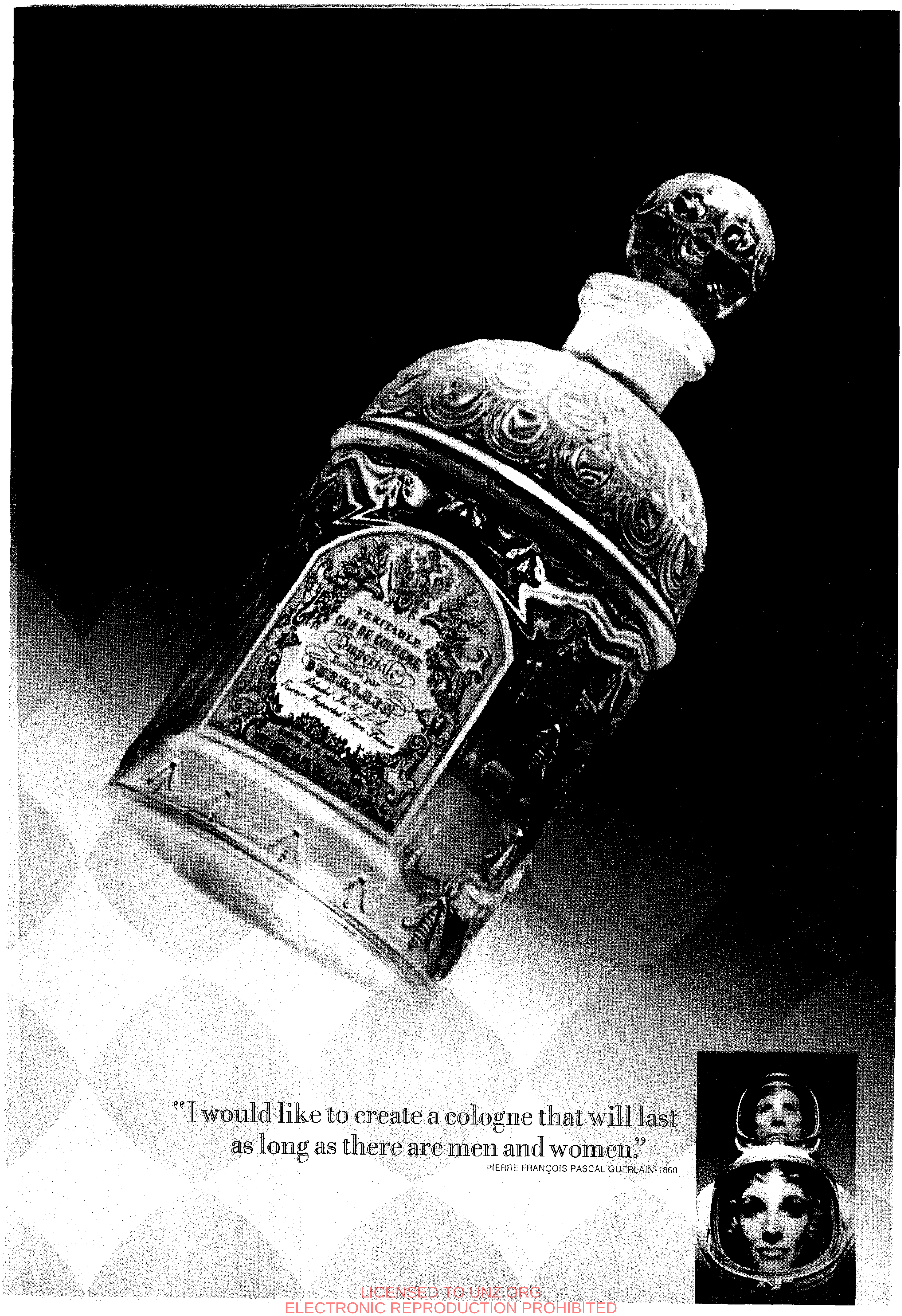
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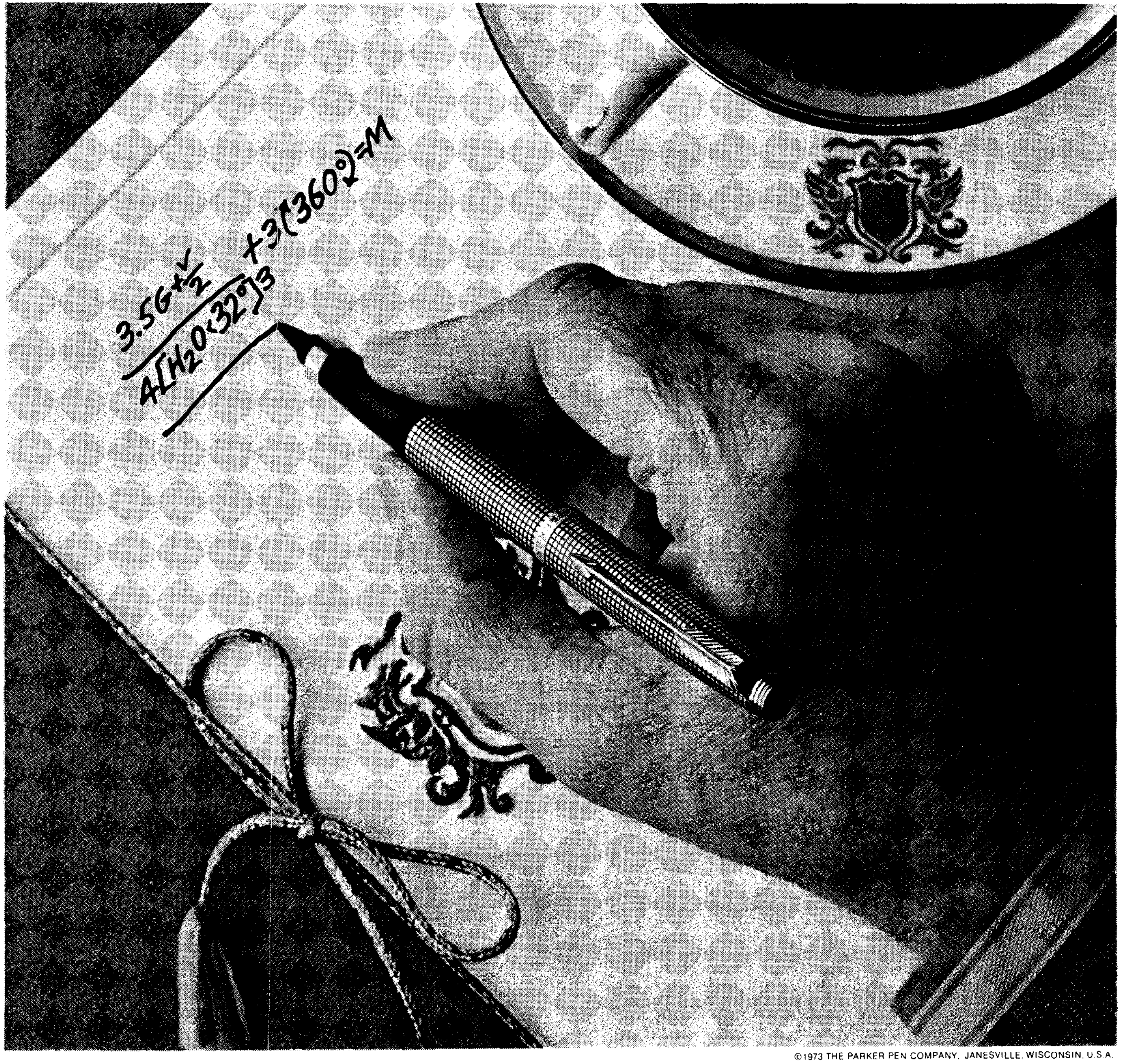

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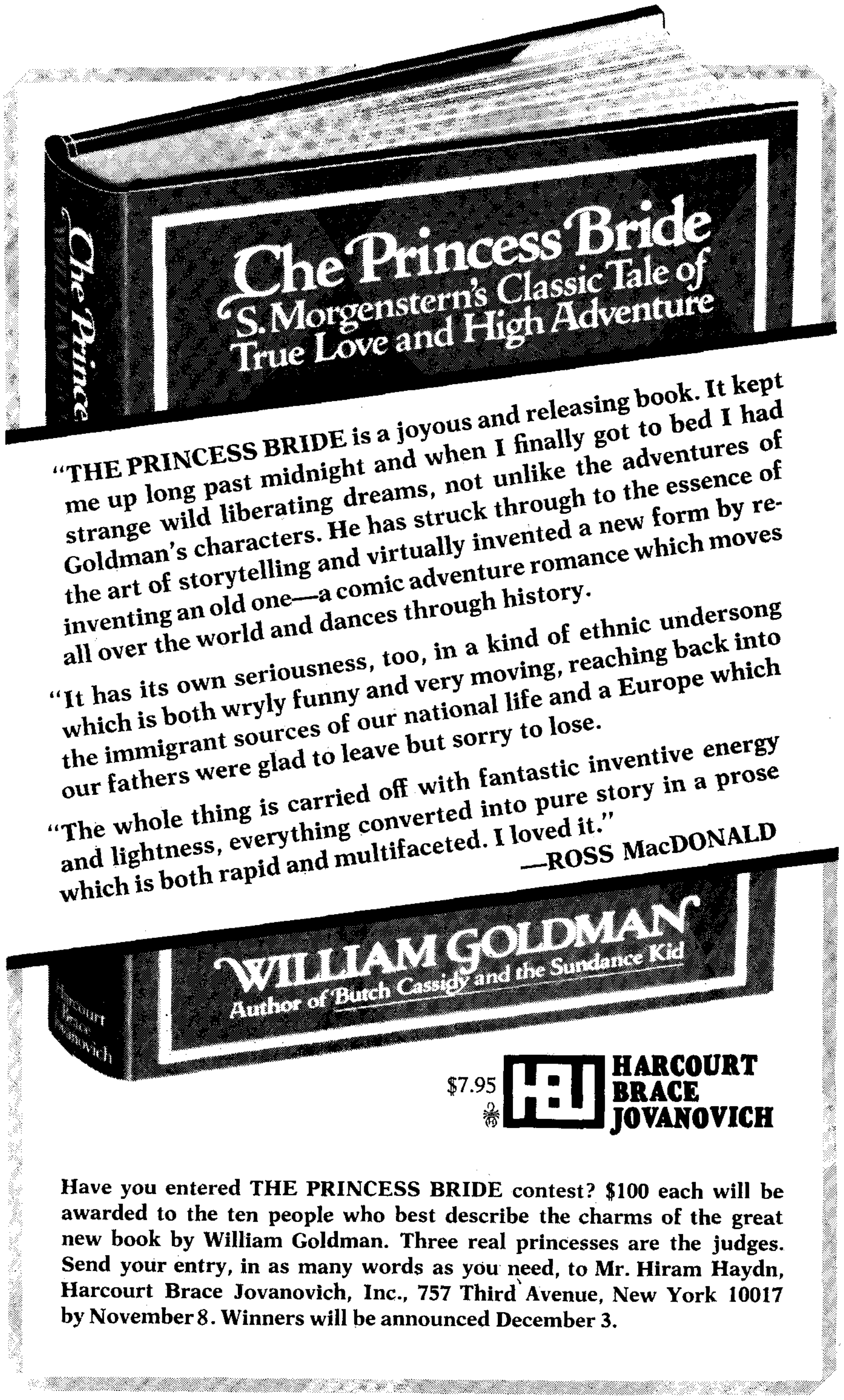
called it an autobiography, but as such it would be merely a captivating, inadequate sketch; instead, it is an account of the one great love affair of her life, in which she dared to be as reckless and passionate and cruel and unprincipled as the fierce male Sackville in her was always urging her to be. It is as close to a cry from the heart as anybody writing in English in our time has come, and it is a cry that, once heard, is not likely ever to be forgotten.

THE notebook, which contains perhaps twenty-five thousand words, is the occasion for—but only a fraction of—a much longer book, called "Portrait of a Marriage" (Atheneum). The author, Nigel Nicolson, is one of the two sons of Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson; the other son is the art historian Ben Nicolson. Nigel Nicolson has been an editor and publisher, and he recently wrote the biography of Lord Alexander of Tunis. Upon his mother's death, in 1962, he was obliged as her executor to go through all the papers she had stored up and filed away in her sitting room in the tower of Sissinghurst Castle, where the Nicolsons had lived since 1930. Nicolson mentions that he had entered his mother's sitting room only half a dozen times in thirty years; he found much to occupy him there, and no doubt a full-length biography of his mother will someday be the welcome by-product of the task imposed on him by law. Meanwhile, we have this unexpected and astonishing book, which owes its existence to Nicolson's having stumbled across a locked Gladstone bag in a little turret room off his mother's sitting room. (One thinks of the croquet box at Malahide Castle; one thinks of Miss Prism and *her* Gladstone bag.) He could tell that the bag held something—his guess was a tiara. Finding no key, he cut the leather from around the lock of the bag and opened it. Inside was the notebook. In his introduction Nicolson writes, "I had long known the barest outlines of the story (but not from her) and here was every detail of it, written with scarcely an erasure or correction at a moment when the wound was still fresh and painful."

Nicolson had plenty of time to ponder the question of whether to publish the notebook. He had no doubts as to his mother's intentions; there is ample internal evidence that she wished it to be published sooner or later. But other parties to the great affair were still alive in 1962. Harold Nicolson lived on until 1968, and Vita's lover, the sensual, irresistible Violet Trefusis, died only last year. By then, Nicolson was certain that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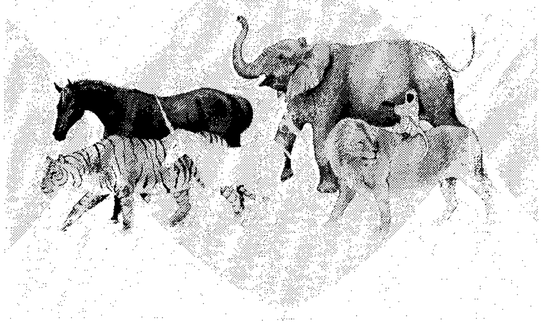

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the notebook should be published precisely as his mother had written it, accompanied by a text that would give enough background to render the often jumbled comings and goings of the notebook comprehensible to a contemporary audience. Moreover: "To present the autobiography unexplained and without its sequel would do my parents less than justice, for it was written in the eighth year of a marriage that lasted forty-nine." The "Portrait" consists, then, of five chapters—two devoted to the notebook and three to the background of the affair and its prolonged domestic sequel. And what a remarkable and implausible marriage the Nicolsons prove to have had! For Vita, who had loved a girl before she loved Violet, went on to take many other lovers, including Virginia Woolf; and Harold, who had had male lovers before he married Vita, continued to have male lovers after their marriage. (Harold, who appears not to have been very energetic with either sex, told his sons that the sexual side of a relationship between men and women in marriage was unlikely to last more than a year or so. He had a number of singular notions of this sort, for which the only evidence was his own life.) Nigel and Ben Nicolson grew up to observe their mother and father busying themselves with their separate love affairs; at the same time they observed a devotion between their parents seemingly stronger and more nourishing than that between most of the conventionally married heterosexual couples they knew. It was puzzling. It made the boys long to ask questions that the parents would probably be disinclined to answer; the very rooms of Sissinghurst were designed in a fashion to rebuke an exchange of intimacies. When the time came for the sons to marry, they found that their parents' good fortune in marriage was not to be theirs—"nature having endowed us," Nicolson writes, "with a greater talent for friendship than for cohabitation, for fatherhood than for wedlock." The parents' marriage could serve as an example to no one; certainly it had little to do with the ancient Church of England vows that the young couple had uttered in the chapel at Knole, the Sackvilles' sprawling village of a house. The marriage was an inimitable freak, but no matter. "My parents' love for each other survived all further threats to it," Nicolson says, "and made out of a non-marriage a marriage that succeeded beyond their dreams." Mostly, Nicolson keeps at a distance from his radically scandalous revelations; when his guard drops, as it does in the sentence just

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quoted, he betrays his uneasiness by becoming sentimental. The uncharacteristic women's-magazine prose makes one suspect that the marriage survived and prospered at a cost higher than Nicolson has yet been willing to admit. The price, whatever it may have been, will be revealed only when the biography of one or both parents is written, and for reasons of law or discretion (people bold enough to have been lovers when they were very young tend to dawdle over growing old and dying) that may be many years hence. Until then, we may as well give the last word to Virginia Woolf, who, when she and Vita were lovers, wrote a biography of her in the form of a novel, which she called "Orlando" and which Nicolson describes as "the longest and most charming love letter in literature." The eponymous hero-heroine is Vita, partly as she was but mostly as she wished to be; born a boy in Elizabethan times, she has changed sex in Constantinople, and now, centuries later, having returned to England—the England of 1928—she sits wondering who she is:

> "What then? Who then?" she said. "Thirty-six; in a motor car; a woman. Yes, but a million other things as well. A snob am I? The garter in the hall? The leopards? My ancestors? Proud of them? Yes! Greedy, luxurious, vicious? Am I? (here a new self came in).... Lying in bed of a morning on fine linen; listening to the pigeons; silver dishes; wine; maids; footmen. Spoilt? Perhaps (here another self came in). My books (here she mentioned fifty classical titles; which represented, so we think, the early romantic works that she tore up). Facile, glib, romantic. But (here another self came in) a duffer, a fumbler. More clumsy I couldn't be. And—and—(here she hesitated for a word and if we suggest "Love" we may be wrong, but certainly she laughed and blushed and then cried out) a toad set in emeralds!"

And so she was: her lover had sharp eyes.

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THEOPHILUS NORTH, by Thornton Wilder (Harper & Row). By almost any standard, this is not a novel—not even a memoir-novel—though it comes disguised as one. There is no plot; most of the characters make only cameo appearances; each chapter unfolds a totally new story. It is, however, an extremely entertaining collection of old-fashioned reminiscences and vignettes—a sort of dramatization of a journal kept by the author during his four and a half months as tutor and reader to the Old Guard of Newport in

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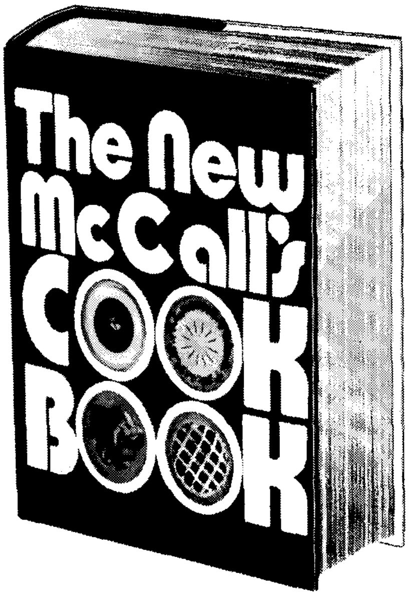

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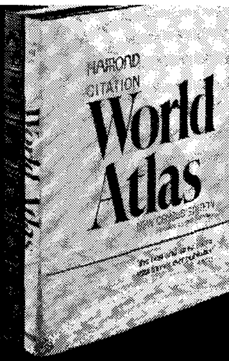

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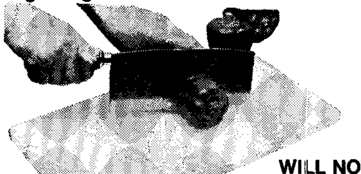

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the summer of 1926. There are classic portraits of the spoiled rich at their brutish worst—squashing their progeny, hovering in a deathwatch around a vexingly healthy old grandfather, dying at Russian roulette. There are fascinating glimpses, too, of the equally cliquish world of the servants of the great Bellevue Avenue "cottages," and of other Newport worlds—seaport, refuge of nineteenth-century intellectuals—which Mr. Wilder unconvincingly compares to the cities of ancient Troy. Only the book's hero, Theophilus North, a fastidious do-gooder who bicycles from one clipped lawn to the next, solving everybody's problems, is a false note in this ample array of American life in a bygone era.

A TWO-CAR FUNERAL, by John Hough, Jr. (Little, Brown). You couldn't get a closer look at the inside of a boys' reform school than this spirited first novel provides unless you were incarcerated in one yourself, and you couldn't want a more persuasive argument for prison reform—juvenile or adult—than this plain-spoken and occasionally almost Dickensian little book offers. Mr. Hough has worked with the Massachusetts Council on Crime and Correction and with something called the Massachusetts Correctional Organization, and he has obviously been well schooled not only in the realities of prison life but in Massachusetts roughhouse politics and that comparatively recent form of piracy known as the foundation-grant ripoff. This is very much an old-fashioned book-with-a-message; except for its topicality, it might have been written in the thirties. But the dialogue is so lively and the boys, the prison guards, and the local pols are such well-drawn characters that even its most unabashed politicking causes no pain.

HARRIET SAID, by Beryl Bainbridge (Braziller). A short novel about a precocious fourteen-year-old named Harriet, her somewhat younger girl friend and adoring slave (who, as the title suggests, is our narrator), and a middle-aged man whom they undertake to destroy. The setting is a small town in Lancashire. The book is offered as a horror story with psychological undertones, but these are so muted and so arbitrary that the result is merely an exercise—strongly but lamely reminiscent of William March's "The Bad Seed"—in perversity. It also, and unforgivably, promises, with a lurid opening chapter, far more excitement than it delivers. The narrator, who remains

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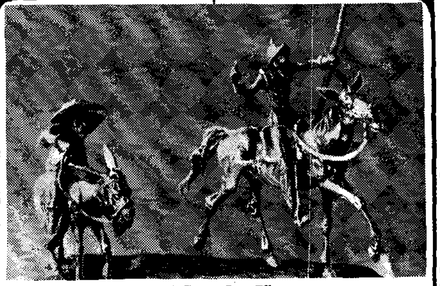

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nameless, is a writer of considerable indirection for her age.

GENERAL

BALZAC, by V. S. Pritchett (Knopf). Balzac's life, as it is related in this spirited biography, was "La Comédie Humaine" in capsule—unceasing industry, wild extravagance, extraordinary luxury, bread-and-water penury, violent sexuality and sighing sentimentality, childish gullibility and solid common sense, ridiculous posturing, international celebrity, hilarious high spirits and perennial grudge-bearing, a miserable childhood, monumental accomplishment, an agonizing death. Mr. Pritchett sees Balzac clearly in all his characters and experiences, understands his snobbery (as when he remarks of Balzac's conquest of the rich and beautiful Mme. Hanska that "not only a woman but an estate had panted in his arms"), and is forthright in the appraisal of his genius: "He is rudimentary . . . his lyrical writing is conventional and sentimental . . . but his fecundity throbs, his power of documentation, his ubiquity as a novelist are extraordinary. There is the spry, pungent, and pervasive sense that, in any scene, he was *there* and in the flesh." This is a rich and enjoyable study, and it is rendered even richer by a munificence of pictures—paintings, drawings, photographs, many in color—that most effectively set the place and time of Balzac's triumphs and disasters.

THE LONG SHOT: GEORGE MCGOVERN RUNS FOR PRESIDENT, by Gordon L. Weil (Norton), and GOODBYE, MR. CHRISTIAN: A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF MCGOVERN'S RISE AND FALL, by Richard Dougherty (Doubleday). In 1970, Mr. Weil became Senator McGovern's press secretary for his Presidential campaign, and in July, 1971, became his executive assistant. Mr. Dougherty joined up in the fall of 1971, and, aside from time out for illness, served as the candidate's press secretary. The two authors knew and disliked each other. Dougherty is more outspoken about their quarrels; Weil is dismissive, as if he thought Dougherty of no great importance. They are very different kinds of people. Weil, who is younger than Dougherty, is soberer and more intense. His background was economic reporting. Dougherty is an experienced newspaperman, a novelist and playwright, with more "give" in his nature and more sophistication. They have written very different books—Weil's a

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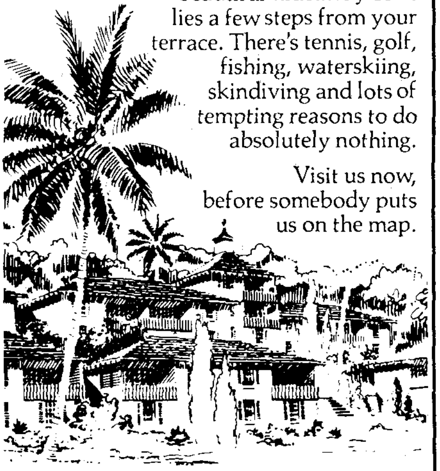

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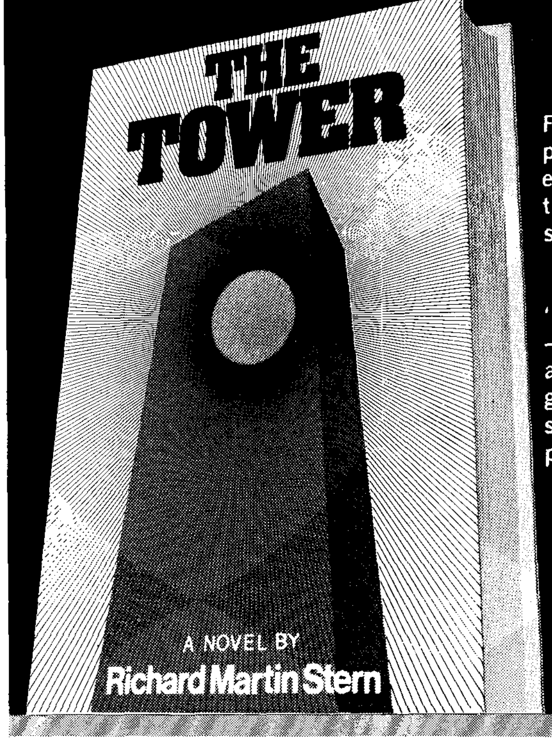
meticulous chronicle, Dougherty's a literary memoir. Yet the two men saw precisely the same things, and the two books, read together, offer an autopsy of enormous fascination. Both authors feel that Senator and Mrs. McGovern were (and are) earnest, honest, and attractive human beings, but both see flaws in the candidate's personality—flaws that explain why his staff were unhappy, at odds, insecure, and did not work together as well as they might have. The authors make McGovern a loner who could not or would not delegate authority, who undercut whatever authority any member of his staff exerted, and who was not open to advice. There are, to be sure, outside villains. Both authors blame the Democratic regulars for not rallying immediately and powerfully to McGovern's candidacy (but both sound ungrateful about the help the old-timers ultimately gave). The Eagleton contretemps was, in both authors' judgment, the most damaging event of the campaign, and they agree that the economist J. K. Galbraith, going off half-cocked on the telephone to McGovern, killed the promising Vice-Presidential candidacy of the Boston mayor, Kevin White, leaving the just nominated and very tired McGovern with the Missouri senator, one of his last choices. But Eagleton himself, in his ambition for office (and in his naïveté about how much scrutiny a national candidate undergoes), appears to both men the real mischief-maker; they feel that he took advantage of McGovern's instinctive, if unwary, compassion. Dougherty is more optimistic about might-have-beens: he thinks that McGovern's style of leadership could have been more successful in a President than it was in a candidate; Weil holds that a loose organization requires much more self-discipline among its members than does an authoritarian one. But it is hard to know whether the difficulty was McGovern's disguised (probably even from himself) authoritarianism, on which both authors remark, or the ambitiousness of so many of his staff members.

LYNDON, by Richard Harwood and Haynes Johnson (Praeger). A prose-and-picture book about the late President. The pictures, by many photographers, are splendid, and the prose, by two reporters on the Washington *Post*, is very nearly flawless. What is offered is a closeup portrait, but the chief emphasis is on Johnson's extraordinary abilities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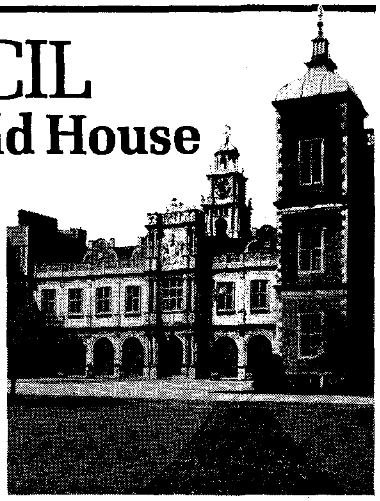

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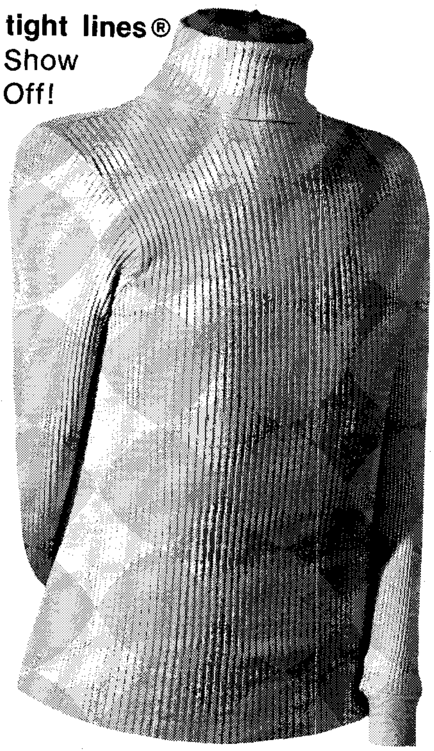

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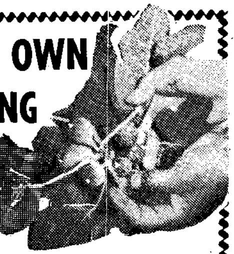

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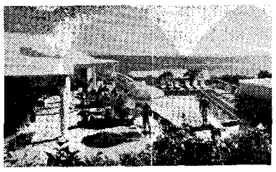

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET AND THE BUM, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Jean Stewart (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Another story of Maigret on the job in his beloved Paris. It is early spring—a March day—and one of the vagrants who live along the banks of the Seine has just been fished out of the water at a point close to his pitiful home under one of the stone arches of the Pont Marie. The man, who turns out to be a once respectable doctor, is only half dead, and he recovers, causing Maigret to ponder two questions: first, who would bother to try murdering such a completely broken, almost speechless derelict, and, second, why does the derelict, whose speechlessness is, after all, only a habit born of loneliness and disappointment, not say a word to explain his case? Maigret's patient, untiring examination of the victim's past life is most pleasant to watch, and his dogged turning over of the mystery in his head provides a beguiling satisfaction.

TRIAL AND TERROR, edited by Joan Kahn (Houghton Mifflin). An anthology of twenty-five short pieces—fiction and fact—that purport to be, in one way or another, suspenseful. Tales of murder and accounts of trials for murder predominate, but there are good stories about other human activities and predicaments, too; Roger Angell's "In an Early Winter" is one, Balzac's "An Episode of the Terror" is another, and Ivan Bunin's unforgettable "The Gentleman from San Francisco" (which, strictly speaking, doesn't really belong here) is a third. The book's distinction is *twofold: the selections are* unorthodox (there isn't one overanthologized chestnut in the lot), and there is evidence of the editor's appreciation of the fact that the real thrill in any good story of mystery or suspense is an aesthetic one.

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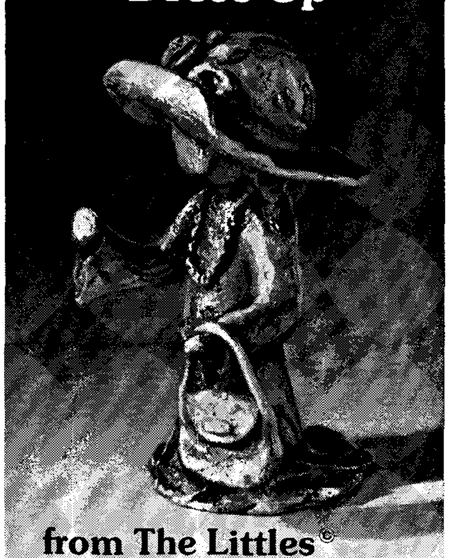

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Before you buy a 4 channel system, find out where the CD-4 demodulator is.

Because if it doesn't have one, there's something else you won't have. The unique sound of discrete 4-channel CD-4 records.

That's why Panasonic built a CD-4 demodulator into its SE-5070 discrete 4-channel system.

The CD-4 demodulator allows you to hear discrete CD-4 records the way musicians record them. As four separate and distinct channels of sound. Without the compromises of matrix systems. Like overlapping of sound between channels. And loss of sound separation.

RCA, Warner, Elektra, Atlantic, Project 3 and Nonesuch also heard the difference. That's why they produce 4-channel records in CD-4 discrete.

Now you can hear your favorite artists the way they sound best. On CD-4 records. Called Quadradiscs. Artists such as Elvis Presley, Carly Simon, Frank Sinatra, Aretha Franklin, Enoch Light, and Eugene Ormandy. Just to name a few.

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And this system has an FM/AM and FM stereo receiver with our exclusive Quadruplex™ circuitry. It enhances the sound of stereo. And plays matrix 4-channel records and radio.

Which brings us to our 4 air-suspension speakers. Each with a 6½" woofer and 2½" tweeter.

If you want to hear music the way it sounds best, get the Panasonic SE-5070. One of our Series 44™ discrete 4-channel systems.

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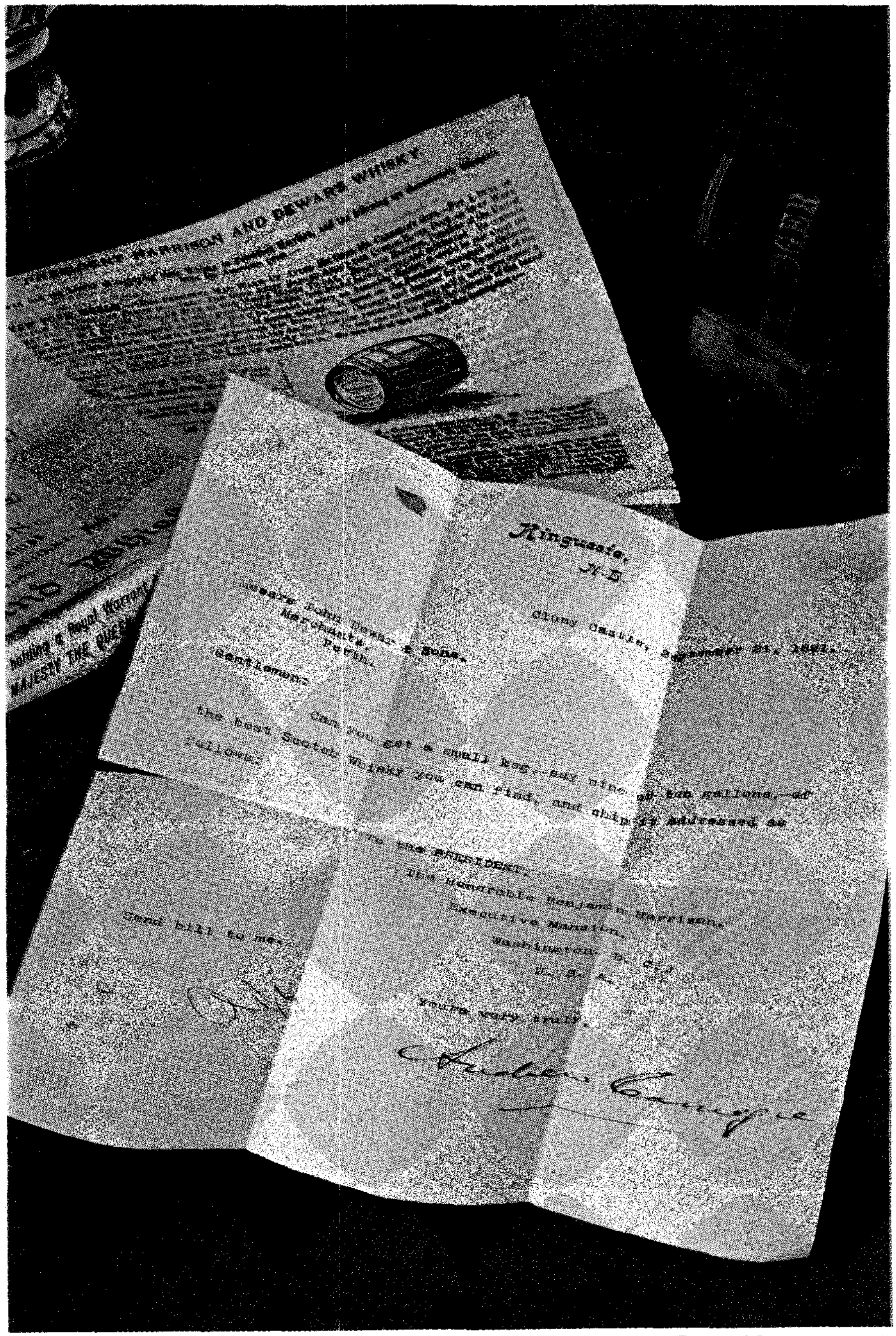


Kingussie,
N.B.

Cluny Castle, September 21, 1891.

Messrs John Dewar & Sons,
Merchants,
Perth.

Gentlemen:

Can you get a small keg—say nine or ten gallons—of the best Scotch Whisky you can find, and ship it addressed as follows:

To the PRESIDENT,
The Honorable Benjamin Harrison,
Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C.,
U. S. A.

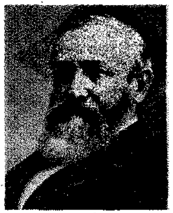
Send bill to me.

Yours very truly,

Andrew Carnegie

The original letter can be seen in Perth, Scotland by arrangement with the management of John Dewar & Sons Ltd.

In 1891, when Andrew Carnegie wanted to honor a "special friend," he turned to Dewar's.



President
Benjamin Harrison

As Mr. Carnegie expected, Dewar's filled the order handsomely. The whisky sent to the President was, of course, Dewar's "White Label." And no doubt it was well appreciated. As it is today.

Dewar's never varies.

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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